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NITHSDALE.

CAMBRIDGE

MDCCCXL

THE

WORKS

OF

ROBERT BURNS;

WITH

HIS LIFE,

BY

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

"High Chief of Scottish song!
That could'st alternately impart
Wisdom and rapture in thy page,
And brand each vice with satire strong;
Whose lines are mottoes of the heart,
Whose truths electrify the sage."
Campbell.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

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HILLIARD, GRAY, AND COMPANY.
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NOTICE.

My work is now done; and I am not unconscious of having given to the world the most complete and elegant edition which has hitherto appeared of the Works of Robert Burns. Nor do I claim much merit in having done so: to trace his fortunes, and arrange and illustrate his works was to me a pleasure rather than a toil. My knowledge of the domestic manners, feelings, and opinions of the husbandmen and mechanics of Scotland, and my acquaintance with all that pertains to the plough, the loom, the anvil, the axe, the mallet and the mill, rendered the labor light. Yet no one deficient in such intelligence may hope to to write the Life, and edite the Works of Burns with success: he is essentially the Poet of human nature as it is seen in the cottagers of Scotland, among whom he has diffused more happiness than any other bard of these our later days. He is the chief too of the peasant, or native, school of British Song, and as such is entitled to the services, as well as homage, of a humble follower.

In this equally agreeable and necessary labor I have had difficulties to contend with unknown to those who can afford to make literature the busi-

ness of their lives. I live remote from the land of Burns, and am consequently cut off from all such information as personal application might hope to collect on the Nith and the Ayr: but the kindness of friends, not a few of whom the first volume procured for me, has perhaps more than compensated for my absence; and so successful have been their inquiries that I am willing to believe little is left dark or mystical in either the Life or Works of the Poet.

In editing the productions of one who wrote freely, and sometimes fiercely, I have given pain I fear to the over-sensitive; but I never wantonly offended—nay, I have been mild where I might have been stern, had sternness been necessary. One gentleman, indeed, complains that I have injuriously classed him with fiddlers and bagpipers: but surely the Editor of The Scottish Melodies might have remembered to whom Burns ascribes the renovation of northern music, and felt comforted.

> "A royal ghaist that had been cased
> A prisoner eighteen year awa',
> He fired a fiddler in the north,
> That dang them tapsalteerie O."

As the work proceeded, I intimated to whose kindness I was indebted for original letters, verses, anecdotes, and other valuable intelligence; some names I am not authorized to give, and I regret this the more since I feel that their communications were valuable. I ought sooner perhaps to

have stated that George H. King, Esq. supplied me not only with verse and prose from the pen of Burns, but likewise with useful information respecting the intercourse between the poet and one of his earliest friends, Gavin Hamilton, of Mossgiel. Nor should the kind and useful communications of Gabriel Neil, Esq., or of William Gardner, Esq., be forgotten. To that distinguished scholar, E. H. Barker, Esq., I owe the use of a volume, containing many valuable remarks on the works of Burns, by the late Rev. Mark Noble: to the kindness of Mr. Burn, I am indebted for the use of Dr. Currie's manuscript of the correspondence with George Thomson, which offers many interesting and curious variations: to Mr. James Cochrane for presenting me with the original MS. of The Cotter's Saturday Night, and other works of the immortal Bard: while, to Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq., the historian of Scotland, I owe the use of sundry of the Poet's manuscripts, which enabled me to correct the text, and supply the blanks in various passages. The Public Press too has been kind and liberal; editors, north and south, have encouraged and commended my undertaking: nor have I hesitated to profit by their remarks, and avail myself of their emendations.

The genius of Hill has added largely to the beauty and value of the work: poetic subjects have been poetically treated, and a visible grace and elegance communicated to scenes dear to all lovers of the Muse.

Few seasons pass without removing some of the personal friends and familiars of Burns. Dr. Maxwell died lately at Edinburgh in ripe old age;—he generously attended the Poet, free of all expense, during his last illness, and aided liberally in promoting the happiness of the widow and her helpless children. To him the Poet bequeathed the pistols (now the property of the Editor) which he carried in his expeditions against the smugglers on the Solway, and of which he thus wrote to Blair of Birmingham, who made them; "I have tried them, and will say for them what I would not say of the bulk of mankind,—they are an honor to their maker." I take leave of the subject in rhymes which though homely are sincere.

My task is ended—fareweel, Robin!
My prentice muse stands sad and sobbin'
To think thy country kept thee scrubbin'
Her barmy barrels,
Of strains immortal mankind robbin',
And thee of laurels.

Let learning's Greekish grubs cry humph!
Hot zealots groan, cold critics grumph,
And ilka starr'd and garter'd sumph
Yawn, hum and ha;
In glory's pack thou art a trumph,
And sweeps them a'.

Round thee flock'd scholars mony a cluster,
And dominies came in a fluster,
In words three span lang 'gan they bluster
Of classic models,
Of Tully's light and Virgil's lustre,
And shook their noddles.

Ye laugh'd and muttering, "Learning! d—n her!"
Stood bauldly up, but start or stammer
Wi' Nature's fire for lore and grammar,
And classic rules,
Crush'd them as Thor's triumphant hammer
Smash'd paddock stools.

And thou wert right and they were wrang—
The sculptor's toil, the poet's sang,
In Greece and Rome frae nature sprang,
And bauld and free,
In sentiment and language strang
They spake like thee.

Thy muse came like a giggling taupie
Dancing her lane; her sangs sae sappy
Cheer'd men like drink's inspiring drappie—
Then, grave and stern,
High moral truths sublime and happy
She made them learn.

Auld grey-beard Lear, wi' college lantern,
O'er rules of Horace stoitering, venturin'
At song, glides to oblivion saunterin'
And starless night;
Whilst thou up clift Parnassus canterin',
Lives on in light.

In light thou liv'st. While birds lo'e simmer,
Wild bees the blossom, buds the timmer,
And man lo'es woman—rosie limmer!
I'll prophecie
Thy glorious halo nought the dimmer
Will ever be.

For me—though both sprung from ae mother
I'm but a weakly young half brother,
Sae O! forgive my musing swither,
Mid toils benighted,
'Twas lang a wish that nought could smother
To see thee righted.

Frae Kyle, wi' music in her bowers;
Frae fairy glens, where wild Doon pours;
Frae hills, bedropp'd wi' sunny showers,
On Solway strand,
I've gather'd, Burns, thy scatter'd flowers
Wi' filial hand.

And O! bright and immortal Spirit,
If aught that lessens thy rare merit
I've utter'd—like a god thou'lt bear it.
Thou canst but know
Thy stature few or none can peer it
Now born below.

A. C.

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GENERAL

CORRESPONDENCE.

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TO JOHN RICHMOND,

EDINBURGH.

Mossgiel, 9th July, 1786.

My dear Friend,

With the sincerest grief I read your letter. You are truly a son of misfortune. I shall be extremely anxious to hear from you how your health goes on; if it is any way reëstablishing: or if Leith promises well: in short how you feel in the inner man.

No news worth any thing: only godly Bryan was in the inquisition yesterday, and half the country-side as witnesses against him. He still stands out steady and denying: but proof was led yesternight of circumstances highly suspicious: almost *de facto:* one of the servant girls made faith that she upon a time rashly entered the house—to speak in your cant, "in the hour of cause."

I have waited on Armour since her return home: not from any the least view of reconciliation, but merely to ask for her health and—to you I will confess it—from a foolish hankering fondness—very ill placed indeed. The mother forbade me the house, nor did Jean show the penitence that might have been

expected. However the priest, I am informed, will give me a certificate as a single man, if I comply with the rules of the church, which for that very reason I intend to do.

I am going to put on sackcloth and ashes this day. I am indulged so far as to appear in my own seat. *Peccavi, pater, miserere mei.* My book will be ready in a fortnight. If you have any subscribers return them by Connell. The Lord stand with the righteous: amen, amen. R. B.

[The minister who so boldly took it upon him to pronounce Burns a single man, after he had been married according to the law and usage of Scotland, was the Rev. Mr. Auld, of Mauchline. That he had no such power, no one can deny. The kirk of Scotland and the civil law were long at variance on the important subject of marriage. When a young pair were married by a magistrate, the minister of their parish not uncommonly caused them to endure a rebuke in the church before they were re-admitted to its bosom; this was sometimes resisted by the more obstinate or knowing of the peasantry, and ill blood, harsh words, and threats of kirk-censure were the consequence. Burns, instead of mounting the common seat of shame, was allowed to stand in his own seat. There might be other reasons for this: Auld was alarmed lest severity on his part should call forth a burning satire on the other; moreover, the repentance-stool had other occupants: the poet was one of seven who appeared, figuratively at least, in sackcloth on the same day. In one of his memorandum books occurs the following singular entry:—"Mem: to inquire at Mr. M'Math whether, when a man has appeared in church for a child, and had another prior to it in point of time, but not discovered till after, he is liable for that one again. Note. The child was five and a half years old before the father was cited."

The kindness of James Grierson, Esq. of Dalgonar, in Dumfries-shire, has enabled me to add this letter to those addressed to John Richmond on love and poetry. It came too late to be inserted according to its date.—ED.]

No. CXXVIII.

TO Mrs. DUNLOP.

Ellisland, New-year-day Morning, 1789.

This, dear Madam, is a morning of wishes, and would to God that I came under the apostle James's description!—*the prayer of a righteous man availeth much.* In that case, Madam, you should welcome in a year full of blessings: every thing that obstructs or disturbs tranquillity and self-enjoyment should be removed, and every pleasure that frail humanity can taste should be yours. I own myself so little a Presbyterian, that I approve of set times and seasons of more than ordinary acts of devotion, for breaking in on that habituated routine of life and thought, which is so apt to reduce our existence to a kind of instinct, or even sometimes, and with some minds, to a state very little superior to mere machinery.

This day; the first Sunday of May; a breezy, blue-skyed noon some time about the beginning, and a hoary morning and calm sunny day about the end of autumn; these, time out of mind, have been with me a kind of holiday.

I believe I owe this to that glorious paper in the Spectator, "The Vision of Mirza," a piece that struck my young fancy before I was capable of fixing an idea to a word of three syllables; "On the 5th day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always *keep holy*, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hill of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer."

We know nothing, or next to nothing, of the substance or structure of our souls, so cannot account for those seeming caprices in them, that one should be particularly pleased with this thing, or struck with that

which, on minds of a different cast, makes no extraordinary impression. I have some favorite flowers in spring, among which are the mountain-daisy, the harebell, the fox-glove, the wild brier-rose, the budding birch, and the hoary hawthorn, that I view and hang over with particular delight. I never hear the loud, solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild-mixing cadence of a troop of grey plovers, in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry. Tell me, my dear friend, to what can this be owing? Are we a piece of machinery, which, like the Eolian harp, passive, takes the impression of the passing accident? Or do these workings argue something within us above the trodden clod? I own myself partial to such proofs of those awful and important realities—a God that made all things—man's immaterial and immortal nature—and a world of weal or woe beyond death and the grave.

R. B.

[That this mode of feeling and reflection was not uncommon in the household of "The Burns" the following letter will sufficiently show:—

"*Mossgiel*, 1*st Jan.* 1789.

"DEAR BROTHER,

"I HAVE just finished my New-year's day breakfast in the usual form, which naturally makes me call to mind the days of former years, and the society in which we used to begin them; and when I look at our family vicissitudes, 'thro' the dark postern of time long elapsed,' I cannot help remarking to you, my dear brother, how good the God of Seasons is to us; and that, however some clouds may seem to lower over the portion of time before us, we have great reason to hope that all will turn out well.

"Your mother and sisters, with Robert the second, join me in the compliments of the season to you and Mrs. Burns, and beg you will remember us in the same manner to William, the first time you see him.

"I am, dear Brother, yours,

"GILBERT BURNS."—ED.]

No. CXXIX.

TO Dr. MOORE.

Ellisland, 4th Jan. 1789.

Sir,

As often as I think of writing to you, which has been three or four times every week these six months, it gives me something so like the idea of an ordinary-sized statue offering at a conversation with the Rhodian colossus, that my mind misgives me, and the affair always miscarries somewhere between purpose and resolve. I have at last got some business with you, and business letters are written by the style-book. I say my business is with you, Sir, for you never had any with me, except the business that benevolence has in the mansion of poverty.

The character and employment of a poet were formerly my pleasure, but are now my pride. I know that a very great deal of my late *éclat* was owing to the singularity of my situation, and the honest prejudice of Scotsmen; but still, as I said in the preface to my first edition, I do look upon myself as having some pretensions from Nature to the poetic character. I have not a doubt but the knack, the aptitude, to learn the muses' trade, is a gift bestowed by Him "who forms the secret bias of the soul;"—but I as firmly believe, that *excellence* in the profession is the fruit of industry, labor, attention, and pains. At least I am resolved to try my doctrine by the test of experience. Another appearance from the press I put off to a very distant day, a day that may never arrive—but poesy I am determined to prosecute with all my vigor. Nature has given very few, if any, of the profession, the talents of shining in every species of composition. I shall try (for until trial it is impossible to know) whether she has qualified me to shine in any one.

The worst of it is, by the time one has finished a piece, it has been so often viewed and reviewed before the mental eye, that one loses in a good measure, the powers of critical discrimination. Here the best criterion I know is a friend—not only of abilities to judge, but with goodnature enough, like a prudent teacher with a young learner to praise perhaps a little more than is exactly just, lest the thin-skinned animal fall into that most deplorable of all poetic diseases—heart-breaking despondency of himself. Dare I, Sir, already immensely indebted to your goodness, ask the additional obligation of your being that friend to me? I enclose you an essay of mine in a walk of poesy to me entirely new; I mean the epistle addressed to R. G. Esq. or Robert Graham of Fintray, Esq. a gentleman of uncommon worth, to whom I lie under very great obligations. The story of the poem, like most of my poems, is connected with my own story, and to give you the one, I must give you something of the other. I cannot boast of Mr. Creech's ingenuous fair dealing to me. He kept me hanging about Edinburgh from the 7th August, 1787, until the 13th April, 1788, before he would condescend to give me a statement of affairs; nor had I got it even then, but for an angry letter I wrote him, which irritated his pride. "I could" not a "tale" but a detail "unfold," but what am I that should speak against the Lord's anointed Bailie of Edinburgh.

I believe I shall, in whole, £100 copy-right included, clear about £400 some little odds; and even part of this depends upon what the gentleman has yet to settle with me. I give you this information, because you did me the honor to interest yourself much in my welfare. I give you this information, but I give it to yourself only, for I am still much in the gentleman's mercy. Perhaps I injure the man in the idea I am sometimes tempted to have of him—God forbid I

should! A little time will try, for in a month I shall go to town to wind up the business if possible.

To give the rest of my story in brief, I have married "my Jean," and taken a farm: with the first step I have every day more and more reason to be satisfied: with the last, it is rather the reverse. I have a younger brother, who supports my aged mother; another still younger brother, and three sisters, in a farm. On my last return from Edinburgh, it cost me about £180 to save them from ruin. Not that I have lost so much—I only interposed between my brother and his impending fate by the loan of so much. I give myself no airs on this, for it was mere selfishness on my part: I was conscious that the wrong scale of the balance was pretty heavily charged, and I thought that throwing a little filial piety and fraternal affection into the scale in my favor, might help to smooth matters at the *grand reckoning*. There is still one thing would make my circumstances quite easy: I have an excise officer's commission, and I live in the midst of a country division. My request to Mr. Graham, who is one of the commissioners of excise, was, if in his power, to procure me that division. If I were very sanguine, I might hope that some of my great patrons might procure me a treasury warrant for supervisor, surveyor-general, &c.

Thus, secure of a livelihood, "to thee, sweet poetry, delightful maid," I would consecrate my future days.

R. B.

[The poet was not slow in perceiving that Ellisland was not the bargain he had reckoned on. He had intimated this before to Margaret Chalmers; and time only confirmed his surmises. Well might he apply to himself the words of Scripture, "And behold! nothing which this man sets his heart upon shall prosper.—Ed.]

No. CXXX.

TO Mr. ROBERT AINSLIE.

Ellisland, Jan. 6, 1789.

Many happy returns of the season to you, my dear Sir! May you be comparatively happy up to your comparative worth among the sons of men; which wish would, I am sure, make you one of the most blest of the human race.

I do not know if passing a "Writer to the signet" be a trial of scientific merit, or a mere business of friends and interest. However it be, let me quote you my two favorite passages, which, though I have repeated them ten thousand times, still they rouse my manhood and steel my resolution like inspiration.

——"On Reason build resolve,
That column of true majesty in man."
YOUNG.

"Hear, Alfred, hero of the state,
Thy genius heaven's high will declare;
The triumph of the truly great,
Is never, never to despair!
Is never to despair!"
MASQUE OF ALFRED.

I grant you enter the lists of life to struggle for bread, business, notice, and distinction, in common with hundreds.—But who are they? Men, like yourself, and of that aggregate body your compeers, seven tenths of them come short of your advantages natural and accidental; while two of those that remain, either neglect their parts, as flowers blooming in a desert, or misspend their strength, like a bull goring a bramble bush.

But to change the theme: I am still catering for Johnson's publication; and among others, I have brushed up the following old favorite song a little, with

a view to your worship. I have only altered a word here and there; but if you like the humor of it, we shall think of a stanza or two to add to it.

R. B.

[The name of the song which the poet brushed up and sent to his friend is no where intimated. He was at this period, and indeed for years after, collecting and amending scraps of old song for the Musical Museum.—ED,]

No. CXXXI.

TO PROFESSOR DUGALD STEWART.

Ellisland, 20th Jan. 1789.

SIR,

THE enclosed sealed packet I sent to Edinburgh, a few days after I had the happiness of meeting you in Ayrshire, but you were gone for the continent. I have now added a few more of my productions, those for which I am indebted to the Nithsdale Muses. The piece inscribed to R. G. Esq. is a copy of verses I sent Mr. Graham, of Fintray, accompanying a request for his assistance in a matter, to me, of very great moment. To that gentleman I am already doubly indebted: for deeds of kindness of serious import to my dearest interests, done in a manner grateful to the delicate feelings of sensibility. This poem is a species of composition new to me, but I do not intend it shall be my last essay of the kind, as you will see by the "Poet's Progress." These fragments, if my design succeed, are but a small part of the intended whole. I propose it shall be the work of my utmost exertions, ripened by years; of course I do not wish it much known. The fragment beginning "A little upright, pert, tart, &c." I have not shown to man

living, till I now send it you. It forms the postulata, the axioms, the definition of a character, which, if it appear at all, shall be placed in a variety of lights. This particular part I send you merely as a sample of my hand at portrait-sketching; but, lest idle conjecture should pretend to point out the original, please to let it be for your single, sole inspection.

Need I make any apology for this trouble, to a gentleman who has treated me with such marked benevolence and peculiar kindness—who has entered into my interests with so much zeal, and on whose critical decisions I can so fully depend? A poet as I am by trade, these decisions are to me of the last consequence. My late transient acquaintance among some of the mere rank and file of greatness, I resign with ease; but to the distinguished champions of genius and learning, I shall be ever ambitious of being known. The native genius and accurate discernment in Mr. Stewart's critical strictures; the justness (iron justice, for he has no bowels of compassion for a poor poetic sinner) of Dr. Gregory's remarks, and the delicacy of Professor Dalzel's taste, I shall ever revere.

I shall be in Edinburgh some time next month.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your highly obliged and very humble servant,
R. B.

[The poet alludes to the merciless, though not wholly unmerited, strictures of Dr. Gregory on the poem of the "Wounded Hare," when he says he has no bowels of compassion for a poor poetic sinner. Stewart was more gentle in his criticisms: of him and his lady—a poetess of no mean powers—Burns ever spoke in terms almost rapturous; they were kind to him when friends were few and praise scanty—he was not a man to forget such obligations.—ED.]

No. CXXXII.

TO BISHOP GEDDES.

Ellisland, 3d Feb. 1789.

VENERABLE FATHER,

As I am conscious that wherever I am, you do me the honor to interest yourself in my welfare, it gives me pleasure to inform you, that I am here at last, stationary in the serious business of life, and have now not only the retired leisure, but the hearty inclination, to attend to those great and important questions—what I am? where I am? and for what I am destined?

In that first concern, the conduct of the man, there was ever but one side on which I was habitually blameable, and there I have secured myself in the way pointed out by Nature and Nature's GOD. I was sensible that, to so helpless a creature as a poor poet, a wife and family were incumbrances, which a species of prudence would bid him shun; but when the alternative was, being at eternal warfare with myself, on account of habitual follies, to give them no worse name, which no general example, no licentious wit, no sophistical infidelity, would, to me, ever justify, I must have been a fool to have hesitated, and a madman to have made another choice. Besides, I had in "my Jean" a long and much-loved fellow-creature's happiness or misery among my hands, and who could trifle with such a deposit?

In the affair of a livelihood, I think myself tolerably secure: I have good hopes of my farm, but should they fail, I have an excise commission, which, on my simple petition, will, at any time procure me bread. There is a certain stigma affixed to the character of an excise officer, but I do not pretend to borrow honor from my profession; and though the salary be comparatively small, it is luxury to any thing that the first tweny-five years of my life taught me to expect.

Thus, with a rational aim and method in life, you may easily guess, my reverend and much-honored friend, that my characteristical trade is not forgotten. I am, if possible, more than ever an enthusiast to the muses. I am determined to study man and nature and in that view incessantly; and to try if the ripening and corrections of years can enable me to produce something worth preserving.

You will see in your book, which I beg your pardon for detaining so long, that I have been tuning my lyre on the banks of Nith. Some large poetic plans that are floating in my imagination, or partly put in execution, I shall impart to you when I have the pleasure of meeting with you; which, if you are then in Edinburgh, I shall have about the beginning of March.

That acquaintance, worthy Sir, with which you were pleased to honor me, you must still allow me to challenge; for with whatever unconcern I give up my transient connexion with the merely Great, I cannot lose the patronizing notice of the learned and good, without the bitterest regret. R. B.

[Alexander Geddes, to whom this letter is addressed, was a scholar and controversialist; a poet, too, and one of the bishops of the broken remnant of the ancient Catholic church of Scotland. He is known in verse as the author of a very clever rustic poem, beginning thus:

"There was a wee bit wifiekie,
And she gaed to the fair;
She got a wee bit drappikie,
Which cost her meikle care:
The drink gaed to the wifie's head,
And she was like to spue,
And 'O!' quo' this wee wifiekie,
'I wish I binna fou.'"

Nor is he unknown as the translator of one of the books of the Iliad, which he Englished in opposition to Cowper. In his controversies and conversation he was so liberal that he incurred

the displeasure of some of his brethren in Scotland, which induced him to remove to London, where he was patronized by Lord Petre, and undertook a "New Translation of the Bible," the prospectus to which is said to have alarmed both Jews and Christians. He was a man of undoubted talents and learning; his temper was quick, and his vanity not little. He died 20th February, 1802. in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

The volume which Burns sent to the bishop was the Edinburgh copy of his poems, with the addition, in his own handwriting, of such compositions as the muse of Nithsdale had inspired. The blanks, too, in the print were all filled up. This precious book belongs to Margaret Geddes, the wife of my friend John Hyslop, surgeon, Finsbury-square, grandson of John Maxwell, of Terraughty, to whom the poet addressed one of his most spirited epistles; it is in good preservation, and in equally excellent hands.—Ed.]

No. CXXXIII.

TO Mr. JAMES BURNESS.

Ellisland, 9th Feb. 1789.

My dear Sir,

Why I did not write to you long ago is what, even on the rack, I could not answer. If you can in your mind form an idea of indolence, dissipation, hurry, cares, change of country, entering on untried scenes of life, all combined, you will save me the trouble of a blushing apology. It could not be want of regard for a man for whom I had a high esteem before I knew him—an esteem, which has much increased since I did know him; and this caveat entered, I shall plead guilty to any other indictment with which you shall please to charge me.

After I parted from you, for many months my life was one continued scene of dissipation. Here at last I am become stationary, and have taken a farm and—a wife.

The farm is beautifully situated on the Nith, a large

river that runs by Dumfries, and falls into the Solway Frith. I have gotten a lease of my farm as long as I pleased; but how it may turn out is just a guess, and it is yet to improve and enclose, &c.; however, I have good hopes of my bargain on the whole.

My wife is my Jean, with whose story you are partly acquainted. I found I had a much-loved fellow-creature's happiness or misery among my hands, and I durst not trifle with so sacred a deposit. Indeed I have not any reason to repent the step I have taken, as I have attached myself to a very good wife, and have shaken myself loose of every bad failing.

I have found my book a very profitable business, and with the profits of it I have begun life pretty decently. Should fortune not favor me in farming, as I have no great faith in her fickle ladyship, I have provided myself in another resource, which, however some folks may affect to despise it, is still a comfortable shift in the day of misfortune. In the heyday of my fame, a gentleman whose name at least I dare say you know, as his estate lies somewhere near Dundee, Mr. Graham, of Fintray, one of the Commissioners of Excise, offered me the commission of an excise officer. I thought it prudent to accept the offer; and accordingly I took my instructions, and have my commission by me. Whether I may ever do duty, or be a penny the better for it, is what I do not know; but I have the comfortable assurance, that, come whatever ill fate will, I can, on my simple petition to the excise-board, get into employ.

We have lost poor uncle Robert this winter. He has long been very weak, and with very little alteration on him, he expired 3d January.

His son William has been with me this winter, and goes in May to be an apprentice to a mason. His other son, the eldest, John, comes to me I expect in summer. They are both remarkably stout young fel-

lows, and promise to do well. His only daughter, Fanny, has been with me ever since her father's death, and I purpose keeping her in my family till she be quite woman grown, and fit for better service. She is one of the cleverest girls, and has one of the most amiable dispositions I have ever seen.

All friends in this country and Ayrshire are well. Remember me to all friends in the north. My wife joins me in compliments to Mrs. B. and family.

I am ever, my dear Cousin,
Yours, sincerely,
R. B.

[Fanny Burns, the poet's relation, merited all the commendations he has here bestowed. I remember her while she lived at Ellisland, and better still as the wife of Adam Armour, the brother of Bonnie Jean; she went with her husband to Mauchline, and lived long and respectably. Her son is now with his paternal uncle, pursuing successfully the honorable calling of a London Merchant.—ED.]

No. CXXXIV.

TO MRS. DUNLOP.

Ellisland, 4th March, 1789.

HERE am I, my honored friend, returned safe from the capital. To a man, who has a home, however humble or remote—if that home is like mine, the scene of domestic comfort—the bustle of Edinburgh will soon be a business of sickening disgust.

"Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate you!"

When I must skulk into a corner, lest the rattling equipage of some gaping blockhead should mangle me in the mire, I am tempted to exclaim—"What merits has he had, or what demerit have I had, in some state of preëxistence, that he is ushered into this state of being with the sceptre of rule, and the key of riches

in his puny fist, and I am kicked into the world, the sport of folly, or the victim of pride?" I have read somewhere of a monarch (in Spain I think it was), who was so out of humor with the Ptolemean system of astronomy, that he said, had he been of the CREATOR's council, he could have saved him a great deal of labor and absurdity. I will not defend this blasphemous speech; but often, as I have glided with humble stealth through the pomp of Princes-street, it has suggested itself to me, as an improvement on the present human figure, that a man, in proportion to his own conceit of his consequence in the world, could have pushed out the longitude of his common size, as a snail pushes out his horns, or as we draw out a perspective. This trifling alteration, not to mention the prodigious saving it would be in the tear and wear of the neck and limb-sinews of many of his majesty's liege subjects, in the way of tossing the head and tiptoe strutting, would evidently turn out a vast advantage, in enabling us at once to adjust the ceremonials in making a bow, or making way to a great man, and that too within a second of the precise spherical angle of reverence, or an inch of the particular point of respectful distance, which the important creature itself requires; as a measuring-glance at its towering altitude, would determine the affair like instinct.

You are right Madam, in your idea of poor Mylne's poem, which he has addressed to me. The piece has a good deal of merit, but it has one great fault—it is, by far, too long. Besides, my success has encouraged such a shoal of ill-spawned monsters to crawl into public notice, under the title of Scottish Poets, that the very term Scottish Poetry borders on the burlesque. When I write to Mr. Carfrae, I shall advise him rather to try one of his deceased friend's English pieces. I am prodigiously hurried with my own matters, else I would have requested a perusal of all

Mylne's poetic performances; and would have offered his friends my assistance in either selecting or correcting what would be proper for the press. What it is that occupies me so much, and perhaps a little oppresses my present spirits, shall fill up a paragraph in some future letter. In the mean time, allow me to close this epistle with a few lines done by a friend of mine * * * * *! I give you them, that, as you have seen the original, you may guess whether one or two alterations I have ventured to make in them, be any real improvement.

"Like the fair plant that from our touch withdraws,
Shrink, mildly fearful, even from applause,
Be all a mother's fondest hope can dream,
And all you are, my charming * * * *, seem.
Straight as the foxglove, ere her bells disclose,
Mild as the maiden-blushing hawthorn blows,
Fair as the fairest of each lovely kind,
Your form shall be the image of your mind;
Your manners shall so true your soul express,
That all shall long to know the worth they guess;
Congenial hearts shall greet with kindred love,
And even sick'ning envy must approve."

R. B.

[These beautiful lines, we have reason to believe, are the production of the lady to whom this letter is addressed.—Ed.]

No. CXXXV.

TO THE REV. P. CARFRAE.

1789.

Rev. Sir,

I do not recollect that I have ever felt a severer pang of shame, than on looking at the date of your obliging letter which accompanied Mr. Mylne's poem. I am much to blame: the honor Mr. Mylne has

done me greatly enhanced in its value by the endearing, though melancholy circumstance, of its being the last production of his muse, deserved a better return.

I have, as you hint, thought of sending a copy of the poem to some periodical publication; but, on second thoughts, I am afraid that, in the present case, it would be an improper step. My success, perhaps as much accidental as merited, has brought an inundation of nonsense under the name of Scottish poetry. Subscription-bills for Scottish poems have so dunned, and daily do dun the public, that the very name is in danger of contempt. For these reasons, if publishing any of Mr. Mylne's poems in a magazine, &c. be at all prudent, in my opinion it certainly should not be a Scottish poem. The profits of the labors of a man of genius, are, I hope, as honorable as any profits whatever; and Mr. Mylne's relations are most justly entitled to that honest harvest, which fate has denied himself to reap. But let the friends of Mr. Mylne's fame (among whom I crave the honor of ranking myself), always keep in eye his respectability as a man and as a poet, and take no measure that, before the world knows any thing about him, would risk his name and character being classed with the fools of the times.

I have, Sir, some experience of publishing; and the way in which I would proceed with Mr. Mylne's poems, is this:—I will publish, in two or three English and Scottish public papers, any one of his English poems which should, by private judges, be thought the most excellent, and mention it, at the same time, as one of the productions of a Lothian farmer, of respectable character, lately deceased, whose poems his friends had it in idea to publish, soon, by subscription, for the sake of his numerous family:—not in pity to that family, but in justice to what his friends think

the poetic merits of the deceased; and to secure, in the most effectual manner, to those tender connexions, whose right it is, the pecuniary reward of those merits.

R. B.

[The Rev. Peter Carfrae gave the following account of Mylne to the poet of Ayrshire. "He was a man highly respectable for every accomplishment and virtue which adorns the character of a man or a Christian. To a great degree of literature, of taste, and poetic genius, was added an invincible modesty of temper, which prevented, in some measure, his figuring in life, and confined the perfect knowledge of his character and talents to the small circle of his chosen friends. He was untimely taken from us, a few weeks ago, by an inflammatory fever, in the prime of life—beloved by all who enjoyed his acquaintance, and lamented by all who have any regard for virtue or genius. There is a woe pronounced in Scripture against the person whom all men speak well of; if ever that woe fell upon the head of mortal man, it fell upon him. He has left behind him a considerable number of compositions, chiefly poetical; sufficient, I imagine, to make a large octavo volume. In particular, two complete and regular tragedies, a farce of three acts, and some smaller poems on different subjects. It falls to my share, who have lived in the most intimate and uninterrupted friendship with him from my youth upwards, to transmit to you the verses he wrote on the publication of your incomparable poems. It is probable they were his last, as they were found in his scrutoire, folded up in the form of a letter addressed to you, and I imagine, were only prevented from being sent by himself, by that melancholy dispensation which we still bemoan."—Ed.]

No. CXXXVI.

TO Dr. MOORE.

Ellisland, 23rd March, 1789.

Sir,

The gentleman who will deliver you this is a Mr. Nielson, a worthy clergyman in my neighbourhood, and a very particular acquaintance of mine. As I

have troubled him with this packet, I must turn him over to your goodness, to recompense him for it in a way in which he much needs your assistance, and where you can effectually serve him :—Mr. Nielson is on his way for France, to wait on his Grace of Queensberry, on some little business of a good deal of importance to him, and he wishes for your instructions respecting the most eligible mode of travelling, &c. for him, when he has crossed the channel. I should not have dared to take this liberty with you, but that I am told, by those who have the honor of your personal acquaintance, that to be a poor honest Scotchman is a letter of recommendation to you, and that to have it in your power to serve such a character gives you much pleasure.

The enclosed ode is a compliment to the memory of the late Mrs. Oswald, of Auchencruive. You, probably, knew her personally, an honor of which I cannot boast; but I spent my early years in her neighbourhood, and among her servants and tenants. I know that she was detested with the most heart-felt cordiality. However, in the particular part of her conduct which roused my poetic wrath, she was much less blameable. In January last, on my road to Ayrshire, I had put up at Bailie Whigham's, in Sanquhar, the only tolerable inn in the place. The frost was keen, and the grim evening and howling wind were ushering in a night of snow and drift. My horse and I were both much fatigued with the labors of the day, and just as my friend the Bailie and I were bidding defiance to the storm over a smoking bowl, in wheels the funeral pageantry of the late great Mrs. Oswald, and poor I am forced to brave all the horrors of the tempestuous night, and jade my horse, my young favorite horse, whom I had just christened Pegasus, twelve miles farther on, through the wildest moors and hills of Ayrshire, to New Cumnock, the next inn. The

powers of poesy and prose sink under me when I would describe what I felt. Suffice it to say, that when a good fire at New Cumnock had so far recovered my frozen sinews, I sat down and wrote the enclosed ode.

I was at Edinburgh lately, and settled finally with Mr. Creech; and I must own, that, at last, he has been amicable and fair with me. R. B.

[The Rev. Edward Nielson, whom the poet introduces to the notice of Moore, was minister of Kirkbean, on the Solway:—he was eloquent and learned, and not without natural talents, but he was a jovial man, and loved good cheer and merry company more than became his station. He lived on a smuggling coast; numbered among his parishoners men concerned in the contraband trade, nor did he escape the suspicion of silently permitting a traffic which injured the morals of his people more deeply than either his admonitions or example could mend.—Ed.]

No. CXXXVII.

TO Mr. HILL.

Ellisland, 2nd April, 1789.

I will make no excuse, my dear Bibliopolus, (God forgive me for murdering language!) that I have sat down to write you on this vile paper.

It is economy, Sir; it is that cardinal virtue, prudence; so I beg you will sit down, and either compose or borrow a panegyric. If you are going to borrow, apply to * * * * * to compose, or rather to compound, something very clever on my remarkable frugality; that I write to one of my most esteemed friends on this wretched paper, which was originally intended for the venal fist of some drunken exciseman, to take dirty notes in a miserable vault of an ale-cellar.

O Frugality! thou mother of ten thousand bless-

ings—thou cook of fat beef and dainty greens!—thou manufacture of warm Shetland hose, and comfortable surtouts!—thou old housewife, darning thy decayed stockings with thy ancient spectacles on thy aged nose!—lead me, hand me in thy clutching palsied fist up those heights, and through those thickets, hitherto inaccessible, and impervious to my anxious, weary feet:—not those Parnassian crags, bleak and barren, where the hungry worshippers of fame are, breathless, clambering, hanging between heaven and hell; but those glittering cliffs of Potosi, where the all-sufficient, all-powerful deity, Wealth, holds his immediate court of joys and pleasures; where the sunny exposure of plenty, and the hot walls of profusion, produce those blissful fruits of luxury, exotics in this world, and natives of paradise!—Thou withered sybil, my sage conductress, usher me into thy refulgent, adored presence!—The power, splendid and potent as he now is, was once the puling nursling of thy faithful care, and tender arms!—Call me thy son, thy cousin, thy kinsman, or favorite, and adjure the god by the scenes of his infant years, no longer to repulse me as a stranger, or an alien, but to favor me with his peculiar countenance and protection!—He daily bestows his greatest kindness on the undeserving and the worthless—assure him, that I bring ample documents of meritorious demerits! Pledge yourself for me, that, for the glorious cause of LUCRE, I will do any thing, be any thing—but the horse-leech of private oppression, or the vulture of public robbery!

But to descend from heroics.

I want a Shakspeare; I want likewise an English dictionary—Johnson's, I suppose, is best. In these and all my prose commissions, the cheapest is always the best for me. There is a small debt of honor that I owe Mr. Robert Cleghorn, in Saughton Mills, my worthy friend, and your will-wisher. Please give him,

and urge him to take it, the first time you see him, ten shillings worth of any thing you have to sell, and place it to my account.

The library scheme that I mentioned to you is already begun, under the direction of Captain Riddel. There is another in emulation of it going on at Closeburn, under the auspices of Mr. Monteith, of Closeburn, which will be on a greater scale than ours. Capt. Riddel gave his infant society a great many of his old books, else I had written you on that subject; but, one of these days, I shall trouble you with a commission for "The Monkland Friendly Society"—a copy of *The Spectator*, *Mirror*, and *Lounger*, *Man of Feeling*, *Man of the World*, *Guthrie's Geographical Grammar*, with some religious pieces, will likely be our first order.

When I grow richer, I will write to you on gilt post, to make amends for this sheet. At present, every guinea has a five guinea errand with

My dear Sir,

Your faithful, poor, but honest friend,

R. B.

[The Monkland Society existed only while Captain Riddel lived, whose activity and taste aided in its establishment and continuance. Such clubs, when wisely conducted, are extremely beneficial: they diffuse useful and elegant knowledge among the rude and unlettered, and direct men's minds to the contemplation of what is worthy and noble. History, biography, voyages, and travels, are chiefly required; the peasantry of the north are sufficiently well acquainted with divinity and verse.—Ed.]

No. CXXXVIII.

TO Mrs. DUNLOP.

Ellisland, 4th April, 1789.

I no sooner hit on any poetic plan or fancy, but I wish to send it to you: and if knowing and reading

these give half the pleasure to you, that communicating them to you gives to me, I am satisfied.

I have a poetic whim in my head, which I at present dedicate, or rather inscribe, to the Right Hon. Charles James Fox; but how long that fancy may hold, I cannot say. A few of the first lines I have just roughly sketched as follows:

SKETCH.

How wisdom and folly meet, mix, and unite;
How virtue and vice blend their black and their white;
How genius, the illustrious father of fiction,
Confounds rule and law, reconciles contradiction—
I sing: If these mortals, the critics, should bustle,
I care not, not I, let the critics go whistle.

But now for a patron, whose name and whose glory,
At once may illustrate and honor my story.

Thou first of our orators, first of our wits;
Yet whose parts and acquirements seem mere lucky hits,
With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong,
No man with the half of 'em e'er went far wrong;
With passions so potent, and fancies so bright,
No man with the half of 'em e'er went quite right;
A sorry, poor misbegot son of the muses,
For using thy name offers fifty excuses.

[*See Vol. II. page* 70.]

On the 20th current I hope to have the honor of assuring you in person, how sincerely I am—

R. B.

No. CXXIX.

TO Mrs. M'MURDO.

DRUMLANRIG.

Ellisland, 2nd May, 1789.

MADAM,

I HAVE finished the piece which had the happy fortune to be honored with your approbation; and never did little miss with more sparkling pleasure show her applauded sampler to partial mamma, than I now send my poem to you and Mr. M'Murdo if he is returned

to Drumlanrig. You cannot easily imagine what thin-skinned animals—what sensitive plants poor poets are. How do we shrink into the embittered corner of self-abasement, when neglected or condemned by those to whom we look up! and how do we, in erect importance, add another cubit to our stature on being noticed and applauded by those whom we honor and respect! My late visit to Drumlanrig has I can tell you, Madam, given me a balloon waft up Parnassus, where on my fancied elevation I regard my poetic self with no small degree of complacency. Surely with all their sins, the rhyming tribe are not ungrate ful creatures.—I recollect your goodness to your humble guest—I see Mr. M'Murdo adding to the politensss of the gentleman, the kindness of a friend, and my heart swells as it would burst, with warm emotions and ardent wishes! It may be it is not gratitude—it may be a mixed sensation. That strange shifting, doubling animal MAN is so generally, at best, but a negative, often a worthless creature, that we cannot see real goodness and native worth without feeling the bosom glow with sympathetic approbation.

With every sentiment of grateful respect,
I have the honor to be,
Madam,
Your obliged and grateful humble servant,
R. B.

[The poem alluded to was the song of Bonnie Jean; the heroine is the eldest daughter of Mrs. M'Murdo, aud sister to Phillis—their charms give lustre to some of the Poet's happiest lyrics.—ED.]

No CXL.

TO Mr. CUNNINGHAM.

Ellisland, 4th May, 1789.

My dear Sir,

Your *duty-free* favor of the 26th April I received two days ago; I will not say I perused it with pleasure; that is the cold compliment of ceremony; I perused it, Sir, with delicious satisfaction;—in short, it is such a letter, that not you, nor your friend, but the legislature, by express proviso in their postage laws, should frank. A letter informed with the soul of friendship is such an honor to human nature, that they should order it free ingress and egress to and from their bags and mails, as an encouragement and mark of distinction to supereminent virtue.

I have just put the last hand to a little poem, which I think will be something to your taste. One morning lately, as I was out pretty early in the fields, sowing some grass seeds, I heard the burst of a shot from a neighbouring plantation, and presently a poor little wounded hare came crippling by me. You will guess my indignation at the inhuman fellow who could shoot a hare at this season, when all of them have young ones. Indeed there is something in that business of destroying for our sport individuals in the animal creation that do not injure us materially, which I could never reconcile to my ideas of virtue.

Inhuman man! curse on thy barb'rous art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye!
May never pity sooth thee with a sigh,
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!

[*See Vol. II. page* 72.]

Let me know how you like my poem. I am doubtful whether it would not be an improvement to keep out the last stanza but one altogether.

Cruikshank is a glorious production of the author

of man. You, he, and the noble Colonel of the Crochallan Fencibles are to me

"Dear as the ruddy drops which warm my heart."

I have a good mind to make verses on you all, to the tune of "*Three guid fellows ayont the glen.*"

R. B.

[Dr. Gregory addressed the following criticism to Burns on his poem of the Wounded Hare. The poet said of it "Gregory is a good man; but he loves to crucify one. I believe in his iron justice—but, like the devils, I believe and tremble."—

"DEAR SIR,

"I TAKE the first leisure hour I could command, to thank you for your letter, and the copy of verses enclosed in it. As there is real poetic merit, I mean both fancy and tenderness, and some happy expressions in them, I think they well deserve that you should revise them carefully, and polish them to the utmost. This, I am sure, you can do if you please, for you have great command both of expression and of rhymes; and you may judge from the two last pieces of Mrs. Hunter's poetry, that I gave you, how much correctness and high polish enhance the value of such compositions. As you desire it, I shall with great freedom give you my *most rigorous* criticisms on your verses. I wish you would give me another edition of them, much amended, and I will send it to Mrs. Hunter, who I am sure will have much pleasure in reading it. Pray give me likewise for myself, and her too, a copy (as much amended as you please) of the 'Water Fowl on Loch Turit.'

"The 'Wounded Hare' is a pretty good subject; but the measure or stanza you have chosen for it is not a good one: it does not *flow* well; and the rhyme of the fourth line is almost lost by its distance from the first; and the two interposed, close rhymes. If I were you, I would put it into a different stanza yet.

Stanza 1. The execrations in the first two lines are too strong or coarse; but they may pass. 'Murder-aiming' is a bad compound epithet, and not very intelligible. 'Blood-stained,' in stanza iii. line 4, has the same fault; *bleeding* bosom is infinitely better. You have accustomed yourself to such epithets, and have no notion how stiff and quaint they appear to others, and how incongruous with poetic fancy and tender sentiments. Suppose Pope had written, 'Why that blood-stained bosom gored,' how would you have liked it? *Form* is neither

a poetic, nor a dignified, nor a plain, common word: it is a mere sportsman's word: unsuitable to pathetic or serious poetry.

"'Mangled' is a coarse word. 'Innocent' in this sense is a nursery word; but both may pass.

"Stanza 4. 'Who will now provide that life a mother only can bestow,' will not do at all: it is not grammar—it is not intelligible. Do you mean 'provide for that life which the mother had bestowed and used to provide for?'

"There was a ridiculous slip of the pen, 'Feeling' (I suppose) for 'Fellow,' in the title of your copy of verses; but even fellow would be wrong: it is but a colloquial and vulgar word, unsuitable to your sentiments. 'Shot' is improper too. On seeing a *person* (or a sportsman) wound a hare; it is needless to add with what weapon: but, if you think otherwise, you should say, *with a fowling piece.*"—ED.]

No. CXLI.

TO MR. SAMUEL BROWN.

Mossgiel, 4th May, 1789.

DEAR UNCLE,

THIS, I hope, will find you and your conjugal yokefellow in your good old way; I am impatient to know if the Ailsa fowling be commenced for this season yet, as I want three or four stones of feathers, and I hope you will bespeak them for me. It would be a vain attempt for me to enumerate the various transactions I have been engaged in since I saw you last, but this know,—I am engaged in a *smuggling trade*, and God knows if ever any poor man experienced better returns two for one, but as freight and delivery have turned out so dear, I am thinking of taking out a license and beginning in fair trade. I have taken a farm on the borders of the Nith, and in imitation of the old patriarchs, get men-servants, and maid-servants, and flocks and herds, and beget sons and daughters.

Your obedient Nephew,

R. B.

[Samuel Brown was a brother to the poet's mother, and seems to have been a joyous and tolerant sort of person, for his nephew shows little of that understrapping virtue called delicacy in relating his fortunes. He seems to have been somewhat ignorant too of the poet's motions, for certainly the license to which he alludes was taken out nearly a twelvemonth before the letter was written.—ED.]

No. CXLII.

TO RICHARD BROWN.

Mauchline, 21st May, 1789.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I WAS in the country by accident, and hearing of your safe arrival, I could not resist the temptation of wishing you joy on your return, wishing you would write to me before you sail again, wishing you would always set me down as your bosom friend, wishing you long life and prosperity, and that every good thing may attend you, wishing Mrs. Brown and your little ones as free of the evils of this world, as is consistent with humanity, wishing you and she were to make two at the ensuing lying-in, with which Mrs. B. threatens very soon to favor me, wishing I had longer time to write to you at present; and, finally wishing that if there is to be another state of existence, Mr. B., Mrs. B. our little ones, and both families, and you and I, in some snug retreat, may make a jovial party to all eternity!

My direction is at Ellisland, near Dumfries.

Yours, R. B.

No. CXLIII.

TO Mr. JAMES HAMILTON.

Ellisland, 26th May, 1789.

Dear Sir,

I send you by John Glover, carrier, the above account for Mr. Turnbull, as I suppose you know his address.

I would fain offer, my dear Sir, a word of sympathy with your misfortunes; but it is a tender string, and I know not how to touch it. It is easy to flourish a set of high-flown sentiments on the subjects that would give great satisfaction to—a breast quite at ease; but as one observes, who was very seldom mistaken in the theory of life, "The heart knoweth its own sorrows, and a stranger intermeddleth not therewith."

Among some distressful emergencies that I have experienced in life, I ever laid this down as my foundation of comfort—*That he who has lived the life of an honest man, has by no means lived in vain!*

With every wish for your welfare and future success,

I am, my dear Sir,
Sincerely yours,
R. B.

[James Hamilton was a grocer in Glasgow, and interested himself early in the fame and fortunes of the poet. That he had not the success in life which his friend imagined he merited, seems plain by this letter, and perhaps there are few who will not feel that Burns has, with uncommon delicacy, condoled with him in his misfortunes, and suggested a topic of consolation at once rational and religious.—Ed.]

No. CXLIV.

TO WILLIAM CREECH, Esq.

Ellisland, 30th May, 1789.

Sir,

I had intended to have troubled you with a long letter, but at present the delightful sensations of an omnipotent tooth-ache so engross all my inner man, as to put it out of my power even to write nonsense. However, as in duty bound, I approach my bookseller with an offering in my hand—a few poetic clinches, and a song:—To expect any other kind of offering from the Rhyming Tribe would be to know them much less than you do. I do not pretend that there is much merit in these *morceaux*, but I have two reasons for sending them; *primo*, they are mostly ill-natured, so are in unison with my present feelings, while fifty troops of infernal spirits are driving post from ear to ear along my jaw bones; and *secondly*, they are so short, that you cannot leave off in the middle, and so hurt my pride in the idea that you found any work of mine too heavy to get through.

I have a request to beg of you, and I not only beg of you, but conjure you by all your wishes and by all your hopes, that the muse will spare the satiric wink in the moment of your foibles; that she will warble the song of rapture round your hymeneal couch; and that she will shed on your turf the honest tear of elegiac gratitude! Grant my request as speedily as possible—send me by the very first fly or coach for this place three copies of the last edition of my poems, which place to my account.

Now may the good things of prose and the good things of verse, come among thy hands, until they be filled with the *good things of this life*, prayeth.

R. B.

[The poetic address to "The Tooth-ache," seems to be the offspring of this period. The "venomed stang" was fully felt during the composition of the epistle: but no one, save a sufferer, under this "hell of a' diseases," can sympathize in the expression that fifty troops of infernal spirits were driving post from ear to ear along his jaw-bones! This letter may be taken as another proof of the poet's desire to render himself acceptable to his friends: he seldom folded up one without enclosing in it, or inserting in one of the pages, a short poem or one of his sweetest lyrics.—ED.]

No. CXLV.

TO MR. M'AULEY.

OF DUMBARTON.

Ellisland, 4th June, 1789.

DEAR SIR,

THOUGH I am not without my fears respecting my fate, at that grand, universal inquest of right and wrong, commonly called *The Last Day*, yet I trust there is one sin, which that arch-vagabond, Satan, who I understand is to be king's evidence, cannot throw in my teeth, I mean ingratitude. There is a certain pretty large quantum of kindness for which I remain, and from inability, I fear must still remain, your debtor; but though unable to repay the debt, I assure you, Sir, I shall ever warmly remember the obligation. It gives me the sincerest pleasure to hear by my old acquaintance, Mr. Kennedy, that you are in immortal Allan's language, "Hale, and weel and living;" and that your charming family are well, and promising to be an amiable and respectable addition to the company of performers, whom the Great Manager of the Drama of Man is bringing into action for the succeeding age.

With respect to my welfare, a subject in which you once warmly and effectively interested yourself, I am here in my old way, holding my plough, marking the

growth of my corn, or the health of my dairy; and at times sauntering by the delightful windings of the Nith, on the margin of which I have built my humble domicile, praying for seasonable weather or holding an intrigue with the Muses; the only gypsies with whom I have now any intercourse. As I am entered into the holy state of matrimony, I trust my face is turned completely Zion-ward; and as it is a rule with all honest fellows to repeat no grievances, I hope that the little poetic licences of former days will of course fall under the oblivious influence of some good-natured statute of celestial prescription. In my family devotion, which, like a good presbyterian, I occasionally give to my household folks, I am extremely fond of the psalm, "Let not the errors of my youth, &c." and that other, "Lo, children are God's heritage, &c." in which last Mrs. Burns, who by the bye has a glorious "wood-note wild" at either old song or psalmody, joins me with the pathos of Handel's Messiah.

R. B.

No. CXLVI.

TO MR. ROBERT AINSLIE.

Ellisland, 8th June, 1789.

My Dear Friend,

I am perfectly ashamed of myself when I look at the date of your last. It is not that I forget the friend of my heart and the companion of my peregrinations; but I have been condemned to drudgery beyond sufferance, though not, thank God, beyond redemption. I have had a collection of poems by a lady put into my hands to prepare them for the press; which horrid task, with sowing corn with my own hand, a parcel of masons, wrights, plasterers, &c. to attend to, roaming on business through Ayrshire—all this was against me,

and the very first dreadful article was of itself too much for me.

13th. I have not had a moment to spare from incessant toil since the 8th. Life, my dear Sir, is a serious matter. You know by experience that a man's individual self is a good deal, but believe me, a wife and family of children, whenever you have the honor to be a husband and a father, will show you that your present and most anxious hours of solitude are spent on trifles. The welfare of those who are very dear to us, whose only support, hope, and stay we are—this, to a generous mind, is another sort of more important object of care than any concerns whatever which centre merely in the individual. On the other hand, let no young, unmarried, rakehelly dog among you, make a song of his pretended liberty and freedom from care. If the relations we stand in to king, country, kindred, and friends, be any thing but the visionary fancies of dreaming metaphysicians; if religion, virtue, magnanimity, generosity, humanity, and justice, be aught but empty sounds; then the man who may be said to live only for others, for the beloved, honorable female, whose tender faithful embrace endears life, and for the helpless little innocents who are to be the men and women, the worshippers of his God, the subjects of his king, and the support, nay the very vital existence of his COUNTRY, in the ensuing age;—compare such a man with any fellow whatever, who, whether he bustle and push in business among laborers, clerks, statesmen; or whether he roar and rant, and drink and sing in taverns—a fellow over whose grave no one will breathe a single heighho, except from the cobweb-tie of what is called good fellowship—who has no view nor aim but what terminates in himself—if there be any grovelling earthborn wretch of our species, a renegado to common sense, who would fain believe that the noble creature man, is no better than a

sort of fungus, generated out of nothing, nobody knows how, and soon dissipating in nothing, nobody knows where; such a stupid beast, such a crawling reptile, might balance the foregoing unexaggerated comparison, but no one else would have the patience.

Forgive me, my dear Sir, for this long silence. *To make you amends*, I shall send you soon, and more encouraging still, without any postage, one or two rhymes of my later manufacture.

R. B.

[This truly noble letter is worth a couple of sermons on domestic morality: he who wrote it spoke from his own experience, and no one has talked more wisely on this momentous matter.—Ed.]

No. CXLVII.

TO Mr. M'MURDO.

Ellisland, 19th June, 1789.

Sir,

A poet and a beggar are, in so many points of view alike, that one might take them for the same individual character under different designations; were it not that though, with a trifling poetic license, most poets may be styled beggars, yet the converse of the proposition does not hold that every beggar is a poet. In one particular, however, they remarkably agree; if you help either the one or the other to a mug of ale, or the picking of a bone, they will very willingly repay you with a song. This occurs to me at present, as I have just dispatched a well-lined rib of John Kirkpatrick's Highlander; a bargain for which I am indebted to you, in the style of our ballad printers, "Five excellent new songs." The enclosed is nearly my newest song, and one that has cost me some pains,

though that is but an equivocal mark of its excellence. Two or three others, which I have by me, shall do themselves the honor to wait on your after leisure: petitioners for admittance into favor must not harass the condescension of their benefactor.

You see, Sir, what it is to patronize a poet. 'Tis like being a magistrate in a petty borough; you do them the favor to preside in their council for one year, and your name bears the prefatory stigma of Bailie for life.

With, not the compliments, but the best wishes, the sincerest prayers of the season for you, that you may see many and happy years with Mrs. M'Murdo and your family; two blessings by the bye, to which your rank does not, by any means, entitle you; a loving wife and fine family being almost the only good things of this life to which the farm-house and cottage have an exclusive right.

I have the honor to be,
Sir,
Your much indebted and very humble servant,
R. B.

[Of John M'Murdo, of Drumlanrig, I have already spoken: he was one of Burns' firmest Nithsdale friends, and was united with others, at the poet's death, in the management of his affairs, which prospered so well, that two hundred pounds per annum became the widow's portion for many years before she was laid in the grave. Burns was sensible of other charms at Drumlanrig than those of loveliness, wit, and a well-spread table: he admired the mansion, copied after the design of Inigo Jones —and more the winding Nith, which seems anxious at that place to become as picturesque as possible. The rushing river, the woody banks, the stately towers, and the lofty hills, all unite in rendering this one of the pleasantest spots in Upper Nithsdale.—ED.]

No. CXLVIII.

TO Mrs. DUNLOP.

Ellisland, 21st June, 1789.

Dear Madam,

Will you take the effusions, the miserable effusions of low spirits, just as they flow from their bitter spring? I know not of any particular cause for this worst of all my foes besetting me; but for some time my soul has been beclouded with a thickening atmosphere of evil imaginations and gloomy presages.

Monday Evening.

I have just heard Mr. Kirkpatrick preach a sermon. He is a man famous for his benevolence, and I revere him; but from such ideas of my Creator, good Lord, deliver me! Religion, my honored friend, is surely a simple business, as it equally concerns the ignorant and the learned, the poor and the rich. That there is an incomprehensible Great Being, to whom I owe my existence, and that he must be intimately acquainted with the operations and progress of the internal machinery, and consequent outward deportment of this creature which he has made; these are, I think, self-evident propositions. That there is a real and eternal distinction between virtue and vice, and consequently, that I am an accountable creature; that from the seeming nature of the human mind, as well as from the evident imperfection, nay, positive injustice, in the administration of affairs, both in the natural and moral worlds, there must be a retributive scene of existence beyond the grave; must, I think, be allowed by every one who will give himself a moment's reflection. I will go farther, and affirm, that from the sublimity, excellence, and purity of his doctrine and precepts, unparalleled by all the aggregated wisdom and learning of many preceding ages, though, *to appearance*, he

himself was the obscurest and most illiterate of our species; therefore Jesus Christ was from God.

Whatever mitigates the woes, or increases the happiness of others, this is my criterion of goodness; and whatever injures society at large, or any individual in it, this is my measure of iniquity.

What think you, madam, of my creed? I trust that I have said nothing that will lessen me in the eye of one, whose good opinion I value almost next to the approbation of my own mind.

R. B.

[The Devil, the Pope, and the Pretender, darkened, for a century at least, in three-fold alliance the sermons of many a sound divine both in Scotland and England. The extinction of the house of Stuart lessened our dread of the Pope, and prepared, though no one acknowledged it, the nation for the healing and brotherly measure of Catholic emancipation. Other fears than such as arise from zeal in religion now molest the church.—ED.]

No. CXLIX.

TO MR. ————.

1789.

MY DEAR SIR,

THE hurry of a farmer in this particular season, and the indolence of a poet at all times and seasons, will, I hope, plead my excuse for neglecting so long to answer your obliging letter of the 5th of August.

That you have done well in quitting your laborious concern in * * * * I do not doubt; the weighty reasons you mention, were, I hope very, and deservedly indeed, weighty ones, and your health is a matter of the last importance; but whether the remaining proprietors of the paper have also done well, is what I much doubt. The * * * *, so far as I was a

reader, exhibited such a brilliancy of point, such an elegance of paragraph, and such a variety of intelligence, that I can hardly conceive it possible to continue a daily paper in the same degree of excellence: but if there was a man who had abilities equal to the task, that man's assistance the proprietors have lost.

When I received your letter I was transcribing for * * * *, my letter to the magistrates of the Canongate, Edinburgh, begging their permission to place a tomb-stone over poor Fergusson, and their edict in consequence of my petition, but now I shall send them to * * * * * * *. Poor Fergusson! If there be a life beyond the grave, which I trust there is: and if there be a good God presiding over all nature, which I am sure there is; thou art now enjoying existence in a glorious world, where worth of the heart alone is distinction in the man; where riches, deprived of all their pleasure-purchasing powers, return to their native sordid matter; where titles and honors are the disregarded reveries of an idle dream; and where that heavy virtue, which is the negative consequence of steady dulness, and those thoughtless, though often destructive, follies which are the unavoidable aberrations of frail human nature, will be thrown into equal oblivion as if they had never been!

Adieu, my dear Sir! So soon as your present views and schemes are concentred in an aim, I shall be glad to hear from you; as your welfare and happiness is by no means a subject indifferent to

Yours, R. B.

[The name of the gentleman to whom this letter is addressed has not transpired; this is the more to be lamented, since he seems to have wanted neither talent nor spirit, as his letter, to which that of Burns is an answer, will sufficiently show:—

" *London, 5th August,* 1789.

"My dear Sir,

"Excuse me when I say, that the uncommon abilities which you possess, must render your correspondence very acceptable to any one. I can assure you, I am particularly proud of your partiality, and shall endeavour, by every method in my power, to merit a continuance of your politeness.

" When you can spare a few moments, I should be proud of a letter from you, directed for me, Gerrard-street, Soho.

" I cannot express my happiness sufficiently at the instance of your attachment to my late inestimable friend, Bob Fergusson, who was particularly intimate with myself and relations. While I recollect with pleasure his extraordinary talents, and many amiable qualities, it affords me the greatest consolation, that I am honored with the correspondence of his successor in national simplicity and genius. That Mr. Burns has refined in the art of poetry, must readily be admitted; but, notwithstanding many favorable represention, I am yet to learn that he inherits his convivial powers.

" There was such a richness of conversation, such a plenitude of fancy and attraction in him, that when I call the happy period of our intercourse to my memory, I feel myself in a state of delirium. I was then younger than him by eight or ten years; but his manner was so felicitous, that he enraptured every person around him, and infused into the hearts of young and old the spirit which operated on his own mind."]

No. CL.

TO MISS WILLIAMS.

Ellisland, 1789.

Madam,

Of the many problems in the nature of that wonderful creature, man, this is one of the most extraordinary, that he shall go on from day to day, from week to week, from month to month, or perhaps from year to year, suffering a hundred times more in an hour from the impotent conciousness of neglecting what he ought to do, than the very doing of it would cost him. I am deeply indebted to you, first for a most

elegant poetic compliment; then for a polite, obliging letter: and, lastly, for your excellent poem on the Slave-Trade; and yet, wretch that I am! though the debts of honor, and the creditor a lady, I have put off and put off even the very acknowledgment of the obligation, until you must indeed be the very angel I take you for, if you can forgive me.

Your poem I have read with the highest pleasure. I have a way whenever I read a book, I mean a book in our own trade, Madam, a poetic one, and when it is my own property, that I take a pencil and mark at the ends of verses, or note on margins and odd paper, little criticisms of approbation or disapprobation as I peruse along. I will make no apology for presenting you with a few unconnected thoughts that occurred to me in my repeated perusals of your poem. I want to show you that I have honesty enough to tell you what I take to be truths, even when they are not quite on the side of approbation; and I do it in the firm faith that you have equal greatness of mind to hear them with pleasure.

I had lately the honor of a letter from Dr. Moore, where he tells me that he has sent me some books: they are not yet come to hand, but they are on the way.

Wishing you all success in your progress in the path of fame; and that you may equally escape the danger of stumbling through incautious speed, or losing ground though loitering neglect. R. B.

[The lady to whom this letter is addressed was the well known Helen Maria Williams—her answer is characteristic.—

7th August, 1789.

"DEAR SIR,

"I do not lose a moment in returning you my sincere acknowledgments for your letter, and your criticism on my poem, which is a very flattering proof that you have read it with attention. I think your objections are perfectly just, except in one instance.

"You have indeed been very profuse of panegyric on my little performance. A much less portion of applause from *you* would have been gratifying to me; since I think its value depends entirely upon the source from whence it proceeds—the incense of praise, like other incense, is more grateful from the quality, than the quantity of the odor.

"I hope you still cultivate the pleasures of poetry, which are precious even independent of the rewards of fame. Perhaps the most valuable property of poetry is its power of disengaging the mind from worldly cares, and leading the imagination to the richest springs of intellectual enjoyment; since, however frequently life may be chequered with gloomy scenes, those who truly love the Muse, can always find one little path adorned with flowers and cheered by sunshine."—ED.]

No. CLI.

TO MR. JOHN LOGAN.

Ellisland, near Dumfries, 7th Aug. 1789.

DEAR SIR,

I INTENDED to have written you long ere now, and as I told you I had gotten three stanzas and a half on my way in a poetic epistle to you; but that old enemy of all *good works*, the devil, threw me into a prosaic mire, and for the soul of me I cannot get out of it, I dare not write you a long letter, as I am going to intrude on your time with a long ballad. I have, as you will shortly see, finished "The Kirk's Alarm;" but now that it is done, and that I have laughed once or twice at the conceits in some of the stanzas, I am determined not to let it get into the public; so I send you this copy, the first that I have sent to Ayrshire, except some few of the stanzas, which I wrote off in embryo for Gavin Hamilton, under the express provision and request that you will only read it to a few of us, and do not on any account give, or permit to be taken, any copy of the ballad. If I could be of any service to Dr. M'Gill, I would do it, though it should

be at a much greater expense than irritating a few bigoted priests, but I am afraid serving him in his present *embarras* is a task too hard for me. I have enemies enow, God knows, though I do not wantonly add to the number. Still as I think there is some merit in two or three of the thoughts, I send it to you as a small, but sincere testimony how much, and with what respectful esteem,

I am, dear Sir,
your obliged humble servant,
R. B.

[An error into which the biographers of Burns have fallen is corrected by this letter. The 'Kirk's Alarm' is neither an early production nor of western descent; it was composed at Ellisland with hope of rendering some service to the Reverend Dr. M'Gill, against whom a cry of heresy had been raised—and not without reason. I have seen only two copies of this satire in the Poet's handwriting: one is contained in the Afton MSS. and the other is in the collection of the daughter of the gentleman to whom the letter is addressed.—ED.]

No. CLII.

TO MRS. DUNLOP.

Ellisland, 6th Sept. 1789.

DEAR MADAM,

I HAVE mentioned in my last, my appointment to the Excise, and the birth of little Frank; who, by the bye, I trust will be no discredit to the honorable name of Wallace, as he has a fine manly countenance, and a figure that might do credit to a little fellow two months older; and likewise an excellent good temper, though when he pleases he has a pipe, only not quite so loud as the horn that his immortal namesake blew as a signal to take out the pin of Stirling bridge.

I had some time ago an epistle, part poetic, and part prosaic, from your poetess, Mrs. J. Little, a very ingenious, but modest composition. I should have written her as she requested, but for the hurry of this new business. I have heard of her and her compositions in this country; and I am happy to add, always to the honor of her character. The fact is, I know not well how to write to her: I should sit down to a sheet of paper that I knew not how to stain. I am no dab at fine-drawn letter-writing; and, except when prompted by friendship or gratitude, or, which happens extremely rarely, inspired by the Muse (I know not her name) that presides over epistolary writing, I sit down, when necessitated to write, as I would sit down to beat hemp.

Some parts of your letter of the 20th August, struck me with the most melancholy concern for the state of your mind at present.

Would I could write you a letter of comfort, I would sit down to it with as much pleasure, as I would to write an epic poem of my own composition, that should equal the *Iliad*. Religion, my dear friend, is the true comfort! A strong pesuasion in a future state of existence; a proposition so obviously probable that setting revelation aside, every nation and people, so far as investigation has reached, for at least near four thousand years, have, in some mode or other, firmly believed it. In vain would we reason and pretend to doubt. I have myself done so to a very daring pitch; but, when I reflected, that I was opposing the most ardent wishes and the most darling hopes of good men, and flying in the face of all hnman belief, in all ages, I was shocked at my own conduct.

I know not whether I have ever sent you the following lines, or if you have ever seen them; but it is one of my favorite quotations, which I keep constantly by me in my progress through life, in the language of the book of Job.

"Against the day of battle and of war"—

spoken of religion:

"'Tis *this*, my friend, that streaks our morning bright,
'Tis *this* that gilds the horror of our night.
When wealth forsakes us, and when friends are few,
When friends are faithless, or when foes pursue;
'Tis this that wards the blow, or stills the smart,
Disarms affliction or repels the dart;
Within the breast bids purest raptures rise,
Bids smiling conscience spread her cloudless skies."

I have been busy with *Zeluco*. The Doctor is so obliging as to request my opinion of it; and I have been revolving in my mind some kind of criticisms on novel-writing, but it is a depth beyond my research. I shall however digest my thoughts on the subject as well as I can. *Zeluco* is a most sterling performance.

Farewell! *A dieu, le bon dieu, je vous commende!*

R. B.

[The communication from Dr. Moore to which the Poet's letter alludes contained the following advice—given I am glad to say in vain:—

"*Clifford Street, 10th June,* 1789

"Dear Sir,

"If I were to offer an opinion, it would be, that in your future productions you should abandon the Scottish stanza and dialect, and adopt the measure and language of modern English poetry.

"The stanza which you use in imitation of *Christ Kirk on the Green*, with a tiresome repetition of 'that day,' is fatiguing to English ears, and I should think not very agreeable to Scottish.

"All the fine satire and humor of your *Holy Fair* is lost on the English; yet, without more trouble to yourself, you could have conveyed the whole to them. The same is true of some of your other poems. In your *Epistle to James Smith*, the stanzas from that beginning with this line, 'This life so far's I understand,' to that which ends with, 'Short while it grieves,' are easy, flowing, gaily philosophical, and of Horatian elegance—the language is English, with a *few* Scottish words, and some of those so harmonious, as to add to the beauty; for what poet would not prefer *gloaming* to *twilight*.

"I imagine, that by carefully keeping, and occasionally polishing and correcting those verses, which the Muse dictates, you will, within a year or two, have another volume as large as the first, ready for the press; and this without diverting you from every proper attention to the study and practice of husbandry, in which I understand you are very learned, and which I fancy you will choose to adhere to as a wife, while poetry amuses you from time to time as a mistress. The former, like a prudent wife, must not show ill humor, although you retain a sneaking kindness to this agreeable gypsey, and pay her occasional visits, which in no manner alienates your heart from your lawful spouse, but tends, on the contrary, to promote her interest."

The poetic epistle from Miss Janet Little was ushered in by the following account of herself:—

"*Loudon House, 12th July*, 1789.

"SIR,

"THOUGH I have not the happiness of being personally acquainted with you, yet amongst the number of those who have read and admired your publications, may I be permitted to trouble you with this. You must know, Sir, I am somewhat in love with the Muses, though I cannot boast of any favors they have deigned to confer upon me as yet; my situation in life has been very much against me as to that. I have spent some years in and about Ecclefechan (where my parents reside) in the station of a servant, and am now come to Loudon House, at present possessed by Mrs. H.——: she is daughter to Mrs. Dunlop, of Dunlop, whom I understand you are particularly acquainted with. As I had the pleasure of perusing your poems, I felt a partiality for the author, which I should not have experienced had you been in a more dignified station. I wrote a few verses of address to you, which I did not then think of ever presenting; but as fortune seems to have favored me in this, by bringing me into a family, by whom you are well known, and much esteemed, and where perhaps I may have an opportunity of seeing you; I shall, in hopes of your future friendship, take the liberty to transcribe them.

Fair fa' the honest rustic swain,
The pride o' a' our Scottish plain:
Thou gi'es us joy to hear thy strain,
And notes sae sweet:
Old Ramsay's shade revived again
In thee we greet.

Lov'd Thalia, that delightfu' muse,
Seem'd lang shut up as a recluse;
To all she did her aid refuse,
Since Allan's day:
'Till Burns arose, then did she chuse
To grace his lay."

There are nine other verses—some worse, none better than these. The Milkmaid had little of the Ploughman's inspiration. —ED.]

No. CLIII.

TO CAPTAIN RIDDEL,

CARSE.

Ellisland, 16*th Oct.* 1789.

SIR,

BIG with the idea of this important day at Friars Carse, I have watched the elements and skies in the full persuasion that they would announce it to the astonished world by some phenomena of terrific portent.—Yesternight until a very late hour did I wait with anxious horror for the appearance of some comet firing half the sky; or aerial armies of sanguinary Scandinavians, darting athwart the startled heavens, rapid as the ragged lightning, and horrid as those convulsions of nature that bury nations.

The elements, however, seem to take the matter very quietly: they did not even usher in this morning with triple suns and a shower of blood, symbolical of the three potent heroes, and the mighty claret-shed of the day.—For me, as Thomson in his Winter says of the storm—I shall "Hear astonished, and astonished sing"

The whistle and the man; I sing
The man that won the whistle, &c.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys I trow are we;
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mae we hope to be.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
A cuckold coward loon is he:
Wha *last* beside his chair shall fa'
He is the king amang us three.

To leave the heights of Parnassus and come to the humble vale of prose.—I have some misgivings that I take too much upon me, when I request you to get your guest, Sir Robert Lowrie, to frank the two enclosed covers for me, the one of them, to Sir William Cunningham, of Robertland, Bart. at Kilmarnock,—the other, to Mr. Allan Masterton, writing-master, Edinburgh. The first has a kindred claim on Sir Robert, as being a brother baronet, and likewise a keen Foxite; the other is one of the worthiest men in the world, and a man of real genius; so, allow me to say, he has a fraternal claim on you. I want them franked for to-morrow, as I cannot get them to the post to-night.—I shall send a servant again for them in the evening. Wishing that your head may be crowned with laurels to-night, and free from aches to-morrow,

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your deeply indebted humble Servant,

R. B.

[The bard seems to have prepared himself for celebrating a contest which did not take place for a year afterwards. The whistle was contended for 16th Oct. 1790: the successful competitor, Fergusson, of Craigdarroch, was killed by a fall from his horse, many years after this jovial contest; he excelled in ready eloquence, and loved witty company.—Ed.]

No. CLIV.

TO CAPTAIN RIDDEL.

Ellisland, 1789.

Sir,

I wish from my inmost soul it were in my power to give you a more substantial gratification and re-

turn for all the goodness to the poet, than transcribing a few of his idle rhymes.—However, "an old song," though to a proverb an instance of insignificance, is generally the only coin a poet has to pay with.

If my poems which I have transcribed, and mean still to transcribe into your book, were equal to the grateful respect and high esteem I bear for the gentleman to whom I present them, they would be the finest poems in the language.—As they are, they will at least be a testimony with what sincerity I have the honor to be,

Sir,
Your devoted humble Servant,

R. B.

No. CLV.

TO Mr. ROBERT AINSLIE.

Ellisland, 1st Nov. 1789.

My Dear Friend,

I had written you long ere now, could I have guessed where to find you, for I am sure you have more good sense than to waste the precious days of vacation time in the dirt of business and Edinburgh. —Wherever you are, God bless you, and lead you not into temptation, but deliver you from evil!

I do not know if I have informed you that I am now appointed to an excise division, in the middle of which my house and farm lie. In this I was extremely lucky. Without ever having been an expectant, as they call their journeymen excisemen, I was directly planted down to all intents and purposes an officer of excise; there to flourish and bring forth fruits—worthy of repentance.

I know not how the word exciseman, or still more opprobrious, gauger, will sound in your ears. I too

have seen the day when my auditory nerves would have felt very delicately on this subject; but a wife and children are things which have a wonderful power in blunting these kind of sensations. Fifty pounds a year for life, and a provision for widows and orphans, you will allow is no bad settlement for a *poet.* For the ignominy of the profession, I have the encouragement which I once heard a recruiting sergeant give to a numerous, if not a respectable, audience, in the streets of Kilmarnock—"Gentlemen, for your further and better encouragement, I can assure you that our regiment is the most blackguard corps under the crown, and consequently with us an honest fellow has the surest chance for preferment."

You need not doubt that I find several very unpleasant and disagreeable circumstances in my business; but I am tired with and disgusted at the language of complaint against the evils of life. Human existence in the most favorable situations does not abound with pleasures, and has its inconveniences and ills; capricious foolish man mistakes these inconveniences and ills as if they were the peculiar property of his particular situation; and hence that eternal fickleness, that love of change, which has ruined, and daily does ruin many a fine fellow, as well as many a blockhead, and is almost, without exception, a constant source of disappointment and misery.

I long to hear from you how you go on—not so much in business as in life. Are you pretty well satisfied with your own exertions, and tolerably at ease in your internal reflections? 'Tis much to be a great character as a lawyer, but beyond comparison more to be a great character as a man. That you may be both the one and the other is the earnest wish, and that you *will* be both is the firm persuasion of,

My dear Sir, &c. R. B.

No. CLVI.

TO Mr. RICHARD BROWN.

Ellisland, 4th November, 1789.

I HAVE been so hurried, my ever dear friend, that though I got both your letters, I have not been able to command an hour to answer them as I wished; and even now, you are to look on this as merely confessing debt, and craving days. Few things could have given me so much pleasure as the news that you were once more safe and sound on terra firma, and happy in that place where happiness is alone to be found, in the fireside circle. May the benevolent Director of all things peculiarly bless you in all those endearing connections consequent on the tender and venerable names of husband and father! I have indeed been extremely lucky in getting an additional income of £50 a year, while, at the same time, the appointment will not cost me above £10 or £12 per annum of expenses more than I must have inevitably incurred. The worst circumstance is, that the excise division which I have got is so extensive, no less than ten parishes to ride over; and it abounds besides with so much business, that I can scarcely steal a spare moment. However, labor endears rest, and both together are absolutely necessary for the proper enjoyment of human existence. I cannot meet you any where. No less than an order from the Board of Excise, at Edinburgh, is necessary before I can have so much time as to meet you in Ayrshire. But do you come and see me. We must have a social day, and perhaps lengthen it out with half the night, before you go again to sea. You are the earliest friend I now have on earth, my brothers excepted; and is not that an endearing circumstance? When you and I first met, we were at the green period of human life.

The twig would easily take a bent, but would as easily return to its former state. You and I not only took a mutual bent, but, by the melancholy, though strong influence of being both of the family of the unfortunate, we were entwined with one another in our growth towards advanced age; and blasted be the sacrilegious hand that shall attempt to undo the union! You and I must have one bumper to my favorite toast, "May the companions of our youth be the friends of our old age!" Come and see me one year; I shall see you at Port Glasgow the next, and if we can contrive to have a gossiping between our two bed-fellows, it will be so much additional pleasure. Mrs. Burns joins me in kind compliments to you and Mrs. Brown. Adieu!

I am ever, my dear Sir, yours,

R. B.

No. CLVII.

TO R. GRAHAM, Esq.,

OF FINTRAY.

9th December, 1789.

Sir,

I have a good while had a wish to trouble you with a letter, and had certainly done it long ere now—but for a humiliating something that throws cold water on the resolution, as if one should say, "You have found Mr. Graham a very powerful and kind friend indeed, and that interest he is so kindly taking in your concerns, you ought by every thing in your power to keep alive and cherish." Now though since God has thought proper to make one powerful and another helpless, the connection of obliger and obliged is all fair; and though my being under your patronage is to me highly honorable, yet, Sir, allow me to flatter my-

self, that, as a poet and an honest man you first interested yourself in my welfare, and principally as such, still you permit me to approach you.

I have found the excise business go on a great deal smoother with me than I expected; owing a good deal to the generous friendship of Mr. Mitchel, my collector, and the kind assistance of Mr. Findlater, my supervisor. I dare to be honest, and I fear no labor. Nor do I find my hurried life greatly inimical to my correspondence with the Muses. Their visits to me, indeed, and I believe to most of their acquaintance, like the visits of good angels, are short and far between: but I meet them now and then as I jog through the hills of Nithsdale, just as I used to do on the banks of Ayr. I take the liberty to enclose you a few bagatelles, all of them the productions of my leisure thoughts in my excise rides.

If you know or have ever seen Captain Grose, the antiquarian, you will enter into any humor that is in the verses on him. Perhaps you have seen them before, as I sent them to a London newspaper. Though I dare say you have none of the solemn-league-and-covenant fire, which shone so conspicuous in Lord George Gordon and the Kilmarnock weavers, yet I think you must have heard of Dr. M'Gill, one of the clergymen of Ayr, and his heretical book. God help him, poor man! Though he is one of the worthiest, as well as one of the ablest of the whole priesthood of the Kirk of Scotland, in every sense of that ambiguous term, yet the poor Doctor and his numerous family are in imminent danger of being thrown out to the mercy of the winter winds. The enclosed ballad on that business is, I confess, too local, but I laughed myself at some conceits in it, though I am convinced in my conscience that there are a good many heavy stanzas in it too.

The election ballad, as you will see, alludes to the

present canvass in our string of boroughs. I do not believe there will be such a hard run match in the whole general election.

I am too little a man to have any political attachments; I am deeply indebted to, and have the warmest veneration for, individuals of both parties; but a man who has it in his power to be the father of a country, and who * * * * *, is a character that one cannot speak of with patience.

Sir J. J. does "what man can do," but yet I doubt his fate.

[In this letter, besides the verses on Grose, the Poet enclosed the Kirk's Alarm, and the first ballad on Miller's election. His heart seems to have been with Johnstone in the latter affair; he cordially disliked the Duke of Queensbury, a nobleman who herried the land which he ought to have enriched, and squandered his rents among

"Pimps, sharpers, bawds, and opera girls."

Captain Miller, the candidate in the Queensbury interest, and son of the Poet's landlord, was a Whig—yet this seems not to have overcome Burns' aversion to old Q. a name under which the caricaturists of London loved to lampoon the person of his Grace.—ED.]

No. CLVIII.

TO MRS. DUNLOP.

Ellisland, 13*th December*, 1789.

MANY thanks, dear Madam, for your sheet-full of rhymes. Though at present, I am below the veriest prose, yet from you every thing pleases. I am groaning under the miseries of a diseased nervous system, a system, the state of which is most conducive to our happiness—or the most productive of our misery. For now near three weeks I have been so ill with a nervous headache, that I have been obliged for a time

to give up my excise-books, being scarce able to lift my head, much less to ride once a week over ten muir parishes. What is man?—To-day, in the luxuriance of health, exulting in the enjoyment of existence; in a few days, perhaps in a few hours, loaded with conscious painful being, counting the tardy pace of the lingering moments by there percussions of anguish, and refusing or denied a comforter. Day follows night, and night comes after day, only to curse him with life which gives him no pleasure; and yet the awful, dark termination of that life, is something at which he recoils.

> "Tell us, ye dead; will none of you in pity
> Disclose the secret——
> *What 'tis you are and we must short'ly be?*
> ——'tis no matter:
> A little time will make us learn'd as you are."

Can it be possible, that when I resign this frail, feverish being, I shall still find myself in conscious existence? When the last gasp of agony has announced that I am no more to those that knew me, and the few who loved me; when the cold, stiffened, unconscious, ghastly corse is resigned into the earth, to be the prey of unsightly reptiles, and to become in time a trodden clod, shall I be yet warm in life, seeing and seen, enjoying and enjoyed? Ye venerable sages, and holy flamens, is there probability in your conjectures, truth in your stories, of another world beyond death; or are they all alike, baseless visions, and fabricated fables? If there is another life, it must be only for the just, the benevolent, the amiable, and the humane; what a flattering idea, then, is a world to come! Would to God I as firmly believed it, as I ardently wish it! There I should meet an aged parent, now at rest from the many buffetings of an evil world, against which he so long and so bravely struggled. There should I meet the friend, the disinterested friend of my early life; the man who rejoiced to see me, be-

cause he loved me and could serve me.—Muir, thy weaknesses were the aberrations of human nature, but thy heart glowed with every thing generous, manly, and noble; and if ever emanation from the All-good Being animated a human form, it was thine!—There should I, with speechless agony of rapture, again recognise my lost, my ever dear Mary! whose bosom was fraught with truth, honor, constancy, and love.

"My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of heavenly rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?"

Jesus Christ, thou amiablest of characters! I trust thou art no impostor, and that thy revelation of blissful scenes of existence beyond death and the grave, is not one of the many impositions which time after time have been palmed on credulous mankind. I trust that in thee "shall all the families of the earth be blessed," by being yet connected together in a better world, where every tie that bound heart to heart, in this state of existence, shall be, far beyond our present conceptions, more endearing.

I am a good deal inclined to think with those who maintain, that what are called nervous affections are in fact diseases of the mind. I cannot reason, I cannot think; and but to you I would not venture to write any thing above an order to a cobbler. You have felt too much of the ills of life not to sympathize with a diseased wretch, who has impaired more than half of any faculties he possessed. Your goodness will excuse this distracted scrawl, which the writer dare scarcely read, and which he would throw into the fire, were he able to write any thing better, or indeed any thing at all.

Rumor told me something of a son of yours, who was returned from the East or West Indies. If you have gotten news from James or Anthony, it was cruel in you not to let me know; as I promise you, on the

sincerity of a man, who is weary of one world, and anxious about another, that scarce any thing could give me so much pleasure as to hear of any good thing befalling my honored friend.

If you have a minute's leisure, take up your pen in pity to *le pauvre miserable* R. B.

[Muir, so touchingly alluded to in this letter, was one of the Poet's earliest and least assuming friends—he was mild and benevolent, and did deeds of kindness without seeming to do them.—Ed.]

No. CLIX.

TO SIR JOHN SINCLAIR.

1790.

Sir,

The following circumstance has, I believe, been omitted in the statistical account transmitted to you, of the parish of Dunscore, in Nithsdale. I beg leave to send it to you, because it is new, and may be useful. How far it is deserving of a place in your patriotic publication, you are the best judge.

To store the minds of the lower classes with useful knowledge is certainly of very great importance, both to them as individuals, and to society at large. Giving them a turn for reading and reflection is giving them a source of innocent and laudable amusement; and besides, raises them to a more dignified degree in the scale of rationality. Impressed with this idea, a gentleman in this parish, Robert Riddel, Esq. of Glenriddel, set on foot a species of circulating library, on a plan so simple as to be practicable in any corner of the country; and so useful, as to deserve the notice of every country gentleman, who thinks the improvement of that part of his own species, whom chance

has thrown into the humble walks of the peasant and the artisan, a matter worthy of his attention.

Mr. Riddel got a number of his own tenants, and farming neighbours, to form themselves into a society for the purpose of having a library among themselves. They entered into a legal engagement to abide by it for three years; with a saving clause or two, in case of a removal to a distance, or death. Each member, at his entry, paid five shillings; and at each of their meetings, which were held every fourth Saturday, sixpence more. With their entry money, and the credit which they took on the faith of their future funds, they laid in a tolerable stock of books at the commencement. What authors they were to purchase, was always decided by the majority. At every meeting, all the books, under certain fines and forfeitures, by way of penalty, were to be produced; and the members had their choice of the volumes in rotation. He whose name stood for that night first on the list had his choice of what volume he pleased in the whole collection; the second had his choice after the first; the third after the second, and so on to the last. At next meeting, he who had been first on the list at the preceding meeting was last at this; he who had been second was first; and so on through the whole three years. At the expiration of the engagement, the books were sold by auction, but only among the members themselves; each man had his share of the common stock, in money or in books, as he chose to be a purchaser or not.

At the breaking up of this little society, which was formed under Mr. Riddel's patronage, what with benefactions of books from him, and what with their own purchases, they had collected together upwards of one hundred and fifty volumes. It will easily be guessed, that a good deal of trash would be bought. Among the books, however of this little library, were, *Blair's*

Sermons, Robertson's History of Scotland, Hume's History of the Stuarts, The Spectator, Idler, Adventurer, Mirror, Lounger, Observer, Man of Feeling, Man of the World, Chrysal, Don Quixote, Joseph Andrews, &c. A peasant who can read, and enjoy such books, is certainly a much superior being to his neighbour, who perhaps stalks beside his team, very little removed, except in shape, from the brutes he drives.

Wishing your patiotic exertions their so much merited success,

I am, Sir,
Your humble servant,
A PEASANT.

The above is extracted from the third volume of Sir John Sinclair's Statistics, p. 598.—It was enclosed to Sir John by Mr. Riddel himself in the following letter, also printed there :—

"SIR JOHN,

"I enclose you a letter, written by Mr. Burns, as an addition to the account of Dunscore parish. It contains an account of a small library which he was so good (at my desire) as to set on foot, in the barony of Monkland, or Friar's Carse, in this parish. As its utility has been felt, particularly among the younger class of people, I think, that if a similar plan were established in the different parishes of Scotland, it would tend greatly to the speedy improvement of the tenantry, trades-people, and work-people. Mr. Burns was so good as to take the whole charge of this small concern. He was treasurer, librarian, and censor, to this little society, who will long have a grateful sense of his public spirit and exertions for their improvement and information.

I have the honor to be, Sir John,
Yours most sincerely,
ROBERT RIDDEL."

How the pious Kirkpatrick happened to omit all reference to the Monkland Book Club in his account of Dunscore, is easily explained. He was a rigid and austere Calvinist: the books which the Poet introduced he reckoned frivolous and vain; neither did Blair's Sermons, nor Robertson's History soothe him—they were the works of children of the New Light!—ED.]

No. CLX.

TO CHARLES SHARPE, Esq.

OF HODDAM,

Under a fictitious Signature, enclosing a Ballad,
1790 *or* 1791.

It is true, Sir, you are a gentleman of rank and fortune, and I am a poor devil: you are a feather in the cap of society, and I am a very hobnail in his shoes; yet I have the honor to belong to the same family with you, and on that score I now address you. You will perhaps suspect that I am going to claim affinity with the ancient and honorable house of Kirkpatrick: No, no, Sir: I cannot indeed be properly said to belong to any house, or even any province or kingdom; as my mother, who for many years was spouse to a marching regiment, gave me into this bad world, aboard the packet-boat, somewhere between Donaghadee and Portpatrick. By our common family, I mean, Sir, the family of the Muses. I am a fiddler and a poet; and you, I am told, play an exquisite violin, and have a standard taste in the Belles Lettres. The other day, a brother catgut gave me a charming Scots air of your composition. If I was pleased with the tune, I was in raptures with the title you have given it; and taking up the idea, I have spun it into the three stanzas enclosed. Will you allow me, Sir, to present you them, as the dearest offering that a misbegotten son of poverty and rhyme has to give? I have a longing to take you by the hand and unburthen my heart by saying, "Sir, I honor you as a man who supports the dignity of human nature, amid an age when frivolity and avarice have, between them, debased us below the brutes that perish!" But, alas! Sir! to me you are unapproachable. It is true, the

Muses baptized me in Castalian streams, but the thoughtless gypsies forgot to give me a name. As the sex have served many a good fellow, the Nine have given me a great deal of pleasure, but, bewitching jades! they have beggared me. Would they but spare me a little of their cast-linen! Were it only in my power to say, that I have a shirt on my back! But the idle wenches, like Solomon's lilies, "they toil not, neither do they spin;" so I must e'en continue to tie my remnant of a cravat, like the hangman's rope, round my naked throat, and coax my galligaskins to keep together their many-colored fragments. As to the affair of shoes, I have given that up. My pilgrimages in my ballad trade, from town to town, and on your stony-hearted turnpikes too, are what not even the hide of Job's Behemoth could bear. The coat on my back is no more: I shall not speak evil of the dead. It would be equally unhandsome and ungrateful to find fault with my old surtout, which so kindly supplies and conceals the want of that coat. My hat indeed is a great favorite; and though I got it literally for an old song, I would not exchange it for the best beaver in Britain. I was, during several years, a kind of factotum servant to a country clergyman, where I pickt up a good many scraps of learning, particularly in some branches of the mathematics. Whenever I feel inclined to rest myself on my way, I take my seat under a hedge, laying my poetic wallet on the one side, and my fiddle-case on the other, and placing my hat between my legs, I can by means of its brim, or rather brims, go through the whole doctrine of the Conic Sections.

However, Sir, don't let me mislead you, as if I would interest your pity. Fortune has so much forsaken me, that she has taught me to live without her; and amid all my rags and poverty, I am as independent, and much more happy, than a monarch of the

world. According to the hackneyed metaphor, I value the several actors in the great drama of life, simply as they act their parts. I can look on a worthless fellow of a duke with unqualified contempt, and can regard an honest scavenger with sincere respect. As you, Sir, go through your rôle with such distinguished merit, permit me to make one in the chorus of universal applause, and assure you that with the highest respect,

I have the honor to be, &c.

[The family of Hoddam is one of old standing in the county of Dumfries: it has mingled blood with some of the noblest names in the south of Scotland, and is at present worthily represented by General Sharpe, Member of Parliament for the five boroughs. Nor is the name known through that alone: my friend, Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe is distinguished by his scholarship and genius, by his critical knowledge both in literature and art, and by a wit terse and keen. The Poet in his humorous letter seriously alludes to the connection between his correspondent and the Knight of Closeburn—and what was still more welcome perhaps, congratulates him on his being able to reckon kin with the Muses. Charles Sharpe of Hoddam had not only fine taste in musical composition, but wrote verses with a happiness which justified, I am told, the commendations of Burns.—ED.]

No. CLXI.

TO MR. GILBERT BURNS.

Ellisland, 11th January, 1790.

DEAR BROTHER,

I MEAN to take advantage of the frank, though I have not in my present frame of mind much appetite for exertion in writing. My nerves are in a cursed state. I feel that horrid hypochondria pervading every atom of both body and soul. This farm has un-

done my enjoyment of myself. It is a ruinous affair on all hands. But let it go to hell! I'll fight it out and be off with it.

We have gotten a set of very decent players here just now. I have seen them an evening or two. David Campbell, in Ayr, wrote to me by the manager of the company, a Mr. Sutherland, who is a man of apparent worth. On new-year-day evening I gave him the following prologue, which he spouted to his audience with applause.

> No song nor dance I bring from yon great city,
> That queens it o'er our taste—the more's the pity:
> Tho' by the bye, abroad why will you roam?
> Good sense and taste are natives here at home.
> (*Vide Vol. II. p.* 78.)

I can no more.—If once was clear of this cursed farm, I should respire more at ease.

R. B.

["The best laid schemes of mice and men," says the bard "gang aft a-gley," and surely no speculation in which Burns ever engaged promised more comfort to his bosom, and abundance to his board, than did the leasing of Ellisland. Yet the farm was undoubtedly too high rented during the period of his occupation, and he probably had not the skill or the patience to enable him to cultivate ground with the peculiar nature of which he was unacquainted. Soon after he forsook it, the half of Ellisland was let to a neighbouring farmer for the same rent which the Poet gave for the whole; but then it must be remembered that the prospect of hostilities with France had raised the price of grain and the value of ground. Land which let with difficulty at ten shillings an acre in 1788, was leased with ease at three pounds in the course of a few years.—ED.]

No. CLXII.

TO MRS. DUNLOP.

Ellisland, 25th January, 1790.

IT has been owing to unremitting hurry of business that I have not written to you, Madam, long ere now.

My health is greatly better, and I now begin once more to share in satisfaction and enjoyment with the rest of my fellow-creatures.

Many thanks, my much esteemed friend, for your kind letters; but why will you make me run the risk of being contemptible and mercenary in my own eyes? When I pique myself on my independent spirit, I hope it is neither poetic licence, nor poetic rant; and I am so flattered with the honor you have done me, in making me your compeer in friendship and friendly correspondence, that I cannot without pain, and a degree of mortification, be reminded of the real inequality between our situations.

Most sincerely do I rejoice with you, dear Madam, in the good news of Anthony. Not only your anxiety about his fate, but my own esteem for such a noble, warm-hearted, manly young fellow, in the little I had of his acquaintance, has interested me deeply in his fortunes.

Falconer, the unfortunate author of the "Shipwreck," which you so much admire, is no more. After witnessing the dreadful catastrophe he so feelingly describes in his poem, and after weathering many hard gales of fortune, he went to the bottom with the Aurora frigate!

I forget what part of Scotland had the honor of giving him birth; but he was the son of obscurity and misfortune. He was one of those daring adventurous spirits, which Scotland, beyond any other country, is remarkable for producing. Little does the fond mother think, as she hangs delighted over the sweet little leech at her bosom, where the poor fellow may hereafter wander, and what may be his fate. I remember a stanza in an old Scottish ballad, which, notwithstanding its rude simplicity, speaks feelingly to the heart:—

"Little did my mother think,
That day she cradled me,
What land I was to travel in,
Or what death I should die!"

Old Scottish songs are, you know, a favorite study and pursuit of mine, and now I am on that subject, allow me to give you two stanzas of another old simple ballad, which I am sure will please you. The catastrophe of the piece is a poor ruined female lamenting her fate. She concludes with this pathetic wish:—

"O that my father had ne'er on me smil'd;
O that my mother had ne'er to me sung!
O that my cradle had never been rock'd:
But that I had died when I was young!

"O that the grave it were my bed;
My blankets were my winding sheet;
The clocks and the worms my bedfellows a';
And O sae sound as I should sleep!"

I do not remember in all my reading to have met with any thing more truly the language of misery, than the exclamation in the last line. Misery is like love; to speak its language truly, the author must have felt it.

I am every day expecting the doctor to give your little godson * the smallpox. They are *rife* in the country, and I tremble for his fate. By the way, I cannot help congratulating you on his looks and spirit. Every person who sees him acknowledges him to be the finest, handsomest child he has ever seen. I am myself delighted with the manly swell of his little chest, and a certain miniature dignity in the carriage of his head, and the glance of his fine black eye, which promise the undaunted gallantry of an independent mind.

I thought to have sent you some rhymes, but time forbids. I promise you poetry until you are tired of

---

* The bard's second son, Francis.

it, next time I have the honor of assuring you how truly I am, &c.

R. B.

["Falconer," says Currie, "was in early life a sea-boy on board a man of war, in which capacity he attracted the notice of Campbell, the author of the satire on Dr. Johnson, entitled 'Lexiphanes,' then purser of the ship. Campbell took him as his servant, and delighted in giving him instruction; and when Falconer afterwards acquired celebrity, boasted of him as his scholar. The Editor had this information from a surgeon of a man of war, in 1777, and who knew both Campbell and Falconer, and who himself perished soon after by shipwreck, on the coast of America."

Currie seems to have been imperfectly acquainted with the chequered life and fortunes of Falconer. His parentage was humble, but his education was above the common: he displayed his poetic talents at an early age in a poem published in 1751, in memory of Frederick Prince of Wales: the Shipwreck, by which his name will be known to posterity, appeared in 1762, and obtained for him the notice of the Duke of York. His Marine Dictionary, printed in 1769, introduced his name to many on whom the pathos of his poetry was lost: nor should it be forgotten, that before he sailed on his last fatal expedition, he wrote a poem called the Demagogue, in which he satirized with skill, as well as bitterness, one of the profligate patriots of the day. —Ed.]

No. CLXIII.

TO Mr. PETER HILL,

BOOKSELLER, EDINBURGH.

Ellisland, 2nd Feb. 1790

No! I will not say one word about apologies or excuses for not writing—I am a poor, rascally gauger condemned to gallop at least 200 miles every week to inspect dirty ponds and yeasty barrels, and where can I find time to write to, or importance to interest

any body? the upbraidings of my conscience, nay the upbraidings of my wife, have persecuted me on your account these two or three months past.—I wish to God I was a great man, that my correspondence might throw light upon you, to let the world see what you really are: and then I would make your fortune, without putting my hand in my pocket for you, which, like all other great men, I suppose I would avoid as much as possible. What are you doing, and how are you doing? Have you lately seen any of my few friends? What has become of the BOROUGH REFORM, or how is the fate of my poor namesake Mademoiselle Burns decided? O man! but for thee and thy selfish appetites, and dishonest artifices, that beauteous form, and that once innocent and still ingenuous mind, which shone conspicuous and lovely in the faithful wife and the affectionate mother; and shall the unfortunate sacrifice to thy pleasures have no claim on thy humanity!

I saw lately in a Review, some extracts from a new poem, called the Village Curate; send it me. I want likewise a cheap copy of The World. Mr. Armstrong, the young poet, who does me the honor to mention me so kindly in his works, please give him my best thanks for the copy of his book—I shall write him, my first leisure hour. I like his poetry much, but I think his style in prose quite astonishing.

Your book came safe, and I am going to trouble you with farther commissions. I call it troubling you—because I want only, BOOKS; the cheapest way, the best; so you may have to hunt for them in the evening auctions. I want Smollett's Works, for the sake of his incomparable humor. I have already Roderick Random, and Humphrey Clinker.—Peregrine Pickle, Launcelot Greaves, and Ferdinand, Count Fathom, I still want; but as I said, the veriest ordinary copies will serve me. I am nice only in the appearance of

my poets. I forget the price of Cowper's Poems, but, I believe, I must have them. I saw the other day, proposals for a publication, entitled, "Banks's new and complete Christian's Family Bible," printed for C. Cooke, Paternoster-row, London.—He promises at least, to give in the work, I think it is three hundred and odd engravings, to which he has put the names of the first artists in London.—You will know the character of the performance, as some numbers of it are published; and if it is really what it pretends to be, set me down as a subscriber, and send me the published numbers.

Let me hear from you, your first leisure minute, and trust me you shall in future have no reason to complain of my silence. The dazzling perplexity of novelty will dissipate and leave me to persue my course in the quiet path of methodical routine.

R. B.

[Perhaps no set of men more effectually avail themselves of the easy credulity of the public, than a certain description of Paternoster-row booksellers. Three hundred and odd engravings!—and by the first artists in London, too!—no wonder that Burns was dazzled by the splendor of the promise. It is no unusual thing for this class of impostors to illustrate the Holy Scriptures by plates originally engraved for the History of England, and I have actually seen subjects designed by our celebrated artist Stothard, from Clarissa Harlowe and the Novelist Magazine, converted, with incredible dexterity, by these Bookselling Breslaws, into Scriptural embellishments! One of these venders of 'Family Bibles' lately called on me, to consult me professionally about a folio engraving he brought with him.—It represented Mons. Buffon, seated, contemplating various groups of animals that surrounded him: he merely wished, he said, to be informed, whether by unclothing the Naturalist, and giving him a rather more resolute look, the plate could not, at a trifling expense, be made to pass for "Daniel in the Lion's Den!"—CROMEK.]

No. CLXIV.

TO Mr. W. NICOL.

Ellisland, Feb. 9, 1790.

My Dear Sir,

That d——d mare of yours is dead. I would freely have given her price to have saved her; she has vexed me beyond description. Indebted as I was to your goodness beyond what I can ever repay, I eagerly grasped at your offer to have the mare with me. That I might at least show my readiness in wishing to be grateful, I took every care of her in my power. She was never crossed for riding above half a score of times by me or in my keeping. I drew her in the plough, one of three, for one poor week. I refused fifty-five shillings for her, which was the highest bode I could squeeze for her. I fed her up and had her in fine order for Dumfries fair; when four or five days before the fair, she was seized with an unaccountable disorder in the sinews, or somewhere in the bones of the neck; with a weakness or total want of power in her fillets, and in short the whole vertebræ of her spine seemed to be diseased and unhinged, and in eight and forty hours, in spite of the two best farriers in the country, she died and be d——d to her! The farriers said that she had been quite strained in the fillets beyond cure before you had bought her; and that the poor devil, though she might keep a little flesh, had been jaded and quite worn out with fatigue and oppression. While she was with me, she was under my own eye, and I assure you, my much-valued friend, every thing was done for her that could be done; and the accident has vexed me to the heart. In fact I could not pluck up spirits to write to you, on account of the unfortunate business.

There is little new in this country. Our theatrical

company, of which you must have heard, leave us this week. Their merit and character are indeed very great, both on the stage and in private life; not a worthless creature among them; and their encouragement has been accordingly. Their usual run is from eighteen to twenty-five pounds a night: seldom less than the one, and the house will hold no more than the other. There have been repeated instances of sending away six, and eight, and ten pounds a night for want of room. A new theatre is to be built by subscription; the first stone is to be laid on Friday first to come. Three hundred guineas have been raised by thirty subscribers, and thirty more might have been got if wanted. The manager, Mr. Sutherland, was introduced to me by a friend from Ayr; and a worthier or cleverer fellow I have rarely met with. Some of our clergy have slipt in by stealth now and then; but they have got up a farce of their own. You must have heard how the Rev. Mr. Lawson of Kirkmahoe, seconded by the Rev. Mr. Kirkpatrick of Dunscore, and the rest of that faction, have accused in formal process, the unfortunate and Rev. Mr. Heron of Kirkgunzeon, that in ordaining Mr. Nielson to the cure of souls in Kirkbean, he, the said Heron, feloniously and treasonably bound the said Nielson to the confession of faith, *so far as it was agreeable to reason and the word of God!*

Mrs. B. begs to be remembered most gratefully to you. Little Bobby and Frank are charmingly well and healthy. I am jaded to death with fatigue. For these two or three months, on an average, I have not ridden less than two hundred miles per week. I have done little in the poetic way. I have given Mr. Sutherland two prologues; one of which was delivered last week. I have likewise strung four or five barbarous stanzas, to the tune of Chevy Chase, by way of Elegy on your poor unfortunate mare, beginning (the name she got here was Peg Nicholson)

"Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
As ever trod on airn;
But now she's floating down the Nith,
And past the mouth o' Cairn."

[*See Vol II. page* 93.]

My best compliments to Mrs. Nicol, and little Neddy, and all the family; I hope Ned is a good scholar, and will come out to gather nuts and apples with me next harvest.

R. B.

[The nuts which the Poet promised the son of his friend might be gathered on every burn-bank in the vale of Nith: not so the apples; a few might be seen in private gardens, and gentlemen's orchards, but they were not to be found giving beauty to the hedge-rows, and fragrance to the public road, as in the sunnier regions of the south. The ancient golden pippin, and the true honey-pear, were plentiful in the old orchard of the house of Comyn, at Dalswinton, but the garden of Ellisland, during the superintendance of the Poet produced only green kale and gooseberries—it is otherwise now.—ED.]

No. CLXV.

TO MR. CUNNINGHAM.

Ellisland, 13th February, 1790.

I BEG your pardon, my dear and much-valued friend, for writing to you on this very unfashionable, unsightly sheet—

"My poverty but not my will consents."

But to make amends, since of modish post I have none, except one poor widowed half-sheet of gilt, which lies in my drawer among my plebeian fool's-cap pages, like the widow of a man of fashion, whom that unpolite scoundrel, Necessity, has driven from Burgundy and Pineapple, to a dish of Bohea, with the scandal-bearing help-mate of a village-priest; or a glass of whiskey-toddy, with a ruby-nosed yoke-fellow of a foot-padding exciseman.—I make a vow to enclose

this sheet-full of epistolary fragments in that my only scrape of gilt paper.

I am indeed your unworthy debtor for three friendly letters. I ought to have written to you long ere now, but it is a literal fact, I have scarcely a spare moment. It is not that I *will not* write to you; Miss Burnet is not more dear to her guardian angel, nor his grace the Duke of Queensbury to the powers of darkness, than my friend Cunningham to me. It is not that I *cannot* write to you; should you doubt it, take the following fragment, which was intended for you some time ago, and be convinced that I can *antithesize* sentiment, and *circumvolute* periods, as well as any coiner of phrase in the regions of philology.

December, 1789.

MY DEAR CUNNINGHAM,

WHERE are you? And what are you doing? Can you be that son of levity, who takes up a friendship as he takes up a fashion; or are you, like some other of the worthiest fellows in the world, the victim of indolence, laden with fetters of ever-increasing weight?

What strange beings we are! Since we have a portion of conscious existence, equally capable of enjoying pleasure, happiness, and rapture, or of suffering pain, wretchedness, and misery, it is surely worthy of an inquiry, whether there be not such a thing as a science of life; whether method, economy, and fertility of expedients, be not applicable to enjoyment; and whether there be not a want of dexterity in pleasure, which renders our little scantling of happiness still less; and a profuseness, an intoxication in bliss, which leads to satiety, disgust, and self-abhorence. There is not a doubt but that health, talents, character, decent competency, respectable friends, are real substantial blessings; and yet do we not daily see those who enjoy many or all of these good things,

contrive notwithstanding to be as unhappy as others to whose lot few of them have fallen? I believe one great source of this mistake or misconduct is owing to a certain stimulus, with us called ambition, which goads us up the hill of life, not as we ascend other eminences, for the laudable curiosity of viewing an extended landscape, but rather for the dishonest pride of looking down on others of our fellow-creatures seemingly diminutive in humbler stations, &c. &c.

Sunday, 14*th February*, 1790.

God help me! I am now obliged to join

"Night to day, and Sunday to the week."

If there be any truth in the orthodox faith of these churches, I am d——d past redemption, and what is worse, d——d to all eternity. I am deeply read in Boston's Four-fold State, Marshal on Sanctification, Guthrie's Trial of a Saving Interest, &c.; but "there is no balm in Gilead, there is no physician there" for me; so I shall e'en turn Arminian, and trust to "Sincere though imperfect obedience."

Tuesday, 16*th*.

Luckily for me, I was prevented from the discussion of the knotty point at which I had just made a full stop. All my fears and care are of this world: if there is another, an honest man has nothing to fear from it. I hate a man that wishes to be a Deist; but I fear, every fair, unprejudiced inquirer must in some degree be a skeptic. It is not that there are any very staggering arguments against the immortality of man; but like electricity, phlogiston, &c. the subject is so involved in darkness, that we want data to go upon. One thing frightens me much: that we are to live for ever seems *too good news to be true*. That we are to enter into a new scene of existence, where, exempt from want and pain, we shall enjoy ourselves

and our friends without satiety or separation—how much should I be indebted to any one who could fully assure me that this was certain!

My time is once more expired. I will write to Mr. Cleghorn soon. God bless him and all his concerns! And may all the powers that preside over conviviality and friendship be present with all their kindest influence, when the bearer of this, Mr. Syme, and you meet! I wish I could also make one.

Finally, brethren, farewell! Whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are gentle, whatsoever things are charitable, whatsoever things are kind, think on these things, and think on

R. B.

[Of the gentleman to whom this letter is addressed my friend, James Hogg, in his notes on Burns, says, "The Lament, as well as the song beginning 'O had I a cave,' were written on the occasion of Mr. Alexander Cunningham's darling sweetheart slighting him and marrying another. If I may judge from what I saw of that very amusing and social gentleman, she acted a wise part." If I may judge of the condition of the young lady from what the Poet says in the Lament—of the circling and clasping arms, and more pointed still

"The promised father's tender name,"

she acted with little respect to her reputation in forsaking her first love—the only marvel is that she found a second. But the truth is, the Shepherd has made a strange mistake: if his censure of the man is not more accurate than his account of the origin of the Lament, the character of Alexander Cunningham stands where it did. That very affecting poem was composed by the Poet on his own sorrows, in the spring of 1786, and published in the Kilmarnock edition of his works, before he ever saw or heard of Alexander the silversmith. He gives this account of it to Dr. Moore. Gilbert Burns confirms him were confirmation required—and indeed no one perhaps is ignorant of it, save him who made the assertion.

The following letter from the pen of Cunningham will be read with interest:—

"*Edinburgh, 28th January*, 1790.

"In some instances it is reckoned unpardonable to quote any one's own words, but the value I have for your friendship, nothing can more truly or more elegantly express than

'Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.'

"Having written to you twice without having heard from you, I am apt to think my letters have miscarried. My conjecture is only framed upon the chapter of accidents turning up against me, as it too often does, in the trivial, and I may with truth add, the more important affairs of life; but I shall continue occasionally to inform you what is going on among the circle of your friends in these parts. In these days of merriment, I have frequently heard your name *proclaimed* at the jovial board—under the roof of our hospitable friend, at Stenhouse-mills, there were no

'Lingering moments number'd with care.'

"I saw your Address to the New-year, in the Dumfries Journal. Of your productions I shall say nothing, but my acquaintances allege that when your name is mentioned, which every man of celebrity must know often happens, I am the champion, the Mendoza, against all snarling critics, and narrow-minded reptiles, of whom *a few* on this planet do *crawl.*"]

No. CLXVI.

TO Mr. HILL.

Ellisland, 2nd March, 1790.

At a late meeting of the Monkland Friendly Society, it was resolved to augment their library by the following books, which you are to send us as soon as possible:—The Mirror, the Lounger, Man of Feeling, Man of the World, (these, for my own sake I wish to have by the first carrier), Knox's History of the Reformation; Rae's History of the Rebellion in 1715; any good History of the Rebellion in 1745; A Display of the Secession Act and Testimony, by Mr. Gibb; Hervey's Meditations; Beveridge's Thoughts; and another copy of Watson's Body of Divinity.

I wrote to Mr. A. Masterton three or four months ago, to pay some money he owed me into your hands, and lately I wrote to you for the same purpose, but I have heard from neither one or other of you.

In addition to the books I commissioned in my last, I want very much, An Index to the Excise Laws, or an Abridgement of all the Statutes now in force, relative to the Excise, by Jellinger Symons; I want three copies of this book; if it is now to be had, cheap or dear, get it for me. An honest country neighbour of mine, wants too a Family Bible, the larger the better, but second-handed, for he does not choose to give above ten-shillings for the book. I want likewise for myself, as you can pick them up, second-handed or cheap, copies of Otway's Dramatic Works, Ben Jonson's, Dryden's, Congreve's, Wycherly's, Vanbrugh's, Cibber's, or any Dramatic Works of the more modern, Macklin, Garrick, Foote, Colman, or Sheridan. A good copy too of Molière, in French, I much want. Any other good dramatic authors in that language I want also; but comic authors chiefly, though I should wish to have Racine, Corneille, and Voltaire too. I am in no hurry for all, or any of these, but if you accidentally meet with them very cheap, get them for me.

And now, to quit the dry walk of business, how do you do, my dear friend? and how is Mrs. Hill? I trust, if now and then not so *elegantly* handsome, at least as amiable, and sings as divinely as ever. My good wife too has a charming "wood-note wild;" now could we four———.

I am out of all patience with this vile world, for one thing. Mankind are by nature benevolent creatures, except in a few scoundrelly instances. I do not think that avarice of the good things we chance to have is born with us; but we are placed here amid so much nakedness, and hunger, and poverty, and want, that we are under a cursed necessity of studying selfish-

ness, in order that we may EXIST! Still there are, in every age, a few souls, that all the wants and woes of life cannot debase to selfishness, or even to the necessary alloy of caution and prudence. If ever I am in danger of vanity, it is when I contemplate myself on this side of my disposition and character. God knows I am no saint; I have a whole host of follies and sins to answer for; but if I could, and I believe I do it as far as I can, I would wipe away all tears from all eyes. Adieu!

R. B.

[That Burns at this period had turned his thoughts on the drama, his order to his bookseller for dramatic works, and his letters to Lady Harriet Don, plainly enough intimate. "No man knows," he thus writes, "what nature has fitted him for till he try: and if after a preparatory course of some years' study of men and books, I should find myself unequal to the task, there is no great harm done. Virtue and study are their own reward. I have got Shakspeare, and begun with him: and I shall stretch a point, and make myself master of all the dramatic authors of any repute in both English and French—the only languages which I know."—ED]

No. CLXVII.

TO MRS. DUNLOP.

Ellisland, 10th April, 1790.

I HAVE just now, my ever honored friend, enjoyed a very high luxury, in reading a paper of the Lounger. You know my national prejudices. I have often read and admired the Spectator, Adventurer, Rambler, and World; but still with a certain regret, that they were so thoroughly and entirely English. Alas! have I often said to myself, what are all the boasted advantages which my country reaps from the union, that can counterbalance the annihilation of her indepen-

dence, and even her very name! I often repeat that couplet of my favorite poet, Goldsmith—

"————States of native liberty possest,
Tho' very poor, may yet be very blest."

Nothing can reconcile me to the common terms, "English ambassador, English court," &c. And I am out of all patience to see that equivocal character, Hastings, impeached by "the Commons of England." Tell me, my friend, is this weak prejudice? I believe in my conscience such ideas as "my country; her independence; her honor; the illustrious names that mark the history of my native land;" &c.—I believe these, among your *men of the world*, men who in fact guide for the most part and govern our world, are looked on as so many modifications of wrongheadedness. They know the use of bawling out such terms, to rouse or lead THE RABBLE; but for their own private use, with almost all the *able statesmen* that ever existed, or now exist, when they talk of right and wrong, they only mean proper and improper; and their measure of conduct is, not what they OUGHT, but what they DARE. For the truth of this I shall not ransack the history of nations, but appeal to one of the ablest judges of men that ever lived—the celebrated Earl of Chesterfield. In fact, a man who could thoroughly control his vices whenever they interfered with his interests, and who could completely put on the appearance of every virtue as often as it suited his purposes, is, on the Stanhopian plan, the *perfect man;* a man to lead nations. But are great abilities, complete without a flaw, and polished without a blemish, the standard of human excellence? This is certainly the staunch opinion of *men of the world;* but I call on honor, virtue, and worth, to give the Stygian doctrine a loud negative! However, this must be allowed, that, if you abstract from man the idea of an existence beyond the grave, *then*, the true measure of human conduct is, *proper* and *improper:* virtue and vice, as dispositions

of the heart, are, in that case, of scarcely the same import and value to the world at large, as harmony and discord in the modifications of sound; and a delicate sense of honor, like a nice ear for music, though it may sometimes give the possessor an ecstacy unknown to the coarser organs of the herd, yet, considering the harsh gratings, and inharmonic jars, in this ill-tuned state of being, it is odds but the individual would be as happy, and certainly would be as much respected by the true judges of society as it would then stand, without either a good ear or a good heart.

You must know I have just met with the Mirror and Lounger for the first time, and I am quite in raptures with them; I should be glad to have your opinion of some of the papers. The one I have just read, Lounger, No. 61, has cost me more honest tears then any thing I have read of a long time. Mackenzie has been called the Addison of the Scots, and in my opinion, Addison would not be hurt at the comparison. If he has not Addison's exquisite humor, he as certainly outdoes him in the tender and the pathetic. His Man of Feeling (but I am not counsel learned in the laws of criticism) I estimate as the first performance in its kind I ever saw. From what book, moral or even pious, will the susceptible young mind receive impressions more congenial to humanity and kindness, generosity and benevolence; in short, more of all that ennobles the soul to herself, or endears her to others—than from the simple affecting tale of poor Harley.

Still, with all my admiration of Mackenzie's writings, I do not know if they are the fittest reading for a young man who is about to set out, as the phrase is, to make his way into life. Do not you think, Madam, that among the few favored of Heaven in the structure of their minds (for such there certainly are), there may be a purity, a tenderness, a dignity, an elegance of soul, which are of no use, nay, in some degree,

absolutely, disqualifying for the truly important business of making a man's way into life? If I am not much mistaken, my gallant young friend, A * * * * * *, is very much under these disqualifications; and for the young females of a family I could mention, well may they excite parental solicitude, for I, a common acquaintance, or as my vanity will have it, an humble friend, have often trembled for a turn of mind which may render them eminently happy—or peculiarly miserable!

I have been manufacturing some verses lately; but as I have got the most hurried season of excise business over, I hope to have more leisure to transcribe any thing that may show how much I have the honor to be, Madam,

Yours, &c.

R. B.

[Of all the letters which Burns wrote to Henry Mackenzie, not one has been handed down to us: the following is from the pen of the Man of Feeling, and was addressed to the Poet when about to set off on his Border tour:—

"DEAR SIR,

"AMIDST a variety of occupations in which I am at this moment engaged, I have only time to scrawl these few lines to return you very sincere and cordial thanks for the engraving and the letter accompanying it. The anecdote you obligingly communicate is not less gratifying to the feelings of the man than flattering to the vanity of the author.

"I heartily wish you a pleasant journey and all happiness and success in the cause and in the objects of it. I hope, as soon as you return to Edinburgh, to have the pleasure of seeing you. Mr. Stewart told me he had given you a letter to Mr. Brydone, otherwise I would have written a few lines to him by you, as he expressed to me a very strong desire to see you at his house on the banks of the Tweed. Once more I wish you every thing pleasant and prosperous.

"Yours very faithfully,

"HENRY MACKENZIE."

It is singular that the Poet read the Mirror and Lounger

for the first time in 1790—in the year 1786 there appeared in the latter a generous article from the pen of Mackenzie on the poems of Burns, in which he was placed nigh the summit of the Scottish Parnassus.—Ed.]

No. CLXVIII.

TO COLLECTOR MITCHELL.

Ellisland, 1790.

Sir,

I shall not fail to wait on Captain Riddel to-night—I wish and pray that the goddess of justice herself would appear to-morrow among our hon. gentlemen, merely to give them a word in their ear that mercy to the thief is injustice to the honest man. For my part I have galloped over my ten parishes these four days, until this moment that I am just alighted, or rather, that my poor jackass-skeleton of a horse has let me down; for the miserable devil has been on his knees half a score of times within the last twenty miles, telling me in his own way, "Behold, am not I thy faithful jade of a horse, on which thou hast ridden these many years!"

In short, Sir, I have broke my horse's wind, and almost broke my own neck, besides some injuries in a part that shall be nameless, owing to a hard-hearted stone for a saddle. I find that every offender has so many great men to espouse his cause, that I shall not be surprised if I am not committed to the strong hold of the law to-morrow for insolence to the dear friends of the gentlemen of the country.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your obliged and obedient humble

R. B.

[Collector Mitchell was a kind and considerate gentleman, and befriended the Poet on several occasions: to his grandson, Mr John Campbell, surgeon in Aberdeen I am indebted for this characteristic letter.—ED.]

No. CLXIX.

TO DR. MOORE.

Dumfries, Excise-Office, 14th July, 1790.

SIR,

COMING into town this morning, to attend my duty in this office, it being collection-day, I met with a gentleman who tells me he is on his way to London: so I take the opportunity of writing to you as franking is at present under a temporary death. I shall have some snatches of leisure through the day, amid our horrid business and bustle, and I shall improve them as well as I can; but let my letter be as stupid as * * *, as miscellaneous as a newspaper, as short as a hungry grace-before-meat, or as long as a law-paper in the Douglas cause; as ill spelt as country John's billet-doux, or as unsightly a scrawl as Betty Byre-Mucker's answer to it; I hope, considering circumstances, you will forgive it; and as it will put you to no expense of postage, I shall have the less reflection about it.

I am sadly ungrateful in not returning you my thanks for your must valuable present, *Zeluco*. In fact, you are in some degree blameable for my neglect. You were pleased to express a wish for my opinion of the work, which so flattered me, that nothing less would serve my over-weening fancy, than a formal criticism on the book. In fact, I have gravely planned a comparative view of you, Fielding, Richardson, and Smollett, in your different qualities and merits as novel-writers. This, I own, betrays my ridiculous vanity, and I may probably never bring the business to bear; and I am fond of the spirit young Elihu

shows in the book of Job—"And I said, I will also declare my opinion." I have quite disfigured my copy of the book with my annotations. I never take it up without at the same time taking my pencil, and marking with asterisms, parentheses, &c. wherever I meet with an original thought, a nervous remark on life and manners, a remarkable well-turned period, or a character sketched with uncommon precision.

Though I should hardly think of fairly writing out my "Comparitive View," I shall certainly trouble you with my remarks, such as they are.

I have just received from my gentleman that horrid summons in the book of Revelations—"That time shall be no more!"

The little collection of sonnets have some charming poetry in them. If *indeed* I am indebted to the fair author for the book, and not, as I rather suspect to a celebrated author of the other sex, I should certainly have written to the lady, with my grateful acknowledgments, and my own ideas of the comparative excellence of her pieces. I would do this last, not from any vanity of thinking that my remarks could be of much consequence to Mrs. Smith, but merely from my own feelings as an author, doing as I would be done by. R. B.

[The Sonnets to which Burns alludes were those of Charlotte Smith: the volume which belonged to the Poet is now before me; one note alone intimates that the book passed through his hands; the fair authoress, in giving the source of line 14, in the 8th sonnet—

"Have power to cure all sadness but despair,"

quotes Milton—

"Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair."

To this Burns added with the pen

" He sang sae sweet as might dispel
A' rage but fell despair."

These lines are to be found in one version at least of the fine ballad of Gill Morrice.—ED.]

No. CLXX.

TO MR. MURDOCH,

TEACHER OF FRENCH, LONDON.

Ellisland, July 16th, 1790.

MY DEAR SIR,

I RECEIVED a letter from you a long time ago, but unfortunately as it was in the time of my peregrinations and journeyings through Scotland, I mislaid or lost it, and by consequence your direction along with it. Luckily my good star brought me acquainted with Mr. Kennedy, who I understand, is an acquaintance of yours: and by his means and mediation I hope to replace that link which my unfortunate negligence had so unluckily broke in the chain of our correspondence. I was the more vexed at the vile accident, as my brother William, a journeyman saddler, has been for some time in London; and wished above all things for your direction, that he might have paid his respects to his Father's Friend.

His last address he sent me was, "Wm. Burns, at Mr. Barber's saddler, No. 181, Strand." I writ him by Mr. Kennedy, but neglected to ask him for your address; so, if you find a spare half minute, please let my brother know by a card where and when he will find you, and the poor fellow will joyfully wait on you, as one of the few surviving friends of the man whose name, and Christian name too, he has the honor to bear.

The next letter I write you shall be a long one, I have much to tell you of "hair-breadth 'scapes in th'

imminent deadly breach," with all the eventful history of a life, the early years of which owed so much to your kind tutorage; but this at an hour of leisure. My kindest compliments to Mrs. Murdoch and family.

I am ever, my dear Sir,

Your obliged friend,

R. B.

[The promised account of himself was never written: but this is the less to be regretted, since we have that which he rendered of his earlier days to Dr. Moore—a valuable memoir, from which all biographers have borrowed, and no one has questioned or contradicted.—Ed.]

No. CLXXI.

TO Mr. M'MURDO.

Ellisland, 2nd August, 1790.

Sir,

Now that you are over with the sirens of Flattery, the harpies of Corruption, and the furies of Ambition, these infernal deities, that on all sides, and in all parties, preside over the villainous business of politics, permit a rustic muse of your acquaintance to do her best to sooth you with a song.—

You knew Henderson—I have not flattered his memory.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your obliged humble Servant,

R. B.

[This brief letter enclosed the admirable poem on the death of Captain Matthew Henderson, and no one could better feel than the gentleman to whom it was addressed the difference between the dissonance of politics, and the harmony of the muse. Who Henderson was has to me been a source of some solici-

tude: Mrs. Burns had only heard of his name, and Mrs. M'Murdo remembered him as an agreeable and witty man, but knew nothing of his lineage. Sir Thomas Wallace was applied to, and his communication afforded a little more light. He was intimate, he said, with Henderson, and much attached to him as all who knew him were. During the stay of Burns in Edinburgh the Captain lived in the High street, dined regularly at the Fortune's Tavern, and was a member of the Capillaire Club which was composed of all who inclined to the witty and the joyous. "With his family," says Sir Thomas, "I was not acquainted: but he was a gentleman of true principles and probity, and for abilities, goodness of heart, gentleness of nature, sprightly wit and sparkling humor would have been an honor to any family in the land."—ED.]

No. CLXXII.

TO MRS. DUNLOP.

8th August, 1790.

DEAR MADAM,

AFTER a long day's toil, plague, and care, I sit down to write to you. Ask me not why I have delayed it so long? It was owing to hurry, indolence, and fifty other things; in short to any thing—but forgetfulness of *la plus aimable de son sexe*. By the bye, you are indebted your best courtesy to me for this last compliment; as I pay it from my sincere conviction of its truth—a quality rather rare in compliments of these grinning, bowing, scraping times.

Well I hope writing to *you* will ease a little my troubled soul. Sorely has it been bruised to-day! A ci-devant friend of mine, and an intimate acquaintance of yours, has given my feelings a wound that I perceive will gangrene dangerously ere it cure. He has wounded my pride! R. B.

[I have inquired in vain after the name of this ci-devant friend, and the nature of the quarrel between him and the Poet.—ED.]

No. CLXXIII

TO Mr. CUNNINGHAM.

Ellisland, 8th August, 1790.

Forgive me, my once dear, and ever dear friend, my seeming negligence. You cannot sit down and fancy the busy life I lead.

I laid down my goose feather to beat my brains for an apt simile, and had some thoughts of a country grannum at a family christening; a bride on the market-day before her marriage; or a tavern-keeper at on election-dinner; but the resemblance that hits my fancy best is, that blackguard miscreant, Satan, who roams about like a roaring lion, seeking, *searching* whom he may devour. However, tossed about as I am, if I choose (and who would not choose) to bind down with the crampets of attention the brazen foundation of integrity, I may rear up the superstructure of Independence, and from its daring turrets, bid defiance to the storms of fate. And is not this a "consummation devoutly to be wished?"

> "Thy spirit, independence, let me share;
> Lord of the lion-heart, and eagle-eye!
> Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
> Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky!"

Are not these noble verses? They are the introduction of Smollett's Ode to Independence: if you have not seen the poem, I will send it to you—How wretched is the man that hangs on by the favors of the great! To shrink from every dignity of man, at the approach of a lordly piece of self-consequence, who amid all his tinsel glitter, and stately hauteur, is but a creature formed as thou art—and perhaps not so well formed as thou art—came into the world a puling infant as thou didst, and must go out of it as all men must, a naked corse.

R. B.

[" The preceding letter to Mrs. Dunlop explains the feelings under which this was written. The strain of indignant invective goes on some time longer in the style which our bard was too apt to indulge, and of which the reader has already seen so much."—CURRIE.]

No. CLXXIV.

TO CRAUFORD TAIT, Esq.

EDINBURGH.

Ellisland, 15th October, 1790.

DEAR SIR,

ALLOW me to introduce to your acquaintance the bearer, Mr. Wm. Duncan, a friend of mine, whom I have long known and long loved. His father, whose only son he is, has a decent little property in Ayrshire, and has bred the young man to the law, in which department he comes up an adventurer to your good town. I shall give you my friend's character in two words: as to his head, he has talents enough, and more than enough for common life; as to his heart, when nature had kneaded the kindly clay that composes it, she said, "I can no more."

You, my good Sir, were born under kinder stars; but your fraternal sympathy, I well know, can enter into the feelings of the young man, who goes into life with the laudable ambition to *do* something, and to *be* something among his fellow-creatures; but whom the consciousness of friendless obscurity presses to the earth, and wounds to the soul!

Even the fairest of his virtues are against him. That independent spirit, and that ingenuous modesty, qualities inseparable from a noble mind, are, with the million, circumstances not a little disqualifying. What pleasure is in the power of the fortunate and the happy, by their notice and patronage, to brighten the counte-

nance and glad the heart of such depressed youth! I am not so angry with mankind for their deaf economy of the purse:—The goods of this world cannot be divided without being lessened—but why be a niggard of that which bestows bliss on a fellow-creature, yet takes nothing from our own means of enjoyment? We wrap ourselves up in the cloak of our own better fortune, and turn away our eyes, lest the wants and woes of our brother-mortals should disturb the selfish apathy of our souls!

I am the worst hand in the world at asking a favor. That indirect address, that insinuating implication, which, without any positive request, plainly expresses your wish, is a talent not to be acquired at a plough-tail. Tell me then, for you can, in what periphrasis of language, in what circumlocution of phrase, I shall envelope, yet not conceal this plain story.—"My dear Mr. Tait, my freind Mr. Duncan, whom I have the pleasure of introducing to you, is a young lad of your own profession, and a gentleman of much modesty, and great worth. Perhaps it may be in your power to assist him in the, to him, important consideration of getting a place; but at all events, your notice and acquaintance will be a very great acquisition to him; and I dare pledge myself that he will never disgrace your favor."

You may possibly be surprised, Sir, at such a letter from me; 'tis, I own, in the usual way of calculating these matters, more than our acquaintance entitles me to; but my answer is short: Of all the men at your time of life, whom I knew in Edinburgh, you are the most accessible on the side on which I have assailed you. You are very much altered indeed from what you were when I knew you, if generosity point the path you will not tread, or humanity call to you in vain.

As to myself, a being to whose interest I believe you

are still a well-wisher; I am here, breathing at all times, thinking sometimes, and rhyming now and then. Every situation has its share of the cares and pains of life, and my situation I am persuaded has a full ordinary allowance of its pleasures and enjoyments.

My best compliments to your father and Miss Tait. If you have an opportunity, please remember me in the solemn league and covenant of friendship to Mrs. Lewis Hay. I am a wretch for not writing her; but I am so hackneyed with self-accusation in that way, that my conscience lies in my bosom with scarce the sensibility of an oyster in its shell. Where is Lady M'Kenzie? wherever she is, God bless her! I likewise beg leave to trouble you with compliments to Mr. Wm. Hamilton; Mrs. Hamilton and family: and Mrs. Chalmers, when you are in that country. Should you meet with Miss Nimmo, please remember me kindly to her.

R. B.

No. CLXXV.

TO ———

Ellisland, 1790.

DEAR SIR,

WHETHER in the way of my trade, I can be of any service to the Rev. Doctor, is I fear very doubtful. Ajax's shield consisted, I think, of seven bull hides and a plate of brass, which altogether set Hector's utmost force at defiance. Alas! I am not a Hector, and the worthy Doctor's foes are as securely armed as Ajax was. Ignorance, superstition, bigotry, stupidity, malevolence, self-conceit, envy—all strongly bound in a massy frame of brazen impudence. Good God, Sir! to such a shield, humor is the peck of a sparrow, and satire the pop-gun of a school-boy. Creation-disgracing scelerats such as they, God only can mend, and

the devil only can punish. In the comprehending way of Caligula, I wish they all had but one neck. I feel impotent as a child to the ardor of my wishes! O for a withering curse to blast the germins of their wicked machinations. O for a poisonous tornado, winged from the torrid zone of Tartarus, to sweep the spreading crop of their villainous contrivances to the lowest hell!

R. B.

[This letter I suspect was addressed to Gavin Hamilton: it enclosed the Kirk's Alarm, written to aid the cause of Dr. M'Gill. Both the preacher and the poet failed: M'Gill recanted his heresy, and Burns had the mortification of hurting the feelings of many, without benefiting one.—Ed.]

No. CLXXVI.

TO Mrs. DUNLOP.

Ellisland, November, 1790.

"As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country."

Fate has long owed me a letter of good news from you, in return for the many tidings of sorrow which I have received. In this instance I most cordially obey the apostle—"Rejoice with them that do rejoice"—for me, *to sing* for joy, is no new thing; but *to preach* for joy, as I have done in the commencement of this epistle, is a pitch of extravagant rapture to which I never rose before.

I read your letter—I literally jumped for joy—How could such a mercurial creature as a poet lumpishly keep his seat on the receipt of the best news from his best friend. I seized my gilt-headed Wangee rod, an instrument indispensably necessary in my left hand, in the moment of inspiration and rapture; and stride, stride—quick and quicker—out skipt I among the

broomy banks of Nith to muse over my joy by retail. To keep within the bounds of prose was impossible. Mrs. Little's is a more elegant, but not a more sincere compliment to the sweet little fellow, than I extempore almost, poured out to him in the following verses.

"Sweet flow'ret pledge o' meikle love
And ward o' mony a prayer,
What heart o' stane wad thou na move
Sae helpless, sweet, an' fair.
November hirples o'er the lea
Chill on thy lovely form;
But gane alas! the shelt'ring tree
Should shield thee frae the storm."

(*Vide Vol. I. p.* 493.)

I am much flattered by your approbation of my *Tam o' Shanter*, which you express in your former letter; though by the bye, you load me in that said letter with accusations heavy and many; to all which I plead, *not guilty!* Your book is, I hear, on the road to reach me. As to printing of poetry, when you prepare it for the press, you have only to spell it right, and place the capital letters properly: as to the punctuation, the printers do that themselves.

I have a copy of *Tam o' Shanter* ready to send you by the first opportunity: it is too heavy to send by post.

I heard of Mr. Corbet lately. He, in consequence of your recommendation, is most zealous to serve me. Please favor me soon with an account of your good folks; if Mrs. H. is recovering, and the young gentleman doing well.

R. B.

No. CLXXVII.

TO MR. PETER HILL.

Ellisland, 17th January, 1791.

TAKE these two guineas, and place them over against that d——d account of yours! which has

gagged my mouth these five or six months! I can as little write good things as apologies to the man I owe money to. O the supreme curse of making three guineas do the business of five! Not all the labors of Hercules; not all the Hebrews' three centuries of Egyptian bondage, were such an insuperable business, such an infernal task!! Poverty! thou half-sister of death, thou cousin-german of hell: where shall I find force of execration equal to the amplitude of thy demerits? Oppressed by thee, the venerable ancient, grown hoary in the practice of every viture, laden with years and wretchedness, implores a little—little aid to support his existence, from a stony-hearted son of Mammon, whose sun of prosperity never knew a cloud; and is by him denied and insulted. Oppressed by thee, the man of sentiment, whose heart glows with independence, and melts with sensibility, inly pines under the neglect or writhes in bitterness of soul, under the contumely of arrogant, unfeeling wealth. Oppressed by thee, the son of genius, whose ill starred ambition plants him at the tables of the fashionable and polite, must see in suffering silence, his remark neglected, and his person despised, while shallow greatness, in his idiot attempts at wit shall meet with countenance and applause. Nor is it only the family of worth that have reason to complain of thee: the children of folly and vice, though in common with thee the offspring of evil, smart equally under thy rod. Owing to thee, the man of unfortunate disposition and neglected education, is condemned as a fool for his dissipation, despised and shunned as a needy wretch, when his follies as usual bring him to want; and when his unprincipled necessities drive him to dishonest practices, he is abhorred as a miscreant, and perishes by the justice of his country. But far otherwise is the lot of the man of family and fortune. ***His*** early follies and extravagance are spirit and fire; ***his***

consequent wants, are the embarrassments of an honest fellow; and when, to remedy the matter, he has gained a legal commission to plunder distant provinces, or massacre peaceful nations, he returns, perhaps, laden with the spoils of rapine and murder; lives wicked and respected, and dies a scoundrel and a lord.—Nay, worst of all, alas for helpless woman! the needy prostitute, who has shivered at the corner of the street, waiting to earn the wages of casual prostitution, is left neglected and insulted, ridden down by the chariot wheels of the coroneted Rip, hurrying on to the guilty assignation; she who without the same necessities to plead riots nightly in the same guilty trade.

Well! divines may say of it what they please; but execration is to the mind, what phlebotomy is to the body: the vital sluices of both are wonderfully relieved by their respective evacuations.

R. B.

[The Poet's eloquent apostrophe to Poverty has all his usual strength of sentiment and language. In conversation he loved to dwell upon the subject: he felt that without wealth he could not have full independence: he beheld the little that his poems brought melt silently away, and he looked forward with much fear and with little hope.—Ed.]

No. CLXXVIII.

TO Mr. CUNNINGHAM.

Ellisland, 23d January, 1791.

Many happy returns of the season to you, my dear friend! As many of the good things of this life, as is consistent with the usual mixture of good and evil in the cup of Being!

I have just finished a poem (Tam o' Shanter) which

you will receive enclosed. It is my first essay in the way of tales.

I have these several months been hammering at an elegy on the amiable and accomplished Miss. Burnet. I have got, and can get, no farther than the following fragment, on which please give me your strictures. In all kinds of poetic composition, I set great store by your opinion; but in sentimental verses, in the poetry of the heart, no Roman Catholic ever set more value on the infallibility of the Holy Father than I do on yours. I mean the introductory couplets as text verses.

ELEGY

On the late Miss BURNET *of* MONBODDO.

"Life ne'er exulted in so rich a prize,
As Burnet lovely from her native skies;
Nor envious death so triumph'd in a blow,
As that which laid the accomplish'd Burnet low."

(*Vide Vol. II. page* 138.)

Let me hear from you soon. Adieu!

R. B.

No. CLXXIX.

TO A. F. TYTLER, ESQ.

Ellisland, February, 1791.

SIR,

NOTHING less than the unfortunate accident I have met with, could have prevented my grateful acknowledgments for your letter. His own favorite poem, and that an essay in the walk of the muses entirely new to him, where consequently his hopes and fears were on the most anxious alarm for his success in the attempt; to have that poem so much applauded by one of the first judges, was the most delicious vibration that ever thrilled along the heart-strings of a poor poet. However, Providence, to keep up the proper proportion of evil with the good, which it seems is necessary in this sublunary state, thought proper to check my exultation

by a very serious misfortune. A day or two after I received your letter, my horse came down with me and broke my right arm. As this is the first service my arm has done me since its disaster, I find myself unable to do more than just in general terms thank you for this additional instance of your patronage and friendship. As to the faults you detected in the piece, they are truly there: one of them, the hit at the lawyer and priest I shall cut on; as to the falling off in the catastrophe, for the reason you justly adduce it cannot easily be remedied. Your approbation, Sir, has given me such additional spirits to persevere in this species of poetic composition, that I am already revolving two or three stories in my fancy. If I can bring these floating ideas to bear any kind of embodied form, it will give me additional opportunity of assuring you how much I have the honor to be, &c.

R. B.

[That no one welcomed the appearance of the far-famed Tam o' Shanter with a livelier sense of its merits than the late Lord Woodhouslee, the following letter will testify:

"Hill tells me he is to send off a packet for you this day; I cannot resist, therefore, putting on paper what I must have told you in person, had I met with you after the recent perusal of your tale, which is, that I feel I owe you a debt, which, if undischarged, would reproach me with ingratitude. I have seldom in my life tasted of higher enjoyment from any work of genius, than I have received from this composition; and I am much mistaken if this poem alone, had you never written another syllable, would not have been sufficient to have transmitted your name down to posterity with high reputation. In the introductory part, where you paint the character of your hero, and exhibit him at the alehouse *ingle* with his tipling cronies, you have delineated nature with a humor and *naivete*, that would have done honor to Matthew Prior; but when you describe the infernal orgies of the witches' sabbath, and the hellish scenery in which they are exhibited, you display a power of imagination, that Shakspeare himself could not have exceeded. I know not that I have ever met with a picture of more horrible fancy than the following:—

'Coffins stood round like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantrip slight,
Each in his cauld hand held a light.'

But when I came to the succeeding lines, my blood ran cold within me:

'A knife a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son of life bereft;
The grey hairs yet stack to the heft.'

"And here, after the two following lines, 'Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',' &c. the descriptive part might perhaps have been better closed, than the four lines which succeed, which, though good in themselves, yet as they derive all their merit from the satire they contain, are here rather misplaced among the circumstances of pure horror. The initiation of the young witch is most happily described—the effect of her charms exhibited in the dance on Satan himself—the apostrophe—'Ah little thought thy reverend graunie!'—the transport of Tam, who forgets his situation, and enters completely into the spirit of the scene, are all features of high merit, in this excellent composition. The only fault it possesses is, that the winding up, or conclusion of the story, is not commensurate to the interest which is excited by the descriptive and characteristic painting of the preceding parts.—The preparation is fine, but the result is not adequate. But for this perhaps you have a good apology—you stick to the popular tale.

"And now that I have got out my mind and feel a little relieved of the weight of that debt I owed you, let me end this desultory scroll by an advice:—You have proved your talent for a species of composition, in which but a very few of our own poets have succeeded—Go on—write more tales in the same style—you will eclipse Prior and La Fontaine; for, with equal wit, equal power of numbers, and equal *naivete* of expression, you have a bolder and more vigorous imagination."

Through the kindness of my friend P. F. Tytler, the historian of Scotland, I am enabled to fill up the chasm in the poem to his grandfather, page 49, Vol. II.

"But why of that epocha make such a fuss,
That gave us the Hanover stem;
If bringing them over was lucky for us,
I'm sure 'twas as lucky for them."

Why Dr. Currie omitted these lines we have not been told: they seem harmless enough, and the royal stock to which they refer would have smiled at them.—Ed.]

No. CLXXX.

TO Mrs. DUNLOP.

Ellisland, 7th Feb. 1791.

When I tell you, Madam, that by a fall, not from my horse, but with my horse, I have been a cripple some time, and that this is the first day my arm and hand have been able to serve me in writing, you will allow that it is too good an apology for my seemingly ungrateful silence. I am now getting better, and am able to rhyme a little, which implies some tolerable ease; as I cannot think that the most poetic genius is able to compose on the rack.

I do not remember if ever I mentioned to you my having an idea of composing an elegy on the late Miss Burnet, of Monboddo. I had the honor of being pretty well acquainted with her, and have seldom felt so much at the loss of an acquaintance, as when I heard that so amiable and accomplished a piece of God's work was no more. I have, as yet, gone no farther than the following fragment, of which please let me have your opinion. You know that elegy is a subject so much exhausted, that any new idea on the business is not to be expected: 'tis well if we can place an old idea in a new light. How far I have succeeded as to this last, you will judge from what follows.

(See the Elegy page 138, *Vol.* II.)

I have proceeded no further.

Your kind letter, with your kind *remembrance* of your godson, came safe. This last, Madam, is scarcely what my pride can bear. As to the little fellow, he is, partiality apart, the finest boy I have of a long time seen. He is now seventeen months old, has the smallpox and measles over, has cut several teeth, and never had a grain of doctor's drugs in his bowels.

I am truly happy to hear that the "little floweret" is blooming so fresh and fair, and that the "mother plant" is rather recovering her drooping head. Soon and well may her "cruel wounds" be healed! I have written thus far with a good deal of difficulty. When I get a little abler you shall hear farther from,

Madam, yours

R. B.

No. CLXXXI.

TO THE Rev. ARCH. ALISON.

Ellisland, near Dumfries, 14th Feb. 1791.

Sir,

You must by this time have set me down as one of the most ungrateful of men. You did me the honor to present me with a book which does honor to science and the intellectual powers of man, and I have not even so much as acknowledged the receipt of it. The fact is, you yourself are to blame for it. Flattered as I was by your telling me that you wished to have my opinion of the work, the old spiritual enemy of mankind, who knows well that vanity is one of the sins that most easily beset me, put it into my head to ponder over the performance with the look-out of a critic, and to draw up forsooth a deep learned digest of strictures on a composition, of which, in fact, until I read the book, I did not even know the first principles. I own, Sir, that at first glance, several of your propositions startled me as paradoxical. That the martial clangor of a trumpet had something in it vastly more grand, heroic, and sublime, than the twingle twangle of a jews-harp: that the delicate flexure of a rose-twig, when the half-blown flower is heavy with the tears of the dawn, was infinitely more beautiful and elegant than the upright stub of a burdock; and that from something innate and independent of all associations

of ideas;—these I had set down as irrefragable, orthodox truths, until perusing your book shook my faith.—In short, Sir, except Euclid's Elements of Geometry, which I made a shift to unravel by my father's fireside, in the winter evening of the first season I held the plough, I never read a book which gave me such a quantum of information, and added so much to my stock of ideas, as your "Essays on the Principles of Taste." One thing, Sir, you must forgive my mentioning as an uncommon merit in the work, I mean the language. To clothe abstract philosophy in elegance of style sounds something like a contradiction in terms; but you have convinced me that they are quite compatible.

I enclose you some poetic bagatelles of my late composition. The one in print is my first essay in the way of telling a tale.

I am, Sir, &c. R. B.

[The eloquent Alison was much pleased, I have heard, with this rustic recognition of the principles which he laid down in his able and popular work. The theory, however, has been rudely shaken by various hands. A man must have forgot nature who at any time preferred a rank weed to a fragrant flower, or thought the skreigh of a clockin' hen more martial than the clang of a trumpet or the cry of the eagle. But "legs were made for stockings," says Voltaire, "therefore we wear stockings."—ED.]

No. CLXXXII.

TO DR. MOORE.

Ellisland, 28th January, 1791.

I DO not know, Sir, whether you are a subscriber to *Grose's Antiquities of Scotland.* If you are, the enclosed poem will not be altogether new to you. Captain Grose did me the favor to send me a dozen copies

of the proof sheet, of which this is one. Should you have read the piece before, still this will answer the principal end I have in view; it will give me another opportunity of thanking you for all your goodness to the rustic bard; and also of showing you, that the abilities you have been pleased to commend and patronize are still employed in the way you wish.

The *Elegy on Captain Henderson* is a tribute to the memory of a man I loved much. Poets have in this the same advantage as Roman Catholics; they can be of service to their friends after they have past that bourne where all other kindness ceases to be of avail. Whether after all, either the one or the other be of any real service to the dead is, I fear, very problematical; but I am sure they are highly gratifying to the living: and as a very orthodox text, I forget where in Scripture says, "whatsoever is not of faith is sin;" so say I, whatsoever is not detrimental to society, and is of positive enjoyment, is of God, the giver of all good things, and ought to be received and enjoyed by his creatures with thankful delight. As almost all my religious tenets originate from my heart, I am wonderfully pleased with the idea that I can still keep up a tender intercourse with the dearly beloved friend, or still more dearly beloved mistress, who is gone to the world of spirits.

The ballad on Queen Mary was begun while I was busy with *Percy's Reliques of English Poetry.* By the way, how much is every honest heart, which has a tincture of Caledonian prejudice, obliged to you for your glorious story of Buchanan and Targe! 'Twas an unequivocal proof of your loyal gallantry of soul, giving Targe the victory. I should have been mortified to the ground if you had not.

I have just read over, once more of many times, your *Zeluco.* I marked with my pencil, as I went along every passage that pleased me particularly

above the rest; and one, or two I think, which, with humble deference, I am disposed to think unequal to the merits of the book. I have sometimes thought to transcribe these marked passages, or at least so much of them as to point where they are, and send them to you. Original strokes that strongly depict the human heart is your and Fielding's province beyond any other novelist, I have ever perused. Richardson indeed might, perhaps, be excepted; but unhappily, his *dramatis personæ* are beings of another world; and however they may captivate the inexperienced, romantic fancy of a boy or a girl, they will ever, in proportion as we have made human nature our study, dissatisfy our riper years.

As to my private concerns, I am going on, a mighty taxgatherer before the Lord, and have lately had the interest to get myself ranked on the list of excise as a supervisor. I am not yet employed as such, but in a few years I shall fall into the file of supervisorship by seniority. I have had an immense loss in the death of the Earl of Glencairn; the patron from whom all my fame and fortune took its rise. Independent of my grateful attachment to him, which was indeed so strong that it pervaded my very soul, and was entwined with the thread of my existence: so soon as the prince's friends had got in (and every dog you know has his day) my getting forward in the excise would have been an easier business than otherwise it will be. Though this was a consummation devoutly to be wished, yet, thank Heaven, I can live and rhyme as I am; and as to my boys, poor little fellows! if I cannot place them on as high an elevation in life, as I could wish, I shall, if I am favored so much of the Disposer of events as to see that period, fix them on as broad and independent a basis as possible. Among the many wise adages which have been treasured up by our Scottish ancestors, this is one of

the best, *Better be the head o' the commonalty, than the tail o' the gentry.*

But I am got on a subject, which however interesting to me, is of no manner of consequence to you; so I shall give you a short poem on the other page, and close this with assuring you how sincerely I have the honor to be, your's, &c.

R. B.

Written on the blank leaf of a book, which I presented to a very young lady, whom I had formerly characterized under the denomination of *The Rose Bud.*

[Dr. Moore, it would appear, was less enthusiastic than Lord Woodhouselee in the cause of Tam o'Shanter; nor did he feel the exquisite poetry of the Elegy on Matthew Henderson—he has spoken for himself on the subject—here is his letter:

"*London, 29th March,* 1791.

"DEAR SIR,

"YOUR letter of the 23th February I received only two days ago, and this day I had the pleasure of waiting on the Rev. Mr. Baird, at the Duke of Athol's, who had been so obliging as to transmit it to me, with the printed verses on Alloa Church, the Elegy on Captain Henderson, and the Epitaph. There are many poetical beauties in the former; what I particularly admire are the three striking similes from

'Or like the snow falls on the river,'

and the eight lines which begin with

'By this time he was cross the ford,'

so exquisitely expressive of the superstitious impressions of the country. And the twenty-two lines from

'Coffins stood round like open presses,'

which, in my opinion, are equal to the ingredients of Shakspeare's caldron in *Macbeth.*

"As for the *Elegy,* the chief merit of it consists in the graphical description of the objects belonging to the country in which the poet writes, and which none but a Scottish poet could have described, and none but a real poet and close observer of Nature could have *so* described.

"There is something original, and wonderfully pleasing in the *Epitaph*.

"I remember you once hinted before, what you repeat in your last, that you had made some remarks on *Zeluco*, on the margin. I should be very glad to see them, and regret you did not send them before the last edition, which is just published. Pray transcribe them for me; I sincerely value your opinion very highly, and pray do not suppress one of those in which you *censure* the sentiment or expression. Trust me it will break no squares between us—I am not akin to the Bishop of Grenada.

"I must now mention what has been on my mind for some time: I cannot help thinking you imprudent, in scattering abroad so many copies of your verses. It is most natural to give a few to confidential friends, particularly to those who are connected with the subject, or who are perhaps themselves the subject, but this ought to be done under promise not to give other copies. Of the poem you sent me on Queen Mary, I refused every solicitation for copies, but I lately saw it in a newspaper. My motive for cautioning you on this subject is, that I wish to engage you to collect all your fugitive pieces, not already printed, and after they have been reconsidered, and polished to the utmost of your power, I would have you publish them by another subscription: in promoting of which I will exert myself with pleasure.

"In your future compositions, I wish you would use the modern English. You have shown your powers in Scottish sufficiently. Although in certain subjects it gives additional zest to the humor, yet it is lost to the English; and why should you write only for a part of the island, when you can command the admiration of the whole?

"If you chance to write to my friend, Mrs. Dunlop, of Dunlop, I beg to be affectionately remembered to her. She must not judge of the warmth of my sentiments respecting her, by the number of my letters; I hardly ever write a line but on business; and I do not know that I should have scribbled all this to you but for the business part, that is, to instigate you to a new publication; and to tell you, that when you think you have a sufficient number to make a volume, you should set your friends on getting subscriptions. I wish I could have a few hours conversation with you, I have many things to say, which I cannot write. If I ever go to Scotland, I will let you know, that you may meet me at your own house, or my friend Mrs. Hamilton's or both.

"Adieu, my dear Sir, &c."—ED.]

No. CLXXXIII.

TO Mr. CUNNINGHAM.

Ellisland, 12th March, 1791.

If the foregoing piece be worth your strictures, let me have them. For my own part, a thing that I have just composed always appears through a double portion of that partial medium in which an author will ever view his own works. I believe in general, novelty has something in it that inebriates the fancy, and not unfrequently dissipates and fumes away like other intoxication, and leaves the poor patient, as usual, with an aching heart. A striking instance of this might be adduced, in the revolution of many a hymeneal honeymoon. But lest I sink into stupid prose, and so sacrilegiously intrude on the office of my parish priest, I shall fill up the page in my own way, and give you another song of my late composition, which will appear perhaps in Johnson's work, as well as the former.

You must know a beautiful Jacobite air, *There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.* When political combustion ceases to be the object of princes and patriots, it then, you know, becomes the lawful prey o historians and poets.

> "By yon castle wa' at the close of the day,
> I heard a man sing, tho' his head it was grey;
> And as he was singing, the tears fast down came—
> There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame."
>
> (*See Vol. II. page* 358.)

If you like the air, and if the stanzas hit your fancy, you cannot imagine, my dear friend, how much you would oblige me, if, by the charms of your delightful voice, you would give my honest effusion to "the memory of joys that are past," to the few friends whom you indulge in that pleasure. But I have scribbled on 'till I hear the clock has intimated the near approach of

"That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane."—

So good night to you! Sound be your sleep, and delectable your dreams! Apropos, how do you like this thought in a ballad, I have just now on the tapis?

"I look to the west when I gae to rest,
That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be;
Far far in the west is he I lo'e best,
The lad that is dear to my babie and me!"

Good night, once more, and God bless you!

R. B.

[The gentleman to whom this letter is addressed was joyous and companionable: told a pleasing story; sung songs merry or sad with much taste, and was always welcome where wine flowed and mirth abounded. He was from first to last the steadfast friend of Burns; he bestirred himself actively too in behalf of the Poet's family.—ED.]

No. CLXXXIV.

TO MR. ALEXANDER DALZEL.

FACTOR, FINDLAYSTON.

Ellisland, 19th March, 1791.

MY DEAR SIR,

I HAVE taken the liberty to frank this letter to you, as it encloses an idle poem of mine, which I send you; and God knows you may perhaps pay dear enough for it if you read it through. Not that this is my own opinion: but the author by the time he has composed and corrected his work, has quite pored away all his powers of critical discrimination.

I can easily guess from my own heart, what you have felt on a late most melancholy event. God knows what I have suffered, at the loss of my best friend, my first and dearest patron and benefactor; the man to whom I owe all that I am and have! I am gone into

mourning for him, and with more sincerity of grief than I fear some will, who by nature's ties ought to feel on the occasion.

I will be exceedingly obliged to you indeed, to let me know the news of the noble family, how the poor mother and the two sisters support their loss. I had a packet of poetic bagatelles ready to send to Lady Betty, when I saw the fatal tidings in the newspaper. I see by the same channel that the honored REMAINS of my noble patron are designed to be brought to the family burial place. Dare I trouble you to let me know privately before the day of interment, that I may cross the country, and steal among the crowd, to pay a tear to the last sight of my ever revered benefactor? It will oblige me beyond expression.

R. B.

[This gentleman, the factor, or steward, of Burns' noble friend, Lord Glencairn, with a view to encourage a second edition of the poems, laid the volume before his lordship, with such an account of the rustic bard's situation and prospects as from his slender acquaintance with him he could furnish. The result, as communicated to Burns by Mr. Dalzel, is highly creditable to the character of Lord Glencairn. After reading the book, his lordship declared that its merits greatly exceeded his expectation, and he took it with him as a *literary curiosity* to Edinburgh. He repeated his wishes to be of service to Burns, and desired Mr. Dalzel to inform him, that in patronizing the book, ushering it with effect into the world, or treating with the booksellers, he would most willingly give every aid in his power; adding his request, that Burns would take the earliest opportunity of letting him know in what way or manner he could best further his interests.—CROMEK.]

No. CLXXXV.

TO LADY W. M. CONSTABLE.

Ellisland, 11th January, 1791.

My Lady,

Nothing less than the unlucky accident of having lately broken my right arm, could have prevented me the moment I received your ladyship's elegant present by Mrs. Miller, from returning you my warmest and most grateful acknowledgments, I assure your ladyship, I shall set it apart: the symbols of religion shall only be more sacred. In the moment of poetic composition, the box shall be my inspiring genius. When I would breathe the comprehensive wish of benevolence for the happiness of others, I shall recollect your ladyship; when I would interest my fancy in the distresses incident to humanity, I shall remember the unfortunate Mary. R. B.

[This letter was written acknowledging the present of a valuable snuff-box, with a fine picture of Mary Queen of Scots on the lid. This was the gift of Lady Winnifred Maxwell Constable, of the noble family of Nithsdale: a lady equally generous and gentle, and who was not the less respected by the people around because her house had suffered in the cause of the Stuarts. The possessions of the family were once very ample: but few estates thrive in civil wars, rebellions, and confiscations: one noble barony after another passed out of the hands of the Maxwells: and the title was extinguished, never, I fear, to be revived.

The baronial Castle of Caerlaverock on the Solway, and the College of Lincluden on the banks of the Nith, are still included in the family possessions, and are preserved with more care than what is usual with ruins in the South of Scotland. At the family seat, the bed in which Queen Mary slept, during her flight from the fatal field of Langside: a letter from Charles the First, summoning Lord Maxwell with as many armed men as he could muster, to aid him in supporting the crown against the Parliament: and the letter from the last Countess, describing the all

but miraculous escape of her husband from the Tower of London in 1715—unite in telling the history of the House of Nithsdale, and the cause—the honorable cause—of its decline.—ED.]

No CLXXXVI.

TO MRS. GRAHAM,

OF FINTRAY.

Ellisland, 1791.

MADAM,

WHETHER it is that the story of our Mary Queen of Scots has a peculiar effect on the feelings of a poet, or whether I have in the enclosed ballad, succeeded beyond my usual poetic success, I know not; but it has pleased me beyond any effort of my muse for a good while past; on that account I enclose it particularly to you. It is true, the purity of my motives may be suspected. I am already deeply indebted to Mr. Graham's goodness; and what, *in the usual ways of men*, is of infinitely greater importance, Mr. G. can do me service of the utmost importance in time to come. I was born a poor dog; and however I may occasionally pick a better bone than I used to do, I know I must live and die poor: but I will indulge the flattering faith that my poetry will considerably outlive my poverty: and without any fustian affection of spirit, I can promise and affirm, that it must be no ordinary craving of the latter shall ever make me do any thing injurious to the honest fame of the former. Whatever may be my failings, for failings are a part of human nature, may they ever be those of a generous heart, and an independent mind! It is no fault of mine that I was born to dependence; nor is it Mr. Graham's chiefest praise that he can command influence; but it is his merit to bestow, not only with the kindness of a brother, but with the po-

liteness of a gentleman; and I trust it shall be mine, to receive with thankfulness, and remember with undiminished gratitude. R. B.

[To this lady the Poet afterwards presented the new edition of his poems with these characteristic words written on one of the blank leaves:

"It is probable, Madam, that this page may be read, when the hand that now writes it shall be mouldering in the dust: May it then bear witness, that I present you these volumes as a tribute of gratitude, on my part ardent and sincere, as your and Mr. Graham's goodness to me has been generous and noble! May every child of yours, in the hour of need, find such a friend as I shall teach every child of mine that their father found in you. ROBERT BURNS."—ED.]

No. CLXXXVII.

TO THE REV. G. BAIRD.

Ellisland, 1791.

REVEREND SIR,

WHY did you, my dear Sir, write to me in such a hesitating style on the business of poor Bruce? Don't I know, and have I not felt, the many ills, the peculiar ills that poetic flesh is heir to? You shall have your choice of all the unpublished poems I have; and had your letter had my direction so as to have reached me sooner (it only came to my hand this moment), I should have directly put you out of suspense on the subject. I only ask, that some prefatory advertisement in the book, as well as the subscription bills, may bear, that the publication is solely for the benefit of Bruce's mother. I would not put it in the power of ignorance to surmise, or malice to insinuate, that I clubbed a share in the work from mercenary motives. Nor need you give me credit for any remarkable generosity in my part of the business. I have such a host of pec-

cadilloes, failings, follies, and backslidings, (any body but myself might perhaps give some of them a worse appellation,) that by way of some balance, however trifling, in the account, I am fain to do any good that occurs in my very limited power to a fellow-creature, just for the selfish purpose of clearing a little the vista of retrospection. R. B.

[The Poet's reverend correspondent solicited his help in the contemplated edition of Bruce in these words:—

"*London, 8th February,* 1791.

"SIR,

"I TROUBLE you with this letter to inform you that I am in hopes of being able very soon to bring to the press a new edition (long since talked of) of Michael Bruce's Poems. The profits of the edition are to go to his mother—a woman of eighty years of age—poor and helpless. The poems are to be published by subscription; and it may be possible, I think, to make out a 2s. 6d. or 3s. volume, with the assistance of a few hitherto unpublished verses, which I have got from the mother of the poet.

"But the design I have in view in writing to you, is not merely to inform you of these facts, it is to solicit the aid of your name and pen in support of the scheme. The reputation of Bruce is already high with every reader of classical taste, and I shall be anxious to guard against tarnishing his character, by allowing any new poems to appear that may lower it. For this purpose, the MSS. I am in possession of, have been submitted to the revision of some whose critical talents I can trust to, and I mean still to submit them to others.

"May I beg to know, therefore, if you will take the trouble of perusing the MSS.—of giving your opinion, and suggesting what curtailments, alterations, or amendments, occur to you as advisable? And will you allow us to let it be known, that a few lines by you will be added to the volume?

"I know the extent of this request. It is bold to make it. But I have this consolation, that though you see it proper to refuse it, you will not blame me for having made it; you will see my apology in the *motive*.

"May I just add, that Michael Bruce is one in whose company, from his past appearance, you would not, I am convinced, blush to be found, and as I would submit every line of his that

should now be published, to your own criticisms, you would be assured that nothing derogatory either to him or you would be admitted in that appearance he may make in future.

"You have already paid an honorable tribute to kindred genius, in Fergusson—I fondly hope that the mother of Bruce will experience your patronage.

"I wish to have the subscription papers circulated by the 14th of March, Bruce's birth-day; which I understand some friends in Scotland talk this year of observing—at that time it will be resolved, I imagine, to place a plain, humble stone over his grave. This, at least, I trust you will agree to do—to furnish, in a few couplets, an *inscription* for it.

"On these points may I solicit an answer as early as possible; a short delay might disappoint us in procuring that relief to the mother, which is the object of the whole.

"You will be pleased to address for me under cover to the Duke of Athole, London."—G. B.]

No. CLXXXVIII.

TO Mrs. DUNLOP.

Ellisland, 11th April, 1791.

I am once more able, my honored friend, to return you, with my own hand, thanks for the many instances of your friendship, and particularly for your kind anxiety in this last disaster, that my evil genius had in store for me. However, life is chequered—joy and sorrow—for on Saturday morning last, Mrs. Burns made me a present of a fine boy; rather stouter, but not so handsome as your godson was at his time of life. Indeed I look on your little namesake to be my *chef d'œuvre* in that species of manufacture, as I look on Tam o'Shanter to be my standard performance in the poetical line. 'Tis true, both the one and the other discover a spice of roguish waggery, that might perhaps be as well spared; but then they also show, in my opinion, a force of genius, and a finishing polish, that I despair of ever excelling. Mrs. Burns is get-

ting stout again, and laid as lustily about her to-day at breakfast, as a reaper from the corn-ridge. That is the peculiar privilege and blessing of our hale, sprightly damsels, that are bred among the *hay and heather*. We cannot hope for that highly polished mind, that charming delicacy of soul, which is found among the female world in the more elevated stations of life, and which is certainly by far the most bewitching charm in the famous cestus of Venus. It is indeed such an inestimable treasure, that where it can be had in its native heavenly purity, unstained by some one or other of the many shades of affectation, and unalloyed by some one or other of the many species of caprice, I declare to Heaven, I should think it cheaply purchased at the expense of every other earthly good! But as this angelic creature is, I am afraid, extremely rare in any station and rank of life, and totally denied to such a humble one as mine, we meaner mortals must put up with the next rank of female excellence—as fine a figure and face we can produce as any rank of life whatever; rustic, native grace; unaffected modesty, and unsullied purity; nature's motherwit, and the rudiments of taste; a simplicity of soul, unsuspicious of, because unacquainted with, the crooked ways of a selfish, interested, disingenuous world; and the dearest charm of all the rest, a yielding sweetness of disposition, and a generous warmth of heart, grateful for love on our part, and ardently glowing with a more than equal return; these, with a healthy frame, a sound, vigorous constitution, which your higher ranks can scarcely ever hope to enjoy, are the charms of lovely woman in my humble walk of life.

This is the greatest effort my broken arm has yet made. Do let me hear, by first post, how *cher petit Monsieur* comes on with his smallpox. May Almighty goodness preserve and restore him!

R. B.

[Homer's description of the Cestus of Venus has been rendered into English by many skilful hands: here are four versions:—

"In this was every art and every charm,
To win the wisest and the coldest warm:
Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay desire,
The kind deceit, the still-reviving fire,
Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,
Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes."

POPE.

"She spoke, and from her heaving bosom loosed the various girdle with care. There contained were her soul-winning charms: there was love; there melting desire; there, of lovers, the tender vows—the pleasing flattery was there which takes by stealth the souls of the wise."

MACPHERSON.

"It was an ambush of sweet snares, replete
With love, desire, soft intercourse of hearts,
And music of res stless whisper'd sounds,
Which from the wisest win their best resolves."

COWPER.

"Then from her breast unclasped the embroider'd zone,
Where each embellishment divinely shone:
There dwell the allurements, all that love inspire,
There soft seduction, there intense desire,
There witchery of words, whose flatteries weave
Wiles that the wisdom of the wise deceive."

SOTHEBY.

ED.]

No. CLXXXIX.

TO ———.

Ellisland, 1791.

DEAR SIR,

I AM exceedingly to blame in not writing you long ago; but the truth is, that I am the most indolent of all human beings; and when I matriculate in the herald's office, I intend that my supporters shall be two sloths, my crest a slow-worm, and the motto, "Deil tak' the foremost." So much by way of apology for not thanking you sooner for your kind execution of my commission.

I would have sent you the poem; but somehow or other it found its way into the public papers, where you must have seen it.

I am ever, dear Sir, yours sincerely,

R. B.

[The poem to which the poet alludes is the Lament of Mary Queen of Scots: that his works found their way to the newspapers could excite no wonder: he gave copies to many of his friends, and they in their turn distributed copies among their acquaintances. Burns seems never to have surmised that he was injuring his own pocket by this practice: the poems which he wrote at Ellisland, and the songs which he composed for Johnson and Thomson, would have made a volume, and brought him a thousand pounds.—Ed.]

No. CXC.

TO ———.

Ellisland, 1791.

Thou eunuch of language: thou Englishman, who never was south the Tweed: thou servile echo of fashionable barbarisms: thou quack, vending the nostrums of empirical elocution: thou marriage-maker between vowels and consonants, on the Gretna-green of caprice: thou cobbler, botching the flimsy socks of bombast oratory: thou blacksmith, hammering the rivets of absurdity: thou butcher, embruing thy hands in the bowels of orthography: thou arch-heretic in pronunciation: thou pitch-pipe of affected emphasis: thou carpenter, morticing the aukward joints of jarring sentences: thou squeaking dissonance of cadence: thou pimp of gender: thou Lyon Herald to silly etymology: thou antipode of grammar: thou executioner of construction: thou brood of the speech-distracting builders of the Tower of Babel: thou lingual confusion worse confounded: thou scape-gallows from the land of syntax: thou scavenger of mood and tense: thou murderous accoucheur of infant learning:

thou *ignis fatuus*, misleading the steps of benighted ignorance: thou pickle-herring in the puppet-show of nonsense: thou faithful recorder of barbarous idiom: thou persecutor of syllabication: thou baleful meteor, foretelling and facilitating the rapid approach of Nox and Erebus. R. B.

[This singular letter was, it is believed, sent to a critic who had taken the Poet to task about obscure language and imperfect grammar: he delighted in this sort of scolding, and employed it sometimes very happily in conversation to repel petulance and confound those

"Word-catchers who live on syllables,"

that infested society then as they do now. The language which Burns used in his poetry was new to many: no one had dared to use the mother tongue with such boldness before, and it has even been surmised by one of his editors that he created words whenever he wanted them. Those who are intimately acquainted with the language of Scotland will acquit Burns of the charge: the words instanced against him, "cootie" and "heugh," are right old Scottish, and current in Ayrshire, Galloway, and the county of Dumfries.—Ed.]

No. CXCI.

TO Mr. CUNNINGHAM.

11*th June*, 1791.

Let me interest you, my dear Cunningham, in behalf of the gentleman who waits on you with this. He is a Mr. Clarke, of Moffat, principal schoolmaster there, and is at present suffering severely under the persecution of one or two powerful individuals of his employers. He is accused of harshness to boys that were placed under his care. God help the teacher, if a man of sensibility and genius, and such is my friend Clarke, when a booby father presents him with his booby son, and insists on lighting up the rays of of science, in a fellow's head whose skull is impervious

and inaccessible by any other way than a positive fracture with a cudgel: a fellow whom in fact it savors of impiety to attempt making a scholar of, as he has been marked a blockhead in the book of fate, at the almighty fiat of his Creator.

The patrons of Moffat-school are, the ministers, magistrates, and town-council of Edinburgh, and as the business comes now before them, let me beg my dearest friend to do every thing in his power to serve the interests of a man of genius and worth, and a man whom I particularly respect and esteem. You know some good fellows among the magistracy and council, but particularly you have much to say with a reverend gentleman to whom you have the honor of being very nearly related and whom this country and age have had the honor to produce. I need not name the historian of Charles V. I tell him through the medium of his nephew's influence, that Mr. Clarke is a gentleman who will not disgrace even his patronage. I know the merits of the cause thoroughly, and say it, that my friend is falling a sacrifice to prejudiced ignorance.

God help the children of dependence! Hated and persecuted by their enemies, and too often, alas! almost unexceptionably, received by their friends with disrespect, and reproach, under the thin disguise of cold civility and humiliating advice. O! to be a sturdy savage, stalking in the pride of his independence, amid the solitary wilds of his deserts, rather than in civilized life, helplessly to tremble for a subsistence, precarious as the caprice of a fellow-creature! Every man has his virtues, and no man is without his failings; and curse on that privileged plain-dealing of friendship, which in the hour of my calamity, cannot reach forth the helping hand without at the same time pointing out those failings, and apportioning them their share in procuring my present distress. My friends, for such the world

calls ye, and such ye think yourselves to be, pass by my virtues if you please, but do, also, spare my follies: the first will witness in my breast for themselves, and the last will give pain enough to the ingenuous mind without you. And since deviating more or less from the paths of propriety and rectitude, must be incident to human nature, do thou, Fortune, put it in my power, always from myself, and of myself, to bear the consequence of those errors! I do not want to be independent that I may sin, but I want to be independent in my sinning.

To return in this rambling letter to the subject I set out with, let me recommend my friend, Mr. Clarke, to your acquaintance and good offices; his worth entitles him to the one, and his gratitude will merit the other. I long much to hear from you. Adieu!

R. B.

[To the person on whose behalf he sought to interest his friend, Burns addressed many letters, which were carefully preserved till the death of Mr. Clarke, when his widow, offended by some free language in which they indulged, committed them to the flames.—ED.]

No. CXCII.

TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

Ellisland, 1791.

MY LORD,

LANGUAGE sinks under the ardor of my feelings when I would thank your lordship for the honor you have done me in inviting me to make one at the coronation of the bust of Thomson. In my first enthusiasm in reading the card you did me the honor to write me, I overlooked every obstacle, and determined to go; but I fear it will not be in my power. A week or two's absence, in the very middle of my harvest, is what I

much doubt I dare not venture on. I once already made a pilgrimage *up* the whole course of the Tweed, and fondly would I take the same delightful journey *down* the windings of that delightful stream.

Your lordship hints at an ode for the occasion; but who would write after Collins? I read over his verses to the memory of Thomson, and despaired.—I got indeed to the length of three or four stanzas, in the way of address to the shade of the bard, on crowning his bust. I shall trouble your lordship with the subjoined copy of them, which, I am afraid, will be but too convincing a proof how unequal I am to the task. However, it affords me an opportunity of approaching your lordship, and declaring how sincerely and gratefully I have the honor to be, &c.

R. B.

[In the following terms the noble lord invited the Poet to his seat at Dryburgh:—

"Lord Buchan has the pleasure to invite Mr. Burns to make one at the coronation of the bust of Thomson, on Ednam Hill, on the 22nd of September; for which day perhaps his muse may inspire an ode suited to the occasion. Suppose Mr. Burns should, leaving the Nith, go across the country, and meet the Tweed at the nearest point from his farm—and, wandering along the pastoral banks of Thomson's pure parent stream, catch inspiration on the devious walk, till he finds Lord Buchan sitting on the ruins of Dryburgh. There the Commendator will give him a hearty welcome, and try to light his lamp at the pure flame of native genius, upon the altar of Caledonian virtue. This poetical perambulation of the Tweed, is a thought of the late Sir Gilbert Elliot's, and of Lord Minto's, followed out by his accomplished grandson, the present Sir Gilbert, who having been with Lord Buchan lately, the project was renewed, and will, they hope, be executed in the manner proposed."

The public praised the verses, on which the Commendator of Dryburgh wrote to the Poet as follows:

"Your address to the shade of Thomson has been well received by the public; and though I should disapprove of your allowing Pegasus to ride you off the field of your honorable and useful profession, yet I cannot resist an impulse which I feel at

this moment to suggest to your muse, Harvest Home, as an excellent subject for her grateful song, in which the peculiar aspect and manners of our country might furnish an excellent portrait and landscape of Scotland, for the employment of happy moments of leisure and recess, from your more important occupations.

"Your Halloween, and Saturday Night, will remain to distant posterity as interesting pictures of rural innocence and happiness in your native country, and were happily written in the dialect of the people; but Harvest Home being suited to descriptive poetry, except where colloquial, may escape the disguise of a dialect which admits of no elegance or dignity of expression. Without the assistance of any god or goddess, and without the invocation of any foreign muse, you may convey in epistolary form the description of a scene so gladdening and picturesque, with all the concomitant local position, landscape and costume, contrasting the peace, improvement, and happiness of the borders, of the once hostile nations of Britain, with their former oppression and misery, and showing in lively and beautiful colors, the beauties and joys of a rural life. And as the unvitiated heart is naturally disposed to overflow with gratitude in the moment of prosperity, such a subject would furnish you with an amiable opportunity of perpetuating the names of Glencairn, Miller, and your other eminent benefactors; which, from what I know of your spirit, and have seen of your poems and letters, will not deviate from the chastity of praise, that is so uniformly united to true taste and genius."

The taste of his lordship was questionable in matters of art as well as in those of verse. He caused an immense statue of William Wallace to be manufactured and fixed on an eminence near his residence. It stands overlooking the fine vale and ruins, an Ogre rather than a man.—ED.]

No. CXCIII.

TO MR. THOMAS SLOAN.

Ellisland, Sept. 1, 1791.

MY DEAR SLOAN,

SUSPENSE is worse than disappointment, for that reason I hurry to tell you that I just now learn that Mr. Ballantine does not choose to interfere more in the business. I am truly sorry for it, but cannot help it.

You blame me for not writing you sooner, but you will please to recollect that you omitted one little necessary piece of information;—your address.

However, you know equally well, my hurried life, indolent temper, and strength of attachment. It must be a longer period than the longest life "in the world's hale and undegenerate days," that will make me forget so dear a friend as Mr. Sloan. I am prodigal enough at times, but I will not part with such a treasure as that.

I can easily enter into the *embarras* of your present situation. You know my favorite quotation from Young—

> ——"On Reason build RESOLVE!
> That column of true majesty in man."—

And that other favorite one from Thomson's Alfred—

> "What proves the hero truly GREAT,
> Is, never, never to despair."

Or, shall I quote you an author of your acquaintance?

> "Whether, DOING, SUFFERING, or FORBEARING,
> You may do miracles by—PERSEVERING."

I have nothing new to tell you. The few friends we have are going on in the old way. I sold my crop on this day se'ennight, and sold it very well. A guinea an acre, on an average, above value. But such a scene of drunkenness was hardly ever seen in this country. After the roup was over, about thirty people engaged in a battle, every man for his own hand, and fought it out for three hours. Nor was the scene much better in the house. No fighting, indeed, but folks lying drunk on the floor, and decanting, until both my dogs got so drunk by attending them, that they could not stand. You will easily guess how I enjoyed the scene; as I was no farther over than you used to see me.

Mrs. B. and family have been in Ayrshire these many weeks.

Farewell! and God bless you, my dear Friend!

R. B.

[Thomas Sloan was a west of Scotland man, and seems to have been on intimate terms with Burns. He accompanied him on that excursion to Wanlockhead when Burns moved a blacksmith, by his verse and his wit, to frost the shoes of his horse as related at page 130, Vol. II.—Ed.]

No. CXCIV.

TO LADY E. CUNNINGHAM.

My Lady,

I would, as usual, have availed myself of the privilege your goodness has allowed me, of sending you any thing I compose in my poetical way; but as I had resolved, so soon as the shock of my irreparable loss would allow me, to pay a tribute to my late benefactor, I determined to make that the first piece I should do myself the honor of sending you. Had the wing of my fancy been equal to the ardor of my heart, the enclosed had been much more worthy your perusal: as it is, I beg leave to lay it at your ladyship's feet. As all the world knows my obligations to the late Earl of Glencairn, I would wish to show as openly, that my heart glows, and shall ever glow, with the most grateful sense and remembrance of his lordship's goodness. The sables I did myself the honor to wear to his lordship's memory, were not the "mockery of woe." Nor shall my gratitude perish with me!—If, among my children, I shall have a son that has a heart, he shall hand it down to his child as a family honor, and a family debt, that my dearest existence I owe to the noble house of Glencairn!

I was about to say, my lady, that if you think the poem may venture to see the light, I would, in some way or other give it to the world.

R. B.

[The poem enclosed was The Lament for James, Earl of Glencairn. It is probable that the Earl's sister thought well of

the verses—for they were published soon after. The Poet sent copies of "The Lament" and "The Whistle" to Mr. Tytler, afterwards Lord Woodhouselee; the answer which he received contains judicious censure as well as merited praise.

"The ballad of 'The Whistle' is, in my opinion, truly excellent. The old tradition which you have taken up, is the best adapted for a Bacchanalian composition of any I have ever met with, and you have done it full justice. In the first place, the strokes of wit arise naturally from the subject, and are uncommonly happy. For example,

'The bands grew the tighter, the more they were wet."

'Cynthia hinted she'd find them next morn.'

'Tho' fate said a hero should perish in light,
So up rose bright Phœbus, and down fell the knight.'

In the next place, you are singularly happy in the discrimination of your heroes, and in giving each the sentiments and language suitable to his character. And lastly, you have much merit in the delicacy of the panegyric which you have contrived to throw on each of the *dramatis personæ*, perfectly appropriate to his character. The compliment to Sir Robert, the blunt soldier, is peculiarly fine. In short, this composition, in my opinion, does you great honor, and I see not a line or a word in it which I could wish to be altered.

"As to 'The Lament,' I suspect from some expressions in your letter to me, that you are more doubtful with respect to the merits of this piece than of the other, and I own I think you have reason; for, although it contains some beautiful stanzas, as the first, 'The wind blew hollow,' &c.; the fifth, 'Ye scatter'd birds;' the thirteenth, 'Awake thy last sad voice,' &c., yet it appears to me faulty as a whole, and inferior to several of those you have already published in the same strain. My principal objection lies against the plan of the piece. I think it was unnecessary and improper to put the lamentation in the mouth of a fictitious character, an *aged bard*.—It had been much better to have lamented your patron in your own person, to have expressed your genuine feelings for his loss, and to have spoken the language of nature, rather than that of fiction on the subject. Compare this with your poem of the same title in your printed volume, which begins, '*O thou pale Orb!*' and observe what it is that forms the charm of that composition. It is, that it speaks the language of *truth* and of *nature*."—ED.]

No. CXCV.

TO Mr. AINSLIE.

Ellisland, 1791.

My Dear Ainslie,

Can you minister to a mind diseased! can you, amid the horrors of penitence, regret, remorse, headache, nausea, and all the rest of the d——d hounds of hell, that beset a poor wretch, who has been guilty of the sin of drunkenness—can you speak peace to a troubled soul?

Miserable perdu that I am, I have tried every thing that used to amuse me, but in vain: here must I sit, a monument of the vengeance laid up in store for the wicked, slowly counting every chick of the clock as it slowly, slowly, numbers over these lazy scoundrels of hours, who, d—n them, are ranked up before me, every one at his neighbour's backside, and every one with a burthen of anguish on his back, to pour on my devoted head—and there is none to pity me. My wife scolds me! my business torments me, and my sins come staring me in the face, every one telling a more bitter tale than his fellow.—When I tell you even * * * has lost its power to please, you will guess something of my hell within, and all around me—I began *Elibanks and Elibraes*, but the stanzas fell unenjoyed, and unfinished from my listless tongue: at last I luckily thought of reading over an old letter of yours, that lay by me in my bookcase, and I felt something for the first time since I opened my eyes, of pleasurable existence.——Well—I begin to breathe a little, since I began to write to you. How are you, and what are you doing? How goes Law? Apropos, for connexion's sake do not address to me supervisor, for that is an honor I cannot pretend to—I am on the list, as we call it, for a supervisor, and will be called out by and by to act as one; but at present, I am a simple

gauger, tho' t'other day I got an appointment to an excise division of £25. *per annum* better than the rest. My present income, down money, is £70. *per annum.*

I have one or two good fellows here whom you would be glad to know. R. B.

[The Poet was one of the most candid of correspondents: he confessed his follies freely to his friends: nay it has been surmised that he sometimes aggravated them, in order to excuse his indolence in answering letters—or from imagining that it was incumbent in a son of song to maintain a reputation of irregularity.—Ed.]

No. CXCVI.

TO MISS DAVIES.

It is impossible, Madam, that the generous warmth and angelic purity of your youthful mind, can have any idea of that moral disease under which I unhappily must rank as the chief of sinners; I mean a torpitude of the moral powers, that may be called, a lethargy of conscience.—In vain Remorse rears her horrent crest, and rouses all her snakes: beneath the deadly-fixed eye and leaden hand of Indolence, their wildest ire is charmed into the torpor of the bat, slumbering out the rigors of winter in the chink of a ruined wall. Nothing less, Madam, could have made me so long neglect your obliging commands. Indeed I had one apology—the bagatelle was not worth presenting. Besides, so strongly am I interested in Miss Davies's fate and welfare in the serious business of life, amid its chances and changes: that to make her the subject of a silly ballad is downright mockery of these ardent feelings; 'tis like an impertinent jest to a dying friend.

Gracious Heaven! why this disparity between

our wishes and our powers? Why is the most generous wish to make others blest, impotent and ineffectual—as the idle breeze that crosses the pathless desert? In my walks of life I have met with a few people to whom how gladly would I have said—"Go, be happy! I know that your hearts have been wounded by the scorn of the proud, whom accident has placed above you—or worse still, in whose hands are, perhaps, placed many of the comforts of your life. But there! ascend that rock, Independence, and look justly down on their littleness of soul. Make the worthless tremble under your indignation, and the foolish sink before your contempt; and largely impart that happiness to others, which, I am certain will give yourselves so much pleasure to bestow."

Why, dear Madam, must I wake from this delightful reverie, and find it all a dream? Why, amid my generous enthusiasm, must I find myself poor and powerless, incapable of wiping one tear from the eye of pity, or of adding one comfort to the friend I love!—Out upon the world! say I that its affairs are administered so ill! They talk of reform;—good Heaven! what a reform would I make among the sons, and even the daughters of men!—Down, immediately, should go fools from the high places where misbegotten chance has perked them up, and through life should they skulk, ever haunted by their native insignificance, as the body marches accompanied by its shadow.—As for a much more formidable class, the knaves, I am at a loss what to do with them: had I a world, there should not be a knave in it.

But the hand that could give, I would liberally fill: and I would pour delight on the heart that could kindly forgive, and generously love.

Still the inequalities of life are, among men, comparatively tolerable—but there is a delicacy, a tenderness, accompanying every view in which we can

place lovely Woman, that are grated and shocked at the rude, capricious distinctions of Fortune. Woman is the blood-royal of life: let there be slight degrees of precedency among them—but let them be ALL sacred.—Whether this last sentiment be right or wrong, I am not accountable; it is an original component feature of my mind.

R. B.

[Those who remember the pleasing society which, in the year 1791, Dumfries afforded, cannot have forgotten "the charming lovely Davies" of the lyrics of Burns. Her maiden name was Deborah, and she was the youngest daughter of Dr. Davies of Tenby in Pembrokeshire: between her and the Riddels of Friars Carse there were ties of blood or friendship, and her eldest sister, Harriet, was married to Captain Adam Gordon, of the noble family of Kenmure. Her education was superior to that of most young ladies of her station of life: she was equally agreeable and witty: her company was much courted in Nithsdale, and others than Burns respected her talents in poetic composition. She was then in her twentieth year, and so little and so handsome that some one, who desired to compliment her, welcomed her to the Vale of Nith as one of the graces in miniature.

It was the destiny of Miss Davies to become acquainted with Captain Delany, a pleasant and sightly man, who made himself acceptable to her by sympathizing in her pursuits, and by writing verses to her, calling her his "Stella," an ominous name, which might have brought the memory of Swift's unhappy mistress to her mind. An offer of marriage was made and accepted: but Delany's circumstances were urged as an obstacle; delays ensued; a coldness on the lover's part followed: his regiment was called abroad, he went with it; she heard from him once and no more, and was left to mourn the change of affection—to droop and die. He perished in battle or by a foreign climate, soon after the death of the young lady, of whose love he was so unworthy.

The following verses on this unfortunate attachment form part of a poem found among her papers at her death: she takes Delany's portrait from her bosom, presses it to her lips, and says,

"Next to thyself 'tis all on earth,
Thy Stella dear doth hold,
The glass is clouded with my breath,
And as my bosom cold:
That bosom which so oft has glowed,
With love and friendship's name,
Where you the seed of love first sowed,
That kindled into flame.
'You there neglected let it burn,
It seized the vital part,
And left my bosom as an urn
To hold a broken heart;
I once had thought I should have been
A tender happy wife,
And past my future days serene
With thee my James through life."

The information contained in this note was obligingly communicated to me by H. P. Davies, Esq. nephew of the lady. —Ed.]

No. CXCVII.

TO Mrs. DUNLOP.

Ellisland, 17th December, 1791.

Many thanks, to you, Madam, for your good news respecting the little floweret and the mother-plant. I hope my poetic prayers have been heard, and will be answered up to the warmest sincerity of their fullest extent; and then Mrs. Henri will find her little darling the representative of his late parent, in every thing but his abridged existence.

I have just finished the following song, which to a lady the descendant of Wallace—and many heroes of his truly illustrious line—and herself the mother of several soldiers, needs neither preface nor apology.

'*Scene—A field of battle—time of the day, evening; the wounded and dying of the victorious army are supposed to join in the following*

SONG OF DEATH.

Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies
Now gay with the bright setting sun;
Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear, tender ties—
Our race of existence is run!"

(See Vol. II. page 408.)

The circumstance that gave rise to the foregoing verses was, looking over with a musical friend M'Donald's collection of Highland airs, I was struck with one, an Isle of Skye tune, entitled "Oran an Doig, or the Song of Death," to the measure of which I have adapted my stanzas. I have of late composed two or three other little pieces, which, ere yon full-orbed moon, whose broad impudent face now stares at old mother earth all night, shall have shrunk into a modest crescent, just peeping forth at dewy dawn, I shall find an hour to transcribe for you. *A Dieu je vous commende.* R. B.

To the friendship of this accomplished lady we owe many of the best of the Poet's letters:—it was one of his remarks, that between the men of rustic life and the polite world he observed little difference—that in the former, though unpolished by fashion, and unenlightened by science, he had found much observation and much intelligence; but a refined and accomplished woman was a being almost new to him, and of which he had formed but a very inadequate idea.—CROMEK.]

No. CXCVIII.

TO MRS. DUNLOP.

5th January, 1792.

You see my hurried life, Madam: I can only command starts of time; however, I am glad of one thing; since I finished the other sheet, the political blast that threatened my welfare is overblown. I have corresponded with Commissioner Graham, for the board had made me the subject of their animadversions; and now I have the pleasure of informing you, that all is set to rights in that quarter. Now as to these informers, may the devil be let loose to——— but, hold! I was praying most fervently in my last sheet, and I must not so soon fall a swearing in this.

Alas! how little do the wantonly or idly officious think what mischief they do by their malicious insinuations, indirect impertinence, or thoughtless blabbings. What a difference there is in intrinsic worth, candor, benevolence, generosity, kindness,—in all the charities and all the virtues; between one class of human beings and another. For instance, the amiable circle I so lately mixed with in the hospitable hall of Dunlop, their generous hearts—their uncontaminated dignified minds—their informed and polished understandings—what a contrast, when compared—if such comparing were not downright sacrilege—with the soul of the miscreant who can deliberately plot the destruction of an honest man that never offended him, and with a grin of satisfaction see the unfortunate being, his faithful wife, and prattling innocents, turned over to beggary and ruin!

Your cup, my dear Madam, arrived safe. I had two worthy fellows dining with me the other day, when I, with great formality, produced my whigmeeleerie cup, and told them that it had been a family-piece among the descendants of William Wallace. This roused such an enthusiasm, that they insisted on bumpering the punch round in it; and by and by, never did your great ancestor lay a *Suthron* more completely to rest, than for a time did your cup my two friends. Apropos, this is the season of wishing. May God bless you, my dear friend, and bless me, the humblest and sincerest of your friends, by granting you yet many returns of the season! May all good things attend you and yours wherever they are scattered over the earth! R. B

[The Poet spoke mildly to Mrs. Dunlop concerning the conduct of the excise in the affair of what he called his political delinquencies: he was not so bird-mouthed to Erskine of Mar: his letter to that gentleman will remain a monument to the eternal dishonor of the government of that day, and the Board of Commissioners.—ED.]

No. CXCIX.

TO Mr. WILLIAM SMELLIE,

PRINTER.

Dumfries, 22nd January, 1792.

I SIT down, my dear Sir, to introduce a young lady to you, and a lady in the first ranks of fashion, too. What a task! to you—who care no more for the herd of animals called young ladies, than you do for the herd of animals called young gentlemen. To you—who despise and detest the groupings and combinations of fashion, as an idiot painter that seems industrious to place staring fools and unprincipled knaves in the foreground of his picture, while men of sense and honesty are too often thrown in the dimmest shades. Mrs. Riddel, who will take this letter to town with her, and send it to you, is a character that, even in your own way, as a naturalist and a philosopher, would be an acquisition to your acquaintance. The lady, too, is a votary to the muses; and as I think myself somewhat of a judge in my own trade, I assure you that her verses, always correct, and often elegant, are much beyond the common run of the *lady-poetesses* of the day. She is a great admirer of your book; and, hearing me say that I was acquainted with you, she begged to be known to you, as she is just going to pay her first visit to our Caledonian capital. I told her that her best way was, to desire her near relation, and your intimate friend, Craigdarroch, to have you at his house while she was there; and lest you might think of a lively West Indian girl of eighteen, as girls of eighteen too often deserve to be thought of, I should take care to remove that prejudice. To be impartial however, in appreciating the lady's merits, she has one unlucky failing: a failing which you will easily discover, as she seems rather pleased with indulging

in it; and a failing that you will easily pardon, as it is a sin which very much besets yourself;—where she dislikes, or despises, she is apt to make no more a secret of it, than where she esteems and respects.

I will not present you with the unmeaning *compliments of the season*, but I will send you my warmest wishes and most ardent prayers, that FORTUNE may never throw your SUBSISTENCE to the mercy of a KNAVE, or set your CHARACTER on the judgment of a FOOL; but, that upright and erect, you may walk to an honest grave, where men of letters shall say, here lies a man who did honor to science, and men of worth shall say, here lies a man who did honor to human nature. R. B.

[This letter introduces Mrs. Riddel to a gentleman who has been already mentioned both in verse and prose. William Smellie was the son of a mason in Edinburgh, and served an apprenticeship to learn the art of printing with Hamilton and Balfour. The hours of remission from labor—too often squandered—were employed by Smellie in acquiring knowledge, and he attended some of the University classes with such success, that he was enabled to put forth that edition of Terence which gained the prize offered by the Philosophical Society. He aided too in the composition of Buchan's Domestic Medicine: wrote the chief articles in the first edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica: aided Gilbert Stuart in editing the Edinburgh Magazine and Review, which perished because of the satiric and acrimonious spirit of the said Gilbert, and translated Buffon's Natural History. But the work through which his name will likely be remembered, is the Philosophy of Natural History, the first volume of which was published in 1790: he died June 24th, 1795, leaving a name of no common eminence as a naturalist. There are, however, levities in his writings which might have been spared.—ED.]

No. CC.

TO Mr. W. NICOL.

20th, February, 1792.

O THOU, wisest among the wise, meridian blaze of prudence, full moon of discretion, and chief of many counsellors! How infinitely is thy puddle-headed, rattle-headed, wrong-headed round-headed slave indebted to thy supereminent goodness, that from the luminous path of thy own right-lined rectitude, thou lookest benignly down on an erring wretch, of whom the zigzag wanderings defy all the powers of calculation, from the simple copulation of units, up to the hidden mysteries of fluxions! May one feeble ray of that light of wisdom which darts from thy sensorium, strait as the arrow of heaven, and bright as the meteor of inspiration, may it be my portion, so that I may be less unworthy of the face and favor of that father of proverbs and master of maxims, that antipode of folly, and magnet among the sages, the wise and witty Willie Nicol! Amen! Amen! Yea, so be it!

For me! I am a beast, a reptile, and know nothing! From the cave of my ignorance, amid the fogs of my dulness, and pestilential fumes of my political heresies, I look up to thee, as doth a toad through the iron-barred lucerne of a pestiferous dungeon, to the cloudless glory of a summer sun! Sorely sighing in bitterness of soul, I say when shall my name be the quotation of the wise, and my countenance be the delight of the godly, like the illustrious lord of Laggan's many hills? As for him, his works are perfect: never did the pen of calumny blur the fair page of his reputation, nor the bolt of hatred fly at his dwelling.

Thou mirror of purity, when shall the elfine lamp of my glimmerous understanding, purged from sensual appetites and gross desires, shine like the constellation of thy intellectual powers. As for thee, thy

thoughts are pure, and thy lips are holy. Never did the unhallowed breath of the powers of darkness, and the pleasures of darkness, pollute the sacred flame of thy sky-descended and heaven-bound desires; never did the vapors of impurity stain the unclouded serene of thy cerulean imagination. O that like thine were the tenor of my life, like thine the tenor of my conversation! then should no friend fear for my strength, no enemy rejoice in my weakness! Then should I lie down and rise up, and none to make me afraid.—May thy pity and thy prayer be exercised for, O thou lamp of wisdom and mirror of morality! thy devoted slave R. B.

[This strain of irony was occasioned by a letter from Mr. Nicol, containing good advice. The Poet seems to have been reading the love-letter written by the schoolmaster at the request of Mr. Thomas Pipes.—ED.]

No. CCI.

TO FRANCIS GROSE, ESQ. F. S. A.

Dumfries, 1792.

SIR,

I BELIEVE among all our Scots literati you have not met with Professor Dugald Stewart, who fills the moral philosophy chair in the University of Edinburgh. To say that he is a man of the first parts, and what is more, a man of the first worth, to a gentleman of your general acquaintance, and who so much enjoys the luxury of unencumbered freedom and undisturbed privacy, is not perhaps recommendation enough:—but when I inform you that Mr. Stewart's principal characteristic is your favorite feature; *that* sterling independence of mind, which, though every man's right, so few men have the courage to claim, and fewer still the

magnanimity to support:—When I tell you, that unseduced by splendor, and undisgusted by wretchedness, he appreciates the merits of the various actors in the great drama of life, merely as they perform their parts—in short, he is a man after your own heart, and I comply with his earnest request in letting you know that he wishes above all things to meet with you. His house, Catrine, is within less than a mile of Sorn Castle, which you proposed visiting; or if you could transmit him the enclosed, he would with the greatest pleasure meet you any where in the neighbourhood. I write to Ayrshire to inform Mr. Stewart that I have acquitted myself of my promise. Should your time and spirits permit your meeting with Mr. Stewart, 'tis well; if not, I hope you will forgive this liberty, and I have at least an opportunity of assuring you with what truth and respect,

I am, Sir,
Your great admirer,
And very humble servant,
R. B.

No. CCII.

TO THE SAME.

Dumfries, 1792.

Among the many witch stories I have heard, relating to Alloway kirk, I distinctly remember only two or three.

Upon a stormy night, amid whistling squalls of wind, and bitter blasts of hail; in short, on such a night as the devil would choose to take the air in; a farmer or farmer's servant was plodding and plashing homeward with his plough-irons on his shoulder, having been getting some repairs on them at a neighbouring smithy. His way lay by the kirk of Alloway, and being rather on the anxious look out in approaching a place

so well known to be a favorite haunt of the devil and the devil's friends and emissaries, he was struck aghast by discovering through the horrors of the storm and stormy night, a light, which on his nearer approach plainly showed itself to proceed from the haunted edifice. Whether he had been fortified from above on his devout supplication, as is customary with people when they suspect the immediate presence of Satan; or whether, according to another custom, he had got courageously drunk at the smithy, I will not pretend to determine; but so it was that he ventured to go up to, nay into the very kirk. As luck would have it his temerity came off unpunished.

The members of the infernal junto were all out on some midnight business or other, and he saw nothing but a kind kettle or caldron, depending from the roof, over the fire, simmering some heads of unchristened children, limbs of executed malefactors, &c. for the business of the night.—It was, in for a penny, in for a pound, with the honest ploughman: so without ceremony he unhooked the caldron from off the fire, and pouring out the damnable ingredients, inverted it on his head, and carried it fairly home, where it remained long in the family, a living evidence of the truth of the story.

Another story, which I can prove to be equally authentic, was as follows:—

On a market day in the town of Ayr, a farmer from Carrick, and consequently whose way lay by the very gate of Alloway kirk-yard, in order to cross the river Doon at the old bridge, which is about two or three hundred yards farther on than the said gate, had been detained by his business, till by the time he reached Alloway it was the wizard hour, between night and morning.

Though he was terrified with a blaze streaming from the kirk, yet it is a well-known fact that to turn

back on these occasions is running by far the greatest risk of mischief, he prudently advanced on his road. When he had reached the gate of the kirk-yard, he was surprised and entertained, through the ribs and arches of an old gothic window, which still faces the highway, to see a dance of witches merrily footing it round their old sooty blackguard master, who was keeping them all alive with the power of his bagpipe. The farmer stopping his horse to observe them a little, could plainly descry the faces of many old women of his acquaintance and neighbourhood. How the gentleman was dressed tradition does not say; but that the ladies were all in their smocks: and one of them happening unluckily to have a smock which was considerably too short to answer all the purposes of that piece of dress, our farmer was so tickled, that he involuntarily burst out, with a loud laugh, "Weel luppen, Maggy wi' the short sark!" and recollecting himself, instantly spurred his horse to the top of his speed. I need not mention the universally known fact, that no diabolical power can pursue you beyond the middle of a running stream. Lucky it was for the poor farmer that the river Doon was so near, for notwithstanding the speed of his horse, which was a good one, against he reached the middle of the arch of the bridge, and consequently the middle of the stream, the pursuing, vengeful hags, were so close at his heels, that one of them actually sprung to seize him; but it was too late, nothing was on her side of the stream but the horse's tail, which immediately gave way at her infernal grip, as if blasted by a stroke of lightning; but the farmer was beyond her reach. However, the unsightly, tail-less, condition of the vigorous steed was to the last hour of the noble creature's life, an awful warning to the Carrick farmers, not to stay too late in Ayr markets.

The last relation I shall give, through equally true,

is not so well identified as the two former, with regard to the scene; but as the best authorities give it for Alloway, I shall relate it.

On a summer's evening, about the time that nature puts on her sables to mourn the expiry of the cheerful day, a shepherd boy, belonging to a farmer in the immediate neighbourhood of Alloway Kirk, had just folded his charge, and was returning home. As he passed the kirk, in the adjoining field, he fell in with a crew of men and women, who were busy pulling stems of the plant ragwort. He observed that as each person pulled a ragwort, he or she got astride of it, and called out, "up horsie!" on which the ragwort flew off, like Pegasus, through the air with its rider. The foolish boy likewise pulled his ragwort, and cried with the rest, "up horsie!" and, strange to tell, away he flew with the company. The first stage at which the cavalcade stopt, was a merchant's wine cellar in Bourdeaux, where, without saying by your leave, they quaffed away at the best the cellar could afford, until the morning, foe to the imps and works of darkness, threatened to throw light on the matter, and frightened them from their carousals.

The poor shepherd lad, being equally a stranger to the scene and the liquor, heedlessly got himself drunk; and when the rest took horse, he fell asleep, and was found so next next day by some of the people belonging to the merchant. Somebody that understood Scotch, asking him what he was, he said such-a-one's herd in Alloway, and by some means or other getting home again, he lived long to tell the world the wondrous tale.

I am, &c. R. B.

[This letter was copied from the "Censura Literaria." It was communicated to Sir Egerton Brydges, the editor of that work, by Mr. Gilchrist of Stamford, with the following remark.

"In a collection of miscellaneous papers of the Antiquary Grose, which I purchased a few years since, I found the following letter written to him by Burns, when the former was collecting the Antiquities of Scotland: when I premise it was on the second tradition that he afterwards formed the inimitable tale of 'Tam O'Shanter,' I cannot doubt of its being read with great interest. It were 'burning day-light' to point out to a reader (and who is not a reader of Burns?) the thoughts he afterwards transplanted into the rhythmical narrative."—ED.]

No. CCIII.

TO MR J. CLARKE,

EDINBURGH.

July 16, 1792.

MR. BURNS begs leave to present his most respectful compliments to Mr. Clarke.—Mr. B. some time ago did himself the honor of writing Mr. C. respecting coming out to the country, to give a little musical instruction in a highly respectable family, where Mr. C. may have his own terms, and may be as happy as indolence, the devil, and the gout, will permit him. Mr. B. knows well how Mr. C. is engaged with another family; but cannot Mr C. find two or three weeks to spare to each of them? Mr. B. is deeply impressed with, and awfully conscious of, the high importance of Mr. C.'s time, whether in the winged moments of symphonious exhibition, at the keys of harmony, while listening seraphs cease their own less delightful strains; or in the drowsy arms of slumb'rous repose, in the arms of his dearly beloved elbow-chair, where the frowsy, but potent power of indolence, circumfuses her vapors round, and sheds her dews on the head of her darling son. But half a line conveying half a meaning from Mr. C. would make Mr. B. the happiest of mortals.

[The family to whom this letter refers was that of M'Murdo, then of Drumlanrig, now of Dumfries. The notes on the Poet's songs have already intimated with what success the musician exerted his talents, and how Burns aided him by composing lyrics in honor of the charms of the family.—Ed.]

No. CCIV.

TO Mrs. DUNLOP.

Annan Water Foot, 22d August, 1792.

Do not blame me for it, Madam—my own conscience, hackneyed and weather-beaten as it is, in watching and reproving my vagaries, follies, indolence, &c. has continued to punish me sufficiently.

* * * * * * * *

Do you think it possible, my dear and honored friend, that I could be so lost to gratitude for many favors; to esteem for much worth, and to the honest, kind, pleasurable tie of, now old acquaintance, and I hope and am sure of progressive, increasing friendship—as for a single day, not to think of you—to ask the Fates what they are doing and about to do with my much loved friend and her wide scattered connexions, and to beg of them to be as kind to you and yours as they possibly can?

Apropos! (though how it is apropos, I have not leisure to explain), Do you know that I am almost in love with an acquaintance of yours?—Almost! said I—I am in love, souse! over head and ears, deep as the most unfathomable abyss of the boundless ocean; but the word Love, owing to the *intermingledoms* of the good and the bad, the pure and the impure, in this world, being rather an equivocal term for expressing one's sentiments and sensations, I must do justice to the sacred purity of my attachment. Know, then, that the heart-struck awe; the distant, humble approach; the delight we should have in gazing upon

and listening to a Messenger of Heaven, appearing in all the unspotted purity of his celestial home, among the coarse, polluted, far inferior sons of men, to deliver to them tidings that make their hearts swim in joy, and their imaginations soar in transport—such, so delighting and so pure, were the emotions of my soul on meeting the other day with Miss Lesley Baillie, your neighbour, at M———. Mr. B. with his two daughters, accompanied by Mr. H. of G., passing through Dumfries a few days ago, on their way to England, did me the honor of calling on me; on which I took my horse (though God knows I could ill spare the time), and accompanied them fourteen or fifteen miles, and dined and spent the day with them. 'Twas about nine, I think, when I left them, and, riding home, I composed the following ballad, of which you will probably think you have a dear bargain, as it will cost you another groat of postage. You must know that there is an old ballad beginning with—

> "My bonnie Lizie Bailie
> I'll rowe thee in my plaidie," &c.

So I parodied it as follows, which is literally the first copy, "unanointed, unanneal'd;" as Hamlet says:—

> "O saw ye bonnie Lesley
> As she gaed o'er the border?
> She's gane, like Alexander,
> To spread her conquests farther."
>
> (*See Vol. III. page* 15.)

So much for ballads. I regret that you are gone to the east country, as I am to be in Ayrshire in about a fortnight. This world of ours, notwithstanding it has many good things in it, yet it has ever had this curse, that two or three people, who would be the happier the oftener they met together, are, almost without exception, always so placed as never to meet but once or twice a-year, which, considering the few years of a man's life, is a very great "evil under the sun," which I do not recollect that Solomon has mentioned

in his catalogue of the miseries of man. I hope and believe that there is a state of existence beyond the grave, where the worthy of this life will renew their former intimacies, with this endearing addition, that, "we meet to part no more!"

* * * * * * * *

"Tell us, ye dead,
Will none of you in pity disclose the secret
What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be!"

A thousand times have I made this apostrophe to the departed sons of men, but not one of them has ever thought fit to answer the question. "O that some courteous ghost would blab it out!" but it cannot be; you and I, my friend, must make the experiment by ourselves, and for ourselves. However, I am so convinced that an unshaken faith in the doctrines of religion is not only necessary, by making us better men, but also by making us happier men, that I should take every care that your little godson, and every little creature that shall call me father, shall be taught them.

So ends this heterogeneous letter written at this wild place of the world, in the intervals of my labor of discharging a vessel of rum from Antigua.

R. B.

No. CCV.

TO Mr. CUNNINGHAM.

Dumfries, 10th September, 1792.

No! I will not attempt an apology.—Amid all my hurry of business, grinding the faces of the publican and the sinner on the merciless wheels of the Excise; making ballads, and then drinking, and singing them; and, over and above all, the correcting the press-work of two different publications; still, still I might have stolen five minutes to dedicate to one of the first of my friends and fellow-creatures.

I might have done as I do at present, snatched an hour near "witching time of night," and scrawled a page or two. I might have congratulated my friend on his marriage; or I might have thanked the Caledonian archers for the honor they have done me, (though to do myself justice, I intended to have done both in rhyme, else I had done both long ere now). Well, then, here is to your good health! for you must know, I have set a nipperkin of toddy by me, just by way of spell, to keep away the meikle horned deil, or any of his subaltern imps who may be on their nightly rounds.

But what shall I write to you?—"The voice said cry," and I said, "what shall I cry?"—O, thou spirit! whatever thou art, or wherever thou makest thyself visible! be thou a bogle by the eerie side of an auld thorn, in the dreary glen through which the herd-callan maun bicker in his gloamin route frae the faulde! —Be thou a brownie, set, at dead of night, to thy task by the blazing ingle, or in the solitary barn, where the repercussions of thy iron flail half affright thyself, as thou performest the work of twenty of the sons of men, ere the cock-crowing summon thee to thy ample cog of substantial brose. Be thou a kelpie, haunting the ford or ferry, in the starless night, mixing thy laughing yell with the howling of the storm and the roaring of the flood, as thou viewest the perils and miseries of man on the foundering horse, or in the tumbling boat!—Or, lastly, be thou a ghost, paying thy nocturnal visits to the hoary ruins of decayed grandeur; or performing thy mystic rites in the shadow of the time-worn church, while the moon looks, without a cloud, on the silent, ghastly dwellings of the dead around thee; or taking thy stand by the bedside of the villain, or the murderer, pourtraying on his dreaming fancy, pictures, dreadful as the horrors of unveiled hell, and terrible as the wrath of incensed Deity!—Come, thou spirit, but not in these horrid forms; come

with the milder, gentle, easy inspirations, which thou breathest round the wig of a prating advocate, or the tête of a tea-sipping gossip, while their tongues run at the light-horse gallop of clishmaclaver for ever and and ever—come and assist a poor devil who is quite jaded in the attempt to share half an idea among half a hundred words; to fill up four quarto pages, while he has not got one single sentence of recollection, information, or remark worth putting pen to paper for.

I feel, I feel the presence of supernatural assistance! circled in the embrace of my elbow-chair, my breast labors, like the bloated Sybil on her three-footed stool, and like her too, labors with Nonsense.—Nonsense, auspicious name! Tutor, friend, and finger-post in the mystic mazes of law; the cadaverous paths of physic; and particularly in the sightless soarings of SCHOOL DIVINITY, who, leaving Common Sense confounded at his strength of pinion, Reason, delirious with eyeing his giddy flight; and Truth creeping back into the bottom of her well, cursiug the hour that ever she offered her scorned alliance to the wizard power of Theologic Vision—raves abroad on all the winds. "On earth Discord! a gloomy Heaven above, opening her jealous gates to the nineteen thousandth part of the tithe of mankind! and below, an inescapable and inexorable hell, expanding its leviathan jaws for the vast residue of mortals!!!"—O doctrine! comfortable and healing to the weary, wounded soul of man! Ye sons and daughters of affliction, ye *pauvres miserables*, to whom day brings no pleasure, and night yields no rest, be comforted! "'Tis but *one* to nineteen hundred thousand that your situation will mend in this world;" so alas the experience of the poor and the needy too often affirms; and 'tis nineteen hundred thousand to *one*, by the dogmas of * * * * * * * *, that you will be d——d eternally in the world to come!

But of all Nonsense, Religious Nonsense is the most nonsensical; so enough, and more than enough of it. Only, by the by, will you, or can you tell me, my dear Cunningham, why a sectarian turn of mind has always a tendency to narrow and illiberalize the heart? They are orderly; they may be just; nay, I have known them merciful: but still your children of sanctity move among their fellow-creatures with a nostril-snuffing putrescence, and a foot-spurning filth, in short, with a conceited dignity that your titled * * * * * * * * or any other of your Scottish lordlings of seven centuries standing display when they accidentally mix among the many-aproned sons of mechanical life. I remember, in my ploughboy days, I could not conceive it possible that a noble lord could be a fool, or a godly man could be a knave.—How ignorant are ploughboys!—Nay, I have since discovered that a *godly woman* may be a * * * * *!—But hold—Here's t'ye again—this rum is generous Antigua, so a very unfit menstruum for scandal.

Apropos, how do you like, I mean *really* like the married life? Ah, my friend! matrimony is quite a different thing from what your love-sick youths and sighing girls take it to be! But marriage, we are told, is appointed by God, and I shall never quarrel with any of his institutions. I am a husband of older standing than you, and shall give you *my* ideas of the conjugal state, *(en passant;* you know I am no Latinist, is not *conjugal* derived from *jugum*, a yoke?). Well then, the scale of good wifeship I divide into ten parts.—Goodnature, four; Good Sense, two; Wit, one; Personal Charms, viz. a sweet face, eloquent eyes, fine limbs, graceful carriage, (I would add a fine waist too, but that is so soon spoilt you know) all these, one; as for the other qualities belonging to, or attending on a wife, such as Fortune, Connexions, Education (I mean education extraordinary), Family blood,

&c. divide the two remaining degrees among them as you please; only, remember that all these minor properties must be expressed by *fractions*, for there is not any one of them, in the aforesaid scale, entitled to the dignity of an *integer*.

As for the rest of my fancies and reveries—how I lately met with Miss Lesley Baillie, the most beautiful, elegant woman in the world—how I accompanied her and her father's family fifteen miles on their journey, out of pure devotion, to admire the loveliness of the works of God, in such an unequalled display of them—how, in galloping home at night, I made a ballad on her, of which these two stanzas make a part—

Thou, bonnie Lesley, art a queen,
Thy subjects we before thee;
Thou, bonnie Lesley, art divine,
The heart's o' men adore thee.

The very Deil he could na scathe
Whatever wad belang thee!
He'd look into thy bonnie face
And say, 'I canna wrang thee.'

—behold all these things are written in the chronicles of my imaginations, and shall be read by thee, my dear friend, and by thy beloved spouse, my other dear friend, at a more convenient season.

Now, to thee, and to thy before-designed *bosom*-companion, be given the precious things brought forth by the sun, and the precious things brought forth by the moon, and the benignest influences of the stars, and the living streams which flow from the fountains of life, and by the tree of life, for ever and ever! Amen! R. B.

No. CCVI.

TO Mrs. DUNLOP.

Dumfries, 24th September, 1792.

I HAVE this moment, my dear Madam, yours of the twenty-third. All your other kind reproaches, your

news, &c. are out of my head when I read and think on Mrs. H——'s situation. Good God! a heart-wounded helpless young woman—in a strange, foreign land, and that land convulsed with every horror that can harrow the human feelings—sick—looking, longing for a comforter, but finding none—a mother's feelings, too:—but it is too much: he who wounded (he only can) may He heal!

* * * * * *

I wish the farmer great joy of his new acquisition to his family. * * * * * * * I cannot say that I give him joy of his life as a farmer. 'Tis, as a farmer paying a dear, unconscionable rent, a *cursed life!* As to a laird farming his own property; sowing his own corn in hope; and reaping it, in spite of brittle weather, in gladness; knowing that none can say unto him, 'what dost thou?'—fattening his herds; shearing his flocks; rejoicing at Christmas; and begetting sons and daughters, until he be the venerated, gray-haired leader of a little tribe—'tis a heavenly life! but devil take the life of reaping the fruits that another must eat.

Well, your kind wishes will be gratified, as to seeing me when I make my Ayrshire visit. I cannot leave Mrs. B——, until her nine months race is run, which may perhaps be in three or four weeks. She, too, seems determined to make me the patriarchal leader of a band. However, if Heaven will be so obliging as to let me have them in the proportion of three boys to one girl, I shall be so much the more pleased. I hope, if I am spared with them, to show a set of boys that will do honor to my cares and name; but I am not equal to the task of rearing girls. Besides, I am too poor; a girl should always have a fortune. Apropos, your little godson is thriving charmingly, but is a very devil. He, though two years younger, has completely mastered his brother. Robert is indeed the mildest, gentlest creature I ever saw. He has a

most surprising memory, and is quite the pride of his schoolmaster.

You know how readily we get into prattle upon a subject dear to our heart: you can excuse it. God bless you and yours!

R. B.

No. CCVII.

TO Mrs. DUNLOP.

Supposed to have been written on the Death of Mrs. H——, her Daughter.

I had been from home, and did not receive your letter until my return the other day. What shall I say to comfort you, my much-valued, much-afflicted friend! I can but grieve with you; consolation I have none to offer, except that which religion holds out to the children of affliction—*children of affliction!*—how just the expression! and like every other family, they have matters among them which they hear, see, and feel in a serious, all-important manner, of which the world has not, nor cares to have, any idea. The world looks indifferently on, makes the passing remark, and proceeds to the next novel occurrence.

Alas, Madam! who would wish for many years? What is it but to drag existence until our joys gradually expire, and leave us in a night of misery: like the gloom which blots out the stars one by one, from the face of night, and leaves us, without a ray of comfort, in the howling waste!

I am interrupted, and must leave off. You shall soon hear from me again.

R. B.

No. CCVIII.

TO Mrs. DUNLOP.

Dumfries, 6th December, 1792.

I SHALL be in Ayrshire, I think, next week; and, if at all possible, I shall certainly, my much-esteemed friend, have the pleasure of visiting at Dunlop-house.

Alas, Madam! how seldom do we meet in this world, that we have reason to congratulate ourselves on accessions of happiness! I have not passed half the ordinary term of an old man's life, and yet I scarcely look over the obituary of a newspaper, that I do not see some names that I have known, and which I, and other acquaintances, little thought to meet with there so soon. Every other instance of the mortality of our kind makes us cast an anxious look into the dreadful abyss of uncertainty, and shudder with apprehension for our own fate. But of how different an importance are the lives of different individuals? Nay, of what importance is one period of the same life, more than another? A few years ago, I could have laid down in the dust, "careless of the voice of the morning;" and now not a few, and these most helpless individuals, would, on losing me and my exertions, lose both their "staff and shield." By the way, these helpless ones have lately got an addition; Mrs. B—— having given me a fine girl since I wrote you. There is a charming passage in Thomson's "Edward and Eleanora:"

> "The valiant *in himself*, what can he suffer?
> Or what need he regard his *single* woes?" &c.

As I am got in the way of quotations, I shall give you another from the same piece, peculiarly, alas! too peculiarly opposite, my dear Madam, to your present frame of mind:—

> "Who so unworthy but may proudly deck him
> With his fair-weather virtue, that exults
> Glad o'er the summer main? the tempest comes,
> The rough winds rage aloud; when from the helm

> This virtue shrinks, and in a corner lies
> Lamenting—Heaven! if privileged for trial,
> How cheap a thing were virtue!"

I do not remember to have heard you mention Thomson's dramas. I pick up favorite quotations, and store them in my mind as ready armor, offensive or defensive, amid the struggle of this turbulent existence. Of these is one, a very favorite one, from his "Alfred:"

> "Attach thee firmly to the virtuous deeds
> And offices of life; to life itself,
> With all its vain and transient joys, sit loose."

Probably I have quoted some of these to you formerly, as indeed when I write from the heart, I am apt to be guilty of such repetitions. The compass of the heart, in the musical style of expression, is much more bounded than that of the imagination; so the notes of the former are extremely apt to run into one another; but in return for the paucity of its compass, its few notes are much more sweet. I must still give you another quotation, which I am almost sure I have given you before, but I cannot resist the temptation.

The subject is religion—speaking of its importance to mankind, the author says,

> "'Tis this, my friend, that streaks our morning bright."

I see you are in for double postage so I shall e'en scribble out t'other sheet. We in this county here have many alarms of the reforming, or rather the republican, spirit of your part of the kingdom. Indeed we are a good deal in commotion ourselves. For me, I am a placeman, you know; a very humble one indeed, Heaven knows, but still so much as to gag me. What my private sentiments are, you will find out without an interpreter.

* * * * *

I have taken up the subject, and the other day, for a pretty actress's benefit night, I wrote an address, which I will give on the other page, called "The Rights of Woman;"

"While Europe's eye is fixed on mighty things."
(*See Vol. II. page* 153.)

I shall have the honor of receiving your criticisms in person at Dunlop.

R. B.

No. CCIX.

TO R. GRAHAM, Esq.

FINTRAY.

December, 1792.

SIR,

I HAVE been surprised, confounded, and distracted by Mr. Mitchel, the collector, telling me that he has received an order from your Board to inquire into my political conduct, and blaming me as a person disaffected to government.

Sir, you are a husband—and a father.—You know what you would feel, to see the much-loved wife of your bosom, and your helpless, prattling little ones, turned adrift into the world, degraded and disgraced from a situation in which they had been respectable and respected, and left almost without the necessary support of a miserable existence. Alas, Sir! must I think that such, soon, will be my lot! and from the the d——d, dark insinuations of hellish groundless envy too! I believe, Sir, I may aver it, and in the sight of Omniscience, that I would not tell a deliberate falsehood, no, not though even worse horrors, if worse can be, than those I have mentioned, hung over my head; and I say, that the allegation, whatever villain has made it, is a lie! To the British Constitution, on revolution princples, next after my God, I am most devoutly attached; you, Sir, have been much and generously my friend.—Heaven knows how warmly I have felt the obligation, and how gratefully I have thanked you.—Fortune, Sir, has made you

powerful, and me impotent; has given you patronage, and me dependence.—I would not for my single self, call on your humanity; were such my insular, unconnected situation, I would despise the tear that now swells in my eye—I could brave misfortune, I could face ruin; for at the worst, "Death's thousand doors stand open;" but, good God! the tender concerns that I have mentioned, the claims and ties that I see at this moment, and feel around me, how they unnerve Courage, and wither Resolution! To your patronage, as a man of some genius, you have allowed me a claim; and your esteem, as an honest man, I know is my due: To these, Sir, permit me to appeal; by these may I adjure you to save me from that misery which threatens to overwhelm me, and which, with my latest breath I will say it, I have not deserved.

R. B.

[Graham of Fintray, stood the poet's friend in this hour of peril, and the Board had the generosity to permit him to continue to eat "the bitter bread" of his situation for the remainder of his life. Burns in his letter to Erskine, of Mar, enters fully into the history of this dark transaction.—ED.]

No. CCX.

TO MRS. DUNLOP.

Dumfries, 31st December, 1792.

DEAR MADAM,

A HURRY of business, thrown in heaps by my absence, has until now prevented my returning my grateful acknowledgments to the good family of Dunlop, and you in particular, for that hospitable kindness which rendered the four days I spent under that genial roof, four of the pleasantest I ever enjoyed.—Alas, my dearest friend! how few and fleeting are

those things we call pleasures! on my road to Ayrshire, I spent a night with a friend whom I much valued : a man whose days promised to be many ; and on Saturday last we laid him in the dust!

Jan. 2nd, 1793.

I HAVE just received yours of the 30th, and feel much for your situation. However I heartily rejoice in your prospect of recovery from that vile jaundice. As to myself, I am better, though not quite free of my complaint.—You must not think, as you seem to insinuate, that in my way of life I want exercise. Of that I have enough ; but occasional hard drinking is the devil to me. Against this I have again and again bent my resolution, and have greatly succeeded. Taverns I have totally abandoned: it is the private parties in the family way, among the hard drinking gentlemen of this country, that do me the mischief—but even this, I have more than half given over.

Mr. Corbet can be of little service to me at present, at least I should be shy of applying. I cannot possibly be settled as a supervisor, for several years. I must wait the rotation of the list, and there are twenty names before mine.—I might indeed get a job of officiating, where a settled supervisor was ill, or aged; but that hauls me from my family, as I could not remove them on such an uncertainty. Besides, some envious, malicious devil has raised a little demur on my political principles, and I wish to let that matter settle before I offer myself too much in the eye of my supervisors. I have set, henceforth, a seal on my lips, as to these unlucky politics ; but to you, I must breathe my sentiments. In this, as in every thing else, I shall show the undisguised emotions of my soul. War I deprecate: misery and ruin to thousands are in the blast that announces the destructive demon. R. B.

[" The following extract," says Cromek, " from a letter addressed by Robert Bloomfield to the Earl of Buchan, contains so interesting an exhibition of the modesty inherent in real worth, and so philosophical, and at the same time so poetical an estimate of the different characters and destinies of Burns and its author, that I should esteem myself culpable were I to withhold it from the public view.

' The illustrious soul that has left amongst us the name of Burns, has often been lowered down to a comparison with me; but the comparison exists more in circumstances than in essentials. That man stood up with the stamp of superior intellect on his brow; a visible greatness: and great and patriotic subjects would only have called into action the powers of his mind, which lay inactive while he played calmly and exquisitely the pastoral pipe.

' The letters to which I have alluded in my preface to the " Rural Tales," were friendly warnings, pointed with immediate reference to the fate of that extraordinary man. " Remember Burns," has been the watch-word of my friends. I do remember Burns; but I *am not* Burns! neither have I his fire to fan or to quench; nor his passions to control! Where then is my merit if I make a peaceful voyage on a smooth sea, and with no mutiny on board? To a lady (I have it from herself), who remonstrated with him on his danger from drink, and the pursuits of some of his associates, he replied, " Madam, they would not thank me for my company, if I did not drink with them.—I *must* give them a slice of my constitution." How much to be regretted that he did not give them thinner slices of his constitution, that it might have lasted longer.'—Ed.]

No. CCXI.

TO Mr. CUNNINGHAM.

3*d March*, 1793.

Since I wrote to you the last lugubrious sheet, I have not had time, to write you farther. When I say that I had not time, that, as usual, means, that the three demons, indolence, business, and ennui, have so completely shared my hours among them, as not to leave me a five minutes' fragment to take up a pen in.

Thank heaven, I feel my spirits buoying upwards with the renovating year. Now I shall in good earnest take up Thomson's songs. I dare say he thinks I have used him unkindly, and I must own with too much appearance of truth. Apropos, do you know the much admired old Highland air called "the Sutor's Dochter?" It is a first-rate favorite of mine, and I have written what I reckon one of my best songs to it. I will send it to you as it was sung with great applause in some fashionable circles by Major Robertson, of Lude, who was here with his corps.

* * * * * *

There is one commission that I must trouble you with. I lately lost a valuable seal, a present from a departed friend, which vexes me much.

I have gotten one of your Highland pebbles, which I fancy would make a very decent one; and I want to cut my armorial bearing on it; will you be so obliging as inquire what will be the expense of such a business. I do not know that my name is matriculated, as the heralds call it, at all; but I have invented arms for myself, so you know I shall be chief of the name; and, by courtesy of Scotland, will likewise be entitled to supporters. These, however, I do not intend having on my seal. I am a bit of a herald, and shall give you, *secundum artem*, my arms. On a field, azure a holly bush, seeded, proper, in base; a shepherd's pipe and crook, saltier-wise, also proper, in chief. On a wreath of the colors, a wood-lark perching on a sprig of bay-tree, proper for crest. Two mottoes; round the top of the crest, *Wood notes wild;* at the bottom of the shield, in the usual place, *Better a wee bush than nae bield.* By the shepherd's pipe and crook I do not mean the nonsense of painters of Arcadia, but a *Stock and horn*, and a *Club*, such as you see at the head of Allan Ramsay, in Allan's quarto edition of the *Gentle Shepherd.* By the by, do you know Allan?

He must be a man of very great genins—Why is he not more known?—Has he no patrons? or do "Poverty's cold wind and crushing rain beat keen and heavy" on him? I once, and but once, got a glance of that noble edition of the noblest pastoral in the world; and dear as it was, I mean dear as to my pocket, I would have bought it; but I was told that it was printed and engraved for subscribers only. He is the *only* artist who has hit *genuine* pastoral *costume*. What, my dear Cunningham, is there in riches, that they narrow and harden the heart so? I think, that were I as rich as the sun, I should be as generous as the day; but as I have no reason to imagine my soul a nobler one than any other man's, I must conclude that wealth imparts a bird-lime quality to the possessor, at which the man, in his native poverty, would have revolted. What has led me to this, is the idea of such merit as Mr. Allan possesses, and such riches as a nabob or government contractor possesses, and why they do not form a mutual league. Let wealth shelter and cherish unprotected merit, and the gratitude and celebrity of that merit will richly repay it.

R. B.

[The seal with the arms which the ingenious Poet invented for his house was carefully cut in Edinburgh and hung at his watch for several years. It is still in the family and regarded as a relique.

That Burns admired such a painter as Allan was to be expected: they both wrought on nature of Scottish growth, and both excelled in pictures of humor and glee. "As an artist, however, Allan's merits are of a limited nature; he neither excelled in fine drawing nor in harmonious coloring, and grace and grandeur were beyond his reach. He painted portraits, which are chiefly remarkable for a strong homely resemblance: he painted landscapes, but these want light and air, and he attempted the historical, but save in one picture, "The Corinthian Maid," all his efforts in that way were failures. His genius lay in expression, especially in grave humor and open drollery.

Yet it would be difficult perhaps to name one of his pictures where nature is not overcharged: he could not stop his hand till he had driven his subject into the debateable land that lies between truth and caricature. He is among painters, what Allan Ramsay is among poets, a fellow of infinite humor, and excelling in all manner of rustic drollery, but deficient in fine sensibility of conception, and little acquainted with lofty emotion or high imagination."

To the above brief character which I wrote for the Lives of the British Artists, in Murray's Family Library, may be added, from the same source, that Allan was born at Alloa, in Stirlingshire; studied in Glasgow and at Rome; returned to his native land, became Master of the Edinburgh Academy, and died there 6th August, 1796, in the fifty-third year of his age. In person he was under the middle size, his form slender, his face coarse and long, and his hair of the color of sand. His looks were mean and unpromising, till he was in company to his liking, when his large gray eyes grew bright and penetrating, his manners pleasing, and his conversation sprightly and humorous, inclining to satire, and replete with observation and anecdote.—ED.]

No. CCXII.

TO MISS BENSON,

NOW MRS. BASIL MONTAGU.

Dumfries, 21st March, 1793.

MADAM,

AMONG many things for which I envy those hale, long-lived old fellows before the flood, is this in particular, that when they met with any body after their own heart, they had a charming long prospect of many, many happy meetings with them in after-life.

Now, in this short, stormy, winter day of our fleeting existence, when you now and then, in the Chapter of Accidents, meet an individual whose acquaintance is a real acquisition, there are all the probabilities against you, that you shall never meet with that valued character more. On the other hand, brief as

this miserable being is, it is none of the least of the miseries belonging to it, that if there is any miscreant whom you hate, or creature whom you despise, the ill-run of the chances shall be so against you, that in the overtakings, turnings, and jostlings of life, pop, at some unlucky corner, eternally comes the wretch upon you, and will not allow your indignation or contempt a moment's repose. As I am a sturdy believer in the powers of darkness, I take these to be the doings of that old author of mischief, the devil. It is well known that he has some kind of short-hand way of taking down our thoughts, and I make no doubt that he is perfectly acquainted with my sentiments respecting Miss Benson: how much I admired her abilities and valued her worth, and how very fortunate I thought myself in her acquaintance. For this last reason, my dear Madam, I must entertain no hopes of the very great pleasure of meeting with you again.

Miss Hamilton tells me that she is sending a packet to you, and I beg leave to send you the enclosed sonnet, though, to tell you the real truth, the sonnet is a mere pretence, that I may have the opportunity of declaring with how much respectful esteem I have the honor to be, &c.

R. B.

No. CCXIII.

TO PATRICK MILLER, Esq.

OF DALSWINTON.

Dumfries, April 1793.

Sir,

My poems having just come out in another edition, will you do me the honor to accept of a copy? A mark of my gratitude to you, as a gentleman to whose goodness I have been much indebted; of my respect

for you, as a patriot who, in a venal, sliding age, stands forth the champion of the liberties of my country; and of my veneration for you, as a man, whose benevolence of heart does honor to human nature.

There *was* a time, Sir, when I was your dependant: this language *then* would have been like the vile incense of flattery—I could not have used it.—Now that connexion is at end, do me the honor to accept of this *honest* tribute of respect from, Sir,

Your much indebted humble servant,

R. B.

[The time to which Burns alludes was when he held the farm of Ellisland as tenant to Mr. Miller. Between the laird and the farmer there passed no stern words respecting the relinquishing of the lease—but it occasioned a coldness which continued till the death of the latter. At the burial of the Bard, the eyes of Miller were wet when many around were dry.—ED.]

No. CCXIV.

TO JOHN FRANCIS ERSKINE, ESQ.

OF MAR.

Dumfries, 13th April, 1793.

SIR,

DEGENERATE as human nature is said to be; and in many instances, worthless and unprincipled it is; still there are bright examples to the contrary: examples that even in the eyes of superior beings, must shed a lustre on the name of Man.

Such an example have I now before me, when you, Sir, came forward to patronize and befriend a distant obscure stranger, merely because poverty had made him helpless, and his British hardihood of mind had provoked the arbitrary wantonness of power. My much-esteemed friend, Mr. Riddel of Glenriddel, has

just read me a paragraph of a letter he had from you. Accept, Sir, of the silent throb of gratitude; for words would but mock the emotions of my soul.

You have been misinformed as to my final dismission from the Excise; I am still in the service.—Indeed, but for the exertions of a gentleman who must be known to you, Mr. Graham of Fintray, a gentleman who has ever been my warm and generous friend, I had, without so much as a hearing, or the slightest previous intimation, been turned adrift, with my helpless family, to all the horrors of want.—Had I had any other resource, probably I might have saved them the trouble of a dismission; but the little money I gained by my publication, is almost every guinea embarked, to save from ruin an only brother, who, though one of the worthiest, is by no means one of the most fortunate of men.

In my defence to their accusations, I said, that whatever might be my sentiments of republics, ancient or modern, as to Britain, I abjured the idea?—That a CONSTITUTION, which, in its original principles, experience had proved to be every way fitted for our happiness in society, it would be insanity to sacrifice to an untried visionary theory:—That, in consideration of my being situated in a department, however humble, immediately in the hands of people in power, I had forborne taking any active part, either personally, or as an author, in the present business of REFORM. But that, where I must declare my sentiments, I would say there existed a system of corruption between the executive power and the representative part of the legislature, which boded no good to our glorious CONSTITUTION; and which every patriotic Briton must wish to see amended.—Some such sentiments as these, I stated in a letter to my generous patron Mr. Graham, which he laid before the Board at large; where, it seems my last remark gave great

offence; and one of our supervisors general, a Mr. Corbet, was instructed to inquire on the spot, and to document me—"that my business was to act, *not to think;* and that whatever might be men or measures, it was for me to be *silent* and *obedient.*"

Mr. Corbet was likewise my steady friend; so between Mr. Graham and him, I have been partly forgiven; only I understand that all hopes of my getting officially forward, are blasted.

Now, Sir, to the business in which I would more immediately interest you. The partiality of my COUNTRYMEN has brought me forward as a man of genius, and has given me a character to support. In the POET I have avowed manly and independent sentiments, which I trust will be found in the MAN. Reasons of no less weight than the support of a wife and family, have pointed out as the eligible, and situated as I was, the only eligible line of life for me, my present occupation. Still my honest fame is my dearest concern; and a thousand times have I trembled at the idea of those *degrading* epithets that malice or misrepresentation may affix to my name. I have often, in blasting anticipation, listened to some future hackney scribbler, with the heavy malice of savage stupidity exulting in his hireling paragraphs—"BURNS, notwithstanding the *fanfaronade* of independence to be found in his works, and after having been held forth to public view, and to public estimation as a man of some genius, yet, quite destitute of resources within himself to support his borrowed dignity, he dwindled into a paltry exciseman, and slunk out the rest of his insignificant existence in the meanest of pursuits, and among the vilest of mankind."

In your illustrious hands, Sir, permit me to lodge my disavowal and defiance of these slanderous falsehoods. BURNS was a poor man from birth, and an exciseman by necessity; but—*I will* say it! the ster-

ling of his honest worth, no poverty could debase, and his independent British mind, oppression might bend, but could not subdue. Have not I, to me, a more precious stake in my country's welfare, than the richest dukedom in it?—I have a large family of children, and the prospect of many more. I have three sons, who, I see already, have brought into the world souls ill qualified to inhabit the bodies of SLAVES.—Can I look tamely on, and see any machination to wrest from them the birthright of my boys,—the little independent BRITONS, in whose veins runs my own blood?—No! I will not! should my heart's blood stream around my attempt to defend it!

Does any man tell me, that my full efforts can be of no service; and that it does not belong to my humble station to meddle with the concern of a nation?

I can tell him, that it is on such individuals as I, that a nation has to rest, both for the hand of support, and the eye of intelligence. The uninformed MOB may swell a nation's bulk; and the titled, tinsel, courtly throng, may be its feathered ornament; but the number of those who are elevated enough in life to reason and to reflect; yet low enough to keep clear of the venal contagion of a court!—these are a nation's strength.

I know not how to apologize for the impertinent length of this epistle; but one small request I must ask of your father—When you have honored this letter with a perusal, please to commit it to the flames. BURNS, in whose behalf you have so generously interested yourself, I have here, in his native colors drawn *as he is;* but should any of the people in whose hands is the very bread he eats, get the least knowledge of the picture, *it would ruin the poor* BARD *for ever!*

My poems having just come out in another edition,

I beg leave to present you with a copy as a small mark of that high esteem and ardent gratitude, with which I have the honor to be,

Sir,

Your deeply indebted,

And ever devoted humble servant,

R. B.

[Erskine of Mar gave a copy of the Poet's letter to Cromek, who published it in the "Reliques:" It was rumored that Burns was not only admonished by the Board of Excise but actually dismissed from his situation: this induced Erskine to propose a subscription in his favor, which was refused by the bard with that elevation of sentiment which characterized his mind. It was well that the future Earl of Mar heard the report, since it drew from Burns this truly manly and well considered letter—it was all but the latest act of his life to write it down from his memory among his memoranda. And yet men are not wanting who impeach the accuracy of the Poet: of these the chief is Mr. Findlater, his superior officer in Dumfries at the time. That gentleman eulogizes the conduct of the Board of Excise: avers that the Bard received only a gentle—a courteous admonition, and was never for a moment in danger of being dismissed. He has fairly given the lie to the Poet, and the question is, to whose statement are we to attach credit. Burns informs Graham that Mitchell had confounded him with the information, that he had received orders to inquire into his political conduct, for he was blamed as a person disaffected to the government. Does Mr. Findlater deny that the collector was so commissioned? In the present letter the Poet farther says, that but for the interposition of Graham of Fintray, he would have been turned adrift with his helpless family to all the horrors of want: and moreover that he was documented by the Board, that his business was to act not to think, and that whatever might be men and measures it was his duty to be silent and obedient.

Those who contradict the testimony of Burns should do it on better authority than their own assertion: the Poet's word will weigh down any other man's, so long as he speaks from his own knowledge. Findlater argues, Burns states facts. The Poet is supported by the testimony of Robert Ainslie, to whom all his affairs were known: in a letter to the editor, dated 3d September, 1834, without being aware that his illustrious friend's asser-

tions were impeached, he says, "You know that the Poet was a 'friend of the people' during the days of political ferment in his time: a circumstance which impeded his advancement in the excise—he never rose higher than the 'nicked stick,' the badge and implement of a common guager. The Commissioners of Excise, irritated at his opinions, wrote him a formal official letter, sealing with the large seal of office, informing him that a 'petty officer' had 'no business with politics.'" The proud heart of Burns did not like this humbling: after a few wrathful words in secret to one of his friends, he took a pencil and wrote these lines on the envelope:—

"In politics if you would mix,
And low your station be,
Keep this in mind—be deaf and blind,
Let great folks hear and see."

ED.]

No. CCXV.

TO MR. ROBERT AINSLIE.

April, 26, 1793.

I AM d-mnably out of humor, my dear Ainslie, and that is the reason, why I take up the pen to *you:* 'tis the nearest way *(probatum est)* to recover my spirits again.

I received your last, and was much entertained with it; but I will not at this time, nor at any other time, answer it,—Answer a letter? I never could answer a letter in my life!—I have written many a letter in return for letters I have received; but then—they were original matter—spurt-away! zig, here; zag, there; as if the Devil that, my Grannie (an old woman indeed) often told me, rode on will-o-wisp, or, in her more classic phrase, SPUNKIE, were looking over my elbow.—Happy thought that idea has engendered in my head! SPUNKIE—thou shalt henceforth be my symbol, signature, and tutelary genius! Like thee, hap-step-and-lowp, here-awa-there-awa, higgelty-pigglety, pell-mill, hither-and-yon, ram-stam, happy-

go-lucky, up tails-a-by-the light-o'the moon; has been, is, and shall be, my progress through the mosses and moors of this vile, bleak, barren wilderness of a life of ours.

Come then, my guardian spirit! like thee, may I skip away, amusing myself by and at my own light: and if any opaque-souled lubber of mankind complain that my elfine, lambent, glimmerous wanderings have misled his stupid steps over precipices, or into bogs; let the thick-headed Blunderbuss recollect, that he is not SPUNKIE:—that

> SPUNKIE'S wanderings could not copied be;
> Amid these perils none durst walk but he.—
>
> * * * *

I have no doubt but scholarcraft may be caught, as a Scotchman catches the itch,—by friction. How else can you account for it, that born blockheads, by mere dint of *handling* books, grow so wise that even they themselves are equally convinced of and surprised at their own parts? I once carried this philosophy to that degree that in a knot of country folks who had a library amongst them, and who, to the honor of their good sense, made me factotum in the business; one of our members, a little, wise-looking, squat, upright, jabbering body of a tailor, I advised him, instead of turning over the leaves, *to bind the book on his back.*—Johnie took the hint; and as our meetings were every fourth Saturday, and Pricklouse having a good Scots mile to walk in coming, and, of course, another in returning, Bodkin was sure to lay his hand on some heavy quarto, or ponderous folio, with, and under which, wrapt up in his grey plaid, he grew wise, as he grew weary, all the way home. He carried this so far, that an old musty Hebrew concordance, which we had in a present from a neighbouring priest, by mere dint of applying it, as doctors do a blistering plaster, between his shoulders, Stitch, in a dozen pilgrimages,

acquired as much rational theology as the said priest had done by forty years' persual of the pages.

Tell me, and tell me truly, what you think of this theory,

Yours,

SPUNKIE.

No. CCXVI.

TO Miss KENNEDY.

MADAM,

PERMIT me to present you with the enclosed song as a small though grateful tribute for the honor of your acquaintance. I have, in these verses, attempted some faint sketches of your portrait in the unembellished simple manner of descriptive TRUTH.—Flattery, I leave to your LOVERS, whose exaggerating fancies may make them imagine you still nearer perfection than you really are.

Poets, Madam, of all mankind, feel most forcibly the powers of BEAUTY; as, if they are really POETS of nature's making, their feelings must be finer, and their taste more delicate than most of the world. In the cheerful bloom of SPRING, or the pensive mildness of AUTUMN; the grandeur of SUMMER, or the hoary majesty of WINTER, the poet feels a charm unknown to the rest of his species. Even the sight of a fine flower, or the company of a fine woman (by far the finest part of God's works below) have sensations for the poetic heart that the HERD of man are strangers to.—On this last account, Madam, I am, as in many other things, indebted to Mr. Hamilton's kindness in introducing me to you. Your lovers may view you with a wish, I look on you with pleasure; their hearts, in your presence may glow with desire, mine rises with admiration.

That the arrows of misfortune, however they

should, as incident to humanity, glance a slight wound, may never reach your *heart*—that the snares of villany may never beset you in the road of life—that INNOCENCE may hand you by the path of HONOR to the dwelling of PEACE, is the sincere wish of him who has the honor to be, &c.

R. B.

[The Poet has been called the flatterer of woman, but there is perhaps little flattery in saying that a beauteous creature is beautiful. The song addressed to the young lady has not been named. Miss Kennedy claimed relationship with the Hamilton's of Mossgiel.—ED.]

No. CCXVII.

TO MISS CRAIK.

Dumfries, August, 1793.

MADAM,

SOME rather unlooked-for accidents have prevented my doing myself the honor of a second visit to Arbigland, as I was so hospitably invited, and so positively meant to have done.—However, I still hope to have that pleasure before the busy months of harvest begin.

I enclose you two of my late pieces, as some kind of return for the pleasure I have received in perusing a certain MS. volume of poems in the possession of Captain Riddel. To repay one with an *old song*, is a proverb, whose force, you, Madam, I know, will not allow. What is said of illustrious descent is, I believe, equally true of a talent for poetry, none ever despised it who had pretensions to it. The fates and characters of the rhyming tribe often employ my thoughts when I am disposed to be melancholy. There is not among all the martyrologies that ever were penned, so rueful a narrative as the lives of the poets.—In the comparative view of wretches, the cri-

terion is not what they are doomed to suffer, but how they are formed to bear. Take a being of our kind, give him a stronger imagination and a more delicate sensibility, which between them will ever engender a more ungovernable set of passions than are the usual lot of man; implant in him an irresistible impulse to some idle vagary, such as arranging wild flowers in fantastical nosegays, tracing the grasshopper to his haunt by his chirping song, watching the frisks of the little minnows in the sunny pool, or hunting after the intrigues of butterflies—in short, send him adrift after some pursuit which shall eternally mislead him from the paths of lucre, and yet curse him with a keener relish than any man living for the pleasures that lucre can purchase; lastly, fill up the measure of his woes by bestowing on him a spurning sense of his own dignity, and you have created a wight nearly as miserable as a poet. To you, Madam, I need not recount the fairy pleasures the muse bestows to counterbalance this catalogue of evils. Bewitching poetry is like bewitching woman; she has in all ages been accused of misleading mankind from the councils of wisdom and the paths of prudence, involving them in difficulties, baiting them with poverty, branding them with infamy, and plunging them in the whirling vortex of ruin: yet, where is the man but must own that all our happiness on earth is not worthy the name—that even the holy hermit's solitary prospect of paradisiacal bliss is but the glitter of a northern sun rising over a frozen region, compared with the many pleasures, the nameless raptures that we owe to the lovely Queen of the heart of man! R. B.

[Miss Helen Craik of Arbigland had merit both as a poetess and novelist: her ballads may be compared with those of Macneill, and her novels, amid much graphic force, had a seasoning of the satiric, which rendered them acceptable to all who understood their allusions. She died some years ago at Allonby: she

was much of an enthusiast, and lived estranged from her family for a long period of her life. Her father was one of the wisest gentlemen and most sensible improvers of property on the Scottish side of the Solway: his taste, too, in architecture was of a pure kind: he lived to a good old age, and had the misfortune to witness with his own eyes the melancholy death of his only son. The heir of Arbigland, accompanied by some sixteen young men of the parish, set off one summer morning in his pleasure skiff to pay a visit to the English shore: when more than half-way over the Solway, a whirlwind suddenly arose, seized the sails, whirled the skiff around, and down it went with all on board—though a vessel was near, not a soul was saved. The wretched father saw all this from a seat on the top of the house: after the skiff sank he sat still for an hour, looking fixedly, it is said, on the sea. Arbigland is now the property of his grandson, Douglas Hamilton Craik, Esq. The situation on the Solway side is beautiful: the house is a model of proportion and elegant workmanship: the woods, which partly enclose it, are very lofty, and some of the firs of the spruce tribe are of enormous girth. Burns was a frequent visitor here: nor has the ancient hospitality of the house of Craik declined, nor its love of literature.—ED.]

No. CCXVIII.

TO LADY GLENCAIRN.

MY LADY,

THE honor you have done your poor poet, in writing him so very obliging a letter, and the pleasure the enclosed beautiful verses have given him, came very seasonably to his aid amid the cheerless gloom and sinking despondency of diseased nerves and December weather. As to forgetting the family of Glencairn, Heaven is my witness with what sincerity I could use those old verses which please me more in their rude simplicity than the most elegant lines I ever saw,—

> "If thee, Jerusalem, I forget,
> Skill part from my right hand.

My tongue to my mouth's roof let cleave,
If I do thee forget,
Jerusalem, and thee above
My chief joy do not set."

When I am tempted to do any thing improper, I dare not, because I look on myself as accountable to your ladyship and family. Now and then when I have the honor to be called to the tables of the great, if I happen to meet with any mortification from the stately stupidity of self-sufficient squires, or the luxurious insolence of upstart nabobs, I get above the creatures by calling to remembrance that I am patronized by the noble house of Glencairn; and at gala times, such as New-year's day, a christening, or the Kirn-night, when my punch-bowl is brought from its dusty corner and filled up in honor of the occasion, I begin with,—*The Countess of Glencairn!* My good woman, with the enthusiasm of a grateful heart, next cries, *My Lord!* and so the toast goes on until I end with *Lady Harriet's little angel!* whose epithalamium I have pledged myself to write.

When I received your ladyship's letter, I was just in the act of transcribing for you some verses I have lately composed; and meant to have sent them my first leisure hour, and acquainted you with my late change of life. I mentioned to my lord, my fears concerning my farm. Those fears were indeed too true; it is a bargain would have ruined me but for the lucky circumstance of my having an excise commission.

People may talk as they please of the ignominy of the excise; £50 a year will support my wife and children, and keep me independent of the world; and I would much rather have it said that my profession borrowed credit from me, than that I borrowed credit from my profession. Another advantage I have in this business, is the knowledge it gives me of the various shades of human character, consequently assist-

ing me vastly in my poetic pursuits. I had the most ardent enthusiasm for the muses when nobody knew me, but myself, and that ardor is by no means cooled now that my Lord Glencairn's goodness has introduced me to all the world. Not that I am in haste for the press. I have no idea of publishing, else I certainly had consulted my noble generous patron; but after acting the part of an honest man, and supporting my family, my whole wishes and views are directed to poetic pursuits. I am aware that though I were to give performances to the world superior to my former works, still if they were of the same kind with those, the comparative reception they would meet with would mortify me. I have turned my thoughts on the drama. I do not mean the stately buskin of the tragic muse.

* * * *

Does not your ladyship think that an Edinburgh theatre would be more amused with affectation, folly and whim of true Scottish growth, than manners which by far the greatest part of the audience can only know at second hand?

I have the honor to be,

Your ladyship's ever devoted

And grateful humble servant,

R. B.

No. CCXIX.

TO JOHN M'MURDO, Esq.

Dumfries, December, 1793.

Sir,

It is said that we take the greatest liberties with our greatest friends, and I pay myself a very high compliment in the manner in which I am going to apply the remark. I have owed you money longer than ever I owed it to any man.—Here is Ker's account,

and here are six guineas; and now, I don't owe a shilling to man—or woman either. But for these d——d dirty, dog's-ear'd little pages,* I had done myself the honor to have waited on you long ago. Independent of the obligations your hospitality has laid me under; the consciousness of your superiority in the rank of man and gentleman, of itself was fully as much as I could ever make head against; but to owe you money too was more than I could face.

I think I once mentioned something of a collection of Scots songs I have for some years been making: I send you a perusal of what I have got together. I could not conveniently spare them above five or six days, and five or six glances of them will probably more than suffice you. A very few of them are my own. When you are tired of them, please leave them with Mr. Clint, of the King's Arms. There is not another copy of the collection in the world; and I should be sorry that any unfortunate negligence should deprive me of what has cost me a good deal of pains. R. B.

[The collection of songs mentioned in this letter are not unknown to the curious in such loose lore. They were printed by an obscure bookseller when death had secured him against the indignation of Burns. Something of the feeling which influenced that mercenary miscreant seems not yet extinct. Indelicate poems which the author composed in moments of social gaiety are published by booksellers who call themselves respectable. "Adam A.'s Prayer," and the whole of "Burns' Answer to the Reproof of a Tailor," beginning with these promising words,

"What ails ye now, ye lousy bitch,"

may be found mingled with the "Mountain Daisy" and "Man was made to Mourn." It was of such compositions that Burns thus entreated the world—"The author begs whoever into whose hands they may fall, that they will do him the justice not to publish what he himself thought proper to suppress."—ED.]

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* Scottish Bank Notes.

No. CCXX.

TO JOHN M'MURDO, Esq.

DRUMLANRIG.

Dumfries 1793.

Will Mr. M'Murdo do me the favor to accept of these volumes; a trifling but sincere mark of the very high respect I bear for his worth as a man, his manners as a gentleman, and his kindness as a friend. However inferior now, or afterwards, I may rank as a poet; one honest virtue to which few poets can pretend, I trust I shall ever claim as mine:—to no man, whatever his station in life, or his power to serve me, have I ever paid a compliment at the expense of TRUTH.

The Author.

[These words are written on the blank leaf of the Poet's works, published in two volumes in 1793: the book is before me: the handwriting is bold and free—the pen seems to have been conscious that it was making a declaration of independence.—Ed.]

CCXXI.

TO CAPTAIN———.

Dumfries, 5th December, 1793.

Sir,

Heated as I was with wine yesternight, I was perhaps rather seemingly impertinent in my anxious wish to be honored with your acquaintance. You will forgive it: it was the impulse of heart-felt respect. "He is the father of the Scottish country reform, and is a man who does honor to the business at the same time that the business does honor to him," said my

worthy friend Glenriddel to somebody by me who was talking of your coming to this country with your corps. "Then," I said, "I have a woman's longing to take him by the hand, and say to him, 'Sir, I honor you as a man to whom the interests of humanity are dear and as a patriot to whom the rights of your country are sacred.'"

In times like these, Sir, when our commoners are barely able by the glimmer of their own twilight understandings to scrawl a frank, and when lords are what gentlemen would be ashamed to be, to whom shall a sinking country call for help? To the independent country gentleman? To him who has too deep a stake in his country not to be in earnest for her welfare; and who in the honest pride of man can view with equal contempt the insolence of office and the allurements of corruption.

I mentioned to you a Scots ode or song I had lately composed, and which I think has some merit. Allow me to enclose it. When I fall in with you at the theatre, I shall be glad to have your opinion of it. Accept of it, Sir, as a very humble but most sincere tribute of respect from a man who, dear as he prizes poetic fame, yet holds dearer an independent mind. I have the honor to be, R. B.

[I have copied this excellent letter from my friend Robert Chambers' interesting collection of Scottish songs. He obtained it from Mr. Stewart, of Dalguise, and employed it as has already been done in this edition, to illustrate that glorious war ode,

"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

ED.]

No. CCXXII.

TO Mrs. RIDDEL,

Who was about to bespeak a Play one evening at the Dumfries Theatre.

I am thinking to send my "Address" to some periodical publication, but it has not got your sanction, so pray look over it.

As to the Tuesday's play, let me beg of you, my dear Madam, to give us, "The Wonder, a Woman keeps a Secret!" to which please add, "The Spoilt Child"—you will highly oblige me by so doing.

Ah, what an enviable creature you are. There now, this cursed gloomy blue devil-day, you are going to a party of choice spirits—

> "To play the shapes
> Of frolic fancy, and incessant form
> Those rapid pictures, assembled train
> Of fleet ideas, never join'd before,
> Where lively *wit* excites to gay surprise;
> Or folly-painting *humor*, grave himself
> Calls laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve."

But as you rejoice with them that do rejoice, do also remember to weep with them that weep, and pity your melancholy friend. R. B.

[This lady to whom the Bard has so happily and justly applied the above quotation, paid the debt of nature a few months ago. The graces of her person were only equalled by the singular endowments of her mind, and her poetical talents rendered her an interesting friend to Burns, in a part of the world where he was in a great measure excluded from the sweet intercourse of literary society.—Gilbert Burns, 1820.]

No. CCXXIII.

TO A LADY,

IN FAVOR OF A PLAYER'S BENEFIT.

Dumfries, 1794.

MADAM,

You were so very good as to promise me to honor my friend with your presence on his benefit night. That night is fixed for Friday first: the play a most interesting one! "The Way to Keep Him." I have the pleasure to know Mr. G. well. His merit as an actor is generally acknowledged. He has genius and worth which would do honor to patronage: he is a poor and modest man; claims which from their very *silence* have the more forcible power on the generous heart. Alas, for pity! that from the indolence of those who have the good things of this life in their gift, too often does brazen-fronted importunity snatch that boon, the rightful due of retiring, humble want! Of all the qualities we assign to the Author and Director of Nature, by far the most enviable is—to be able "To wipe away all tears from all eyes." O what insignificant, sordid wretches are they, however chance may have loaded them with wealth, who go to their graves, to their magnificent *mausoleums*, with hardly the consciousness of having made one poor honest heart happy!

But I crave your pardon, Madam; I came to beg, not to preach.

R. B.

No. CCXXIV.

TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

With a Copy of Bruce's Address to his Troops at Bannockburn.

Dumfries, 12th January, 1794.

My Lord,

Will your lordship allow me to present you with the enclosed little composition of mine, as a small tribute of gratitude for the acquaintance with which you have been pleased to honor me. Independent of my enthusiasm as a Scotsman, I have rarely met with any thing in history which interests my feelings as a man equal with the story of Bannockburn. On the one hand, a cruel, but able usurper, leading on the finest army in Europe to extinguish the last spark of freedom among a greatly-daring and greatly injured people; on the other hand, the desperate relics of a gallant nation, devoting themselves to rescue their bleeding country, or perish with her.

Liberty! thou art a prize truly, and indeed invaluable! for never canst thou be too dearly bought!

If my little ode has the honor of your lordship's approbation, it will gratify my highest ambition.

I have the honor to be, &c. R. B.

No. CCXXV.

TO CAPTAIN MILLER,

DALSWINTON.

Dear Sir,

The following ode is on a subject which I know you by no means regard with indifference. Oh, Liberty,

"Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day."

It does me much good to meet with a man whose honest bosom glows with the generous enthusiasm, the heroic daring of liberty, that I could not forbear sending you a composition of my own on the subject, which I really think is in my best manner.

I have the honor to be,
Dear Sir, &c. R. B.

[Captain Miller, the "sodger youth" of one of Burns' election ballads, was member of Parliament in those days for the Dumfries district of boroughs: he has long ago retired from both the House of Commons and the army, and lives at the Forest on Nithside, almost opposite Friar's Carse. He inherits, it is said, not a little of his father's sarcastic wit, and would have inherited the splendid estate of Dalswinton, but the vast outlay in the invention of steam-boats, improvements in the government packets, and experiments in artillery, reduced the family from great affluence.—ED.]

No. CCXXVI.

TO MRS. RIDDEL.

DEAR MADAM,

I MEANT to have called on you yesternight, but as I edged up to your box-door, the first object which greeted my view, was one of those lobster-coated puppies, sitting like another dragon, guarding the Hesperian fruit. On the conditions and capitulations you so obligingly offer, I shall certainly make my weather-beaten rustic phiz a part of your box furniture on Tuesday; when we may arrange the business of the visit.

Among the profusion of idle compliments, which insidious craft, or unmeaning folly, incessantly offer at your shrine—a shrine, how far exalted above such

adoration—permit me, were it but for rarity's sake, to pay you the honest tribute of a warm heart and an independent mind; and to assure you, that I am, thou most amiable, and most accomplished of thy sex, with the most respectful esteem, and fervent regard, thine, &c. R. B.

No. CCXXVII.

TO Mrs. RIDDEL.

I will wait on you, my ever-valued friend, but whether in the morning I am not sure. Sunday closes a period of our curst revenue business, and may probably keep me employed with my pen until noon. Fine employment for a poet's pen! There is a species of the human genius that I call *the ginhorse class:* what enviable dogs they are! Round, and round, and round they go,—Mundell's ox, that drives his cotton mill, is their exact prototype—without an idea or wish beyond their circle; fat, sleek, stupid, patient, quiet, and contented; while here I sit, altogether Novemberish, a d——d mélange of fretfulness and melancholy; not enough of the one to rouse me to passion, nor of the other to repose me in torpor; my soul flouncing and fluttering round her tenement, like a wild finch, caught amid the horrors of winter, and newly thrust into a cage. Well, I am persuaded that it was of me the Hebrew sage prophesied, when he foretold—"And behold, on whatsoever this man doth set his heart, it shall not prosper!" If my resentment is awakened, it is sure to be where it dare not squeak; and if— * * * * * *

Pray that wisdom and bliss be more frequent visitors of R. B.

No. CCXXVIII.

TO Mrs. RIDDEL.

I HAVE this moment got the song from Syme, and I am sorry to see that he has spoilt it a good deal. It shall be a lesson to me how I lend him any thing again.

I have sent you "Werter," truly happy to have any the smallest opportunity of obliging you.

'Tis true, Madam, I saw you once since I was at Woodlea; and that once froze the very life-blood of my heart. Your reception of me was such, that a wretch meeting the eye of his judge, about to pronounce sentence of death on him, could only have envied my feelings and situation. But I hate the theme, and never more shall write or speak on it.

One thing I shall proudly say, that I can pay Mrs. R. a higher tribute of esteem, and appreciate her amiable worth more truly, than any man whom I have seen approach her.

R. B.

No. CCXXIX.

TO Mrs. RIDDEL.

I HAVE often told you, my dear friend, that you had a spice of caprice in your composition, and you have as often disavowed it; even perhaps while your opinions were, at the moment, irrefragably proving it. Could *any thing* estrange me from a friend such as you?—No! To-morrow I shall have the honor of waiting on you.

Farewell, thou first of friends, and most accomplished of women; even with all thy little caprices!

R. B.

[Beauty is sometimes a little whimsical, and it is said that Mrs. Riddel gave the Bard the full benefit of the "caprice"

which he persists in saying was a part of her composition. She was no less sensible of his imperfections, but then she did not shut her eyes as many did on his high qualities, and chronicle nothing in her memory but that he was always

"Crazed wi' love or daized wi' drink."

ED.]

No. CCXXX.

TO MRS. RIDDEL.

MADAM,

I RETURN your common-place book. I have perused it with much pleasure, and would have continued my criticisms, but as it seems the critic has forfeited your esteem, his strictures must lose their value.

If it is true that "offences come only from the heart," before you I am guiltless. To admire, esteem, and prize you, as the most accomplished of women, and the first of friends—if these are crimes, I am the most offending thing alive.

In a face where I used to meet the kind complacency of friendly confidence, *now* to find cold neglect and contemptuous scorn—is a wrench that my heart can ill bear. It is, however, some kind of miserable good luck, that while *de haut-en-bas* rigor may depress an unoffending wretch to the ground, it has a tendency to rouse a stubborn something in his bosom, which, though it cannot heal the wounds of his soul, is at least an opiate to blunt their poignancy.

With the profoundest respect for your abilities; the most sincere esteem, and ardent regard, for your gentle heart and amiable manners; and the most fervent wish and prayer for your welfare, peace, and bliss, I have the honor to be, Madam, your most devoted humble servant, R. B.

[The offended lady, soothed by this submissive letter, readmitted the bard to her friendship. He found her, in the words of another minstrel,

"Forgiving all and good."

The language in which Burns commonly indulged, even in mixed companies, was racy and vigorous, scaring minds of small calibre, and giving occasion to the sensitive and the delicate to lament that he had not got his masculine intrepidity of speech tamed down by education and polished company.—Ed.]

No. CCXXXI.

TO JOHN SYME, Esq.

You know that among other high dignities, you have the honor to be my supreme court of critical judicature, from which there is no appeal. I enclose you a song which I composed since I saw you, and I am going to give you the history of it. Do you know that among much that I admire in the characters and manners of those great folks whom I have now the honor to call my acquaintances, the Oswald family, there is nothing charms me more than Mr. Oswald's unconcealable attachment to that incomparable woman. Did you ever, my dear Syme, meet with a man who owed more to the Divine Giver of all good things than Mr. O.? A fine fortune; a pleasing exterior; self-evident amiable dispositions, and an ingenuous upright mind, and that informed too, much beyond the usual run of young fellows of his rank and fortune: and to all this, such a woman!—but of her I shall say nothing at all, in despair of saying any thing adequate: in my song, I have endeavoured to do justice to what would be his feelings, on seeing in the scene I have drawn, the habitation of his Lucy. As I am a good deal pleased with my performance, I in my first fervor thought of sending it to Mrs. Oswald, but on second thoughts, perhaps what I offer as the honest incense of genuine respect, might, from the well known character of poverty and poetry, be construed into some modification or other of that servility which my soul abhors.

R. B.

[The song enclosed was that fine one beginning,

"O wat ye wha's in yon town,"

The oral communications of the Poet with his friend John Syme were numerous: not so his communications with the pen: they were for some years near neighbours, and intercourse by letter was unnecessary. In one of Cunningham's letters he says to Burns, "I lately received a letter from our friend Barncallie—what a charming fellow lost to society—born to great expectations—with superior abilities, a pure heart and untainted morals; his fate in life has been hard indeed." It was the fate of Syme to lose the estate of Barncallie in Galloway, which passed from the family at his father's death. Of his talents something has already been said: he was one of the most agreeable men in company that ever did honor to a toast—he was celebrated too for his wit, his wine, and his dinners; some of his epigrams were imputed to Burns. His wife, a very handsome woman, was a most affectionate mother—her chief pleasure lay in seeing her children healthy and her husband happy.—ED.]

No. CCXXXII.

TO MISS ———.

Dumfries, 1794.

MADAM,

NOTHING short of a kind of absolute necessity could have made me trouble you with this letter. Except my ardent and just esteem for your sense, taste, and worth, every sentiment arising in my breast, as I put pen to paper to you, is painful. The scenes I have passed with the friend of my soul, and his amiable connexions! the wrench at my heart to think that he is gone, for ever gone from me, never more to meet in the wanderings of a weary world! and the cutting reflection of all, that I had most unfortunately though most undeservedly, lost the confidence of that soul of worth ere it took its flight!

These, Madam, are sensations of no ordinary anguish.—However, you also may be offended with some

imputed improprieties of mine ; sensibility you know I possess, and sincerity none will deny me.

To oppose those prejudices which have been raised against me, is not the business of this letter. Indeed it is a warfare I know not how to wage. The powers of positive vice I can in some degree calculate, and against direct malevolence I can be on my guard ; but who can estimate the fatuity of giddy caprice, or ward off the unthinking mischief of precipitate folly ?

I have a favor to request of you, Madam ; and of your sister Mrs. ——, through your means. You know that, at the wish of my late friend, I made a collection of all my trifles in verse which I had ever written. They are many of them local, some of them puerile and silly, and all of them unfit for the public eye. As I have some little fame at stake, a fame that I trust may live when the hate of those who " watch for my halting," and the contumelious sneer of those whom accident has made my superiors, will, with themselves, be gone to the regions of oblivion ; I am uneasy now for the fate of those manuscripts— Will Mrs. —— have the goodness to destroy them, or return them to me ? As a pledge of friendship they were bestowed ; and that circumstance indeed was all their merit. Most unhappily for me, that merit they no longer possess ; and I hope that Mrs. ——'s goodness, which I well know, and ever will revere, will not refuse this favor to a man whom she once held in some degree of estimation.

With the sincerest esteem, I have the honor to be, Madam, &c. R. B.

[Burns, on several occasions, recalled both his letters and verses when on reflection he thought he had been too communicative and confiding. It is to be regretted that rhymes overwarm, and letters too open and out-spoken, should have found their way to the world.—Ed.]

No. CCXXXIII.

TO Mr. CUNNINGHAM.

25th February, 1794.

Canst thou minister to a mind diseased? Canst thou speak peace and rest to a soul tost on a sea of troubles, without one friendly star to guide her course, and dreading that the next surge may overwhelm her? Canst thou give to a frame, tremblingly alive as the tortures of suspense, the stability and hardihood of the rock that braves the blast? If thou canst not do the least of these, why wouldst thou disturb me in my miseries with thy inquiries after me?

* * * * * *

For these two months I have not been able to lift a pen. My constitution and frame were, *ab origine*, blasted with a deep incurable taint of hypochondria, which poisons my existence. Of late a number of domestic vexations, and some pecuniary share in the ruin of these cursed times; losses which, though trifling, were yet what I could ill bear, have so irritated me, that my feelings at times could only be envied by a reprobate spirit listening to the sentence that dooms it to perdition.

Are you deep in the language of consolation? I have exhausted in reflection every topic of comfort. *A heart at ease* would have been charmed with my sentiments and reasonings; but as to myself, I was like Judas Iscariot preaching the gospel; he might melt and mould the hearts of those around him, but his own kept its native incorrigibility.

Still there are two great pillars that bear us up, amid the wreck of misfortune and misery. The one is composed of the different modifications of a certain noble, stubborn something in man, known by the names of courage, fortitude, magnanimity. The

OTHER is made up of those feelings and sentiments, which, however the skeptic may deny them, or the enthusiast disfigure them, are yet, I am convinced, original and component parts of the human soul; those *senses of the mind*, if I may be allowed the expression, which connect us with, and link us to, those awful obscure realities—an all-powerful, and equally beneficent God; and a world to come beyond death and the grave. The first gives the nerve of combat, while a ray of hope beams on the field: the last pours the balm of comfort into the wounds which time can never cure.

I do not remember, my dear Cunningham, that you and I ever talked on the subject of religion at all. I know some who laugh at it, as the trick of the crafty FEW, to lead the undiscerning MANY; or at most as an uncertain obscurity, which mankind can never know any thing of, and with which they are fools if they give themselves much to do. Nor would I quarrel with a man for his irreligion, any more than I would for his want of a musical ear. I would regret that he was shut out from what, to me and to others, were such superlative sources of enjoyment. It is in this point of view, and for this reason, that I will deeply imbue the mind of every child of mine with religion. If my son should happen to be a man of feeling, sentiment, and taste, I shall thus add largely to his enjoyments. Let me flatter myself that this sweet little fellow, who is just now running about my desk, will be a man of a melting, ardent, glowing heart; and an imagination, delighted with the painter, and rapt with the poet. Let me figure him wandering out in a sweet evening, to inhale the balmy gales, and enjoy the growing luxuriance of the spring; himself the while in the blooming youth of life. He looks abroad on all nature, and through nature up to nature's God. His soul, by swift delighting degrees, is rapt above this

sublunary sphere until he can be silent no longer, and bursts out into the glorious enthusiasm of Thomson,

> "These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
> Are but the varied God.—The rolling year
> Is full of thee."

And so on in all the spirit and ardor of that charming hymn. These are no ideal pleasures, they are real delights; and I ask what of the delights among the sons of men are superior, not to say equal to them? And they have this precious, vast addition, that conscious virtue stamps them for their own; and lays hold on them to bring herself into the presence of a witnessing, judging, and approving God.

R. B.

[The religious enthusiasm of Burns was reasonable and practical: he was no believer in the efficacy of faith without works, and regarded all claims to devotion which were not founded on the charities of life with suspicion. That he had his moments of doubt and fear it is true; he had too much knowledge to be presumptuous.—ED.]

No. CCXXXIV.

TO THE EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

May, 1794.

MY LORD,

WHEN you cast your eye on the name at the bottom of this letter, and on the title-page of the book I do myself the honor to send your lordship, a more pleasurable feeling than my vanity tells me, that it must be a name not entirely unknown to you The generous patronage of your late illustrious brother found me in the lowest obscurity: he introduced my rustic muse to the partiality of my country; and to him I owe all. My sense of his goodness, and the anguish of my soul

at losing my truly noble protector and friend, I have endeavoured to express in a poem to his memory, which I have now published. This edition is just from the press; and in my gratitude to the dead, and my respect for the living (fame belies you, my lord, if you possess not the same dignity of man, which was your noble brother's characteristic feature), I had destined a copy for the Earl of Glencairn. I learnt just now that you are in town:—allow me to present it you.

I know, my lord, such is the vile, venal contagion which pervades the world of letters, that professions of respect from an author, particularly from a poet, to a lord, are more than suspicious. I claim my by-past conduct, and my feelings at this moment, as exceptions to the too just conclusion. Exalted as are the honors of your lordship's name, and unnoted as is the obscurity of mine; with the uprightness of an honest man, I come before your lordship, with an offering, however humble, 'tis all I have to give, of my grateful respect; and to beg of you, my lord,—'tis all I have to ask of you, that you will do me the honor accept of it.

I have the honor to be, R. B.

[The original letter is in the possession of the Honorable Mrs. Holland, of Poynings. From a memorandum on the back, it appears to have been written in May, 1794.—Ed.]

No. CCXXXV.

TO DR. ANDERSON.

Sir,

I am much indebted to my worthy friend Dr. Blacklock for introducing me to a gentleman of Dr. Andersons's celebrity; but when you do me the honor to ask my assistance in your proposed publication, Alas,

Sir! you might as well think to cheapen a little honesty at the sign of an advocate's wig, or humility under the Geneva band. I am a miserable hurried devil, worn to the marrow in the friction of holding the noses of the poor publicans to the grindstone of the Excise! and like Milton's Satan, for private reasons, am forced

"*To do what yet tho' damn'd I would abhor.*

—and except a couplet or two of honest execration

* * * * * * R. B.

[Dr. Robert Anderson was one of the kindest and most benevolent authors of his time: his door was never shut against the deserving, and he held out his hand to almost all young literary aspirants. He was one of the first to discover the genius of Campbell, and the poet acknowledged his discernment in a dedication. He has been for some time numbered with the dead.—Ed.]

No. CCXXXVI.

TO DAVID MACCULLOCH, Esq.

Dumfries, 21st. June, 1794.

My Dear Sir,

My long projected journey through your country is at last fixed: and on Wednesday next, if you have nothing of more importance to do, take a saunter down to Gatehouse about two or three o'clock, I shall be happy to take a draught of M'Kune's best with you. Collector Syme will be at Glens about that time, and will meet us about dish-of-tea hour. Syme goes also to Kerroughtree, and let me remind you of your kind promise to accompany me there, I will need all the friends I can muster, for I am indeed ill at ease whenever I approach your honorables and right honorables.

Yours, sincerely, R. B.

[The endorsement on the back of the original letter shows what is felt about Burns in far lands.

"Given to me by David M'Culloch, Penang, 1810.
A. FRASER."

"Received 15th December, 1823, in Calcutta, from Captain Fraser's widow by me, Thomas Rankine."

"Transmitted to Archibald Hastie, London; March 27th, 1824, from Bombay."—ED.]

No. CCXXXVII.

TO MRS. DUNLOP.

Castle Douglas, 25th June, 1794.

HERE in a solitary inn, in a solitary village, am I set by myself, to amuse my brooding fancy as I may.—Solitary confinement you know is Howard's favorite idea of reclaiming sinners; so let me consider by what fatality it happens that I have so long been exceeding sinful as to neglect the correspondence of the most valued friend I have on earth. To tell you that I have been in poor health will not be excuse enough, though it is true. I am afraid that I am about to suffer for the follies of my youth. My medical friends threaten me with a flying gout; but I trust they are mistaken.

I am just going to trouble your critical patience with the first sketch of a stanza I have been framing as I passed along the road. The subject is Liberty: you know, my honored friend, how dear the theme is to me. I design it an irregular ode for General Washington's birth-day. After having mentioned the degeneracy of other kingdoms I come to Scotland thus:—

"Thee, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among;
Thee, famed for martial deed and sacred song,
To thee I turn with swimming eyes;
Where is that soul of freedom fled?
Immingled with the mighty dead!

Beneath the hallowed turf where Wallace lies,
Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death,
Ye babbling winds in silence sweep,
Disturb ye not the hero's sleep."

(*Vol. II. page* 166.)

with the additions of

"That arm which nerved with thundering fate,
Braved usurpation's boldest daring!
One quenched in darkness like the sinking star,
And one the palsied arm of tottering powerless age."

You will probably have another scrawl from me in a stage or two. R. B.

No. CCXXXVIII.

TO Mr. JAMES JOHNSON.

Dumfries, 1794.

My dear Friend,

You should have heard from me long ago; but over and above some vexatious share in the pecuniary losses of these accursed times, I have all this winter been plagued with low spirits and blue devils, so that *I have almost hung my harp on the willow trees.*

I am just now busy correcting a new edition of my poems, and this with my ordinary business, finds me in full employment.

I send you by my friend Mr. Wallace forty-one songs for your fifth volume; if we cannot finish it any other way, what would you think of Scots words to some beautiful Irish airs? In the mean time, at your leisure, give a copy of the Museum to my worthy friend, Mr. Peter Hill, bookseller, to bind for me, interleaved with blank leaves, exactly as he did the Laird of Glenriddel's, that I may insert every anecdote I can learn, together with my own criticisms and remarks on the songs. A copy of this kind I shall leave with you, the editor, to publish at some after

period, by way of making the Museum a book famous to the end of time, and you renowned for ever.

I have got a highland dirk, for which I have great veneration; as it once was the dirk of *Lord Balmerino*. It fell into bad hands, who stripped it of the silver mounting, as well as the knife and fork. I have some thoughts of sending it to your care, to get it mounted anew.

Thank you for the copies of my Volunteer Ballad. —Our friend Clarke has done *indeed* well! 'tis chaste and beautiful. I have not met with any thing that has pleased me so much. You know I am no Connoisseur: but that I am an Amateur—will be allowed me. R. B.

["Burns' anxiety with regard to the correctness of his writings was very great. Being questioned as to his mode of composition, he replied, 'All my poetry is the effect of easy composition, but of *laborious correction*.'"—CROMEK.]

CCXXXIX.

TO PETER MILLER, JUN. ESQ.

OF DALSWINTON.

Dumfries, Nov. 1794.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR offer is indeed truly generous, and most sincerely do I thank you for it; but in my present situation, I find that I dare not accept it. You well know my political sentiments; and were I an insular individual, unconnected with a wife and a family of children, with the most fervid enthusiasm I would have volunteered my services: I then could and would have despised all consequences that might have ensued.

My prospect in the Excise is something ; at least, it is, encumbered as I am with the welfare, the very existence, of near half-a-score of helpless individuals, what I dare not sport with.

In the mean time, they are most welcome to my Ode ; only, let them insert it as a thing they have met with by accident and unknown to me.—Nay, if Mr. Perry, whose honor, after your character of him I cannot doubt ; if he will give me an address and channel by which any thing will come safe from those spies with which he may be certain that his correspondence is beset, I will now and then send him any bagatelle that I may write. In the present hurry of Europe, nothing but news and politics will be regarded: but against the days of peace, which Heaven send soon, my little assistance may perhaps fill up an idle column of a newspaper. I have long had it in my head to try my hand in the way of little prose essays, which I propose sending into the world through the medium of some newspaper; and should these be worth his while, to these Mr. Perry shall be welcome ; and all my reward shall be, his treating me with his paper, which, by the by, to any body who has the least relish for wit, is a high treat indeed.

With the most greatful esteem, I am ever,

Dear Sir, R. B.

[" In a conversation with his friend Mr. Perry, (the proprietor of ' The Morning Chronicle,' Mr. Miller represented to that gentleman the insufficiency of Burns' salary to answer the imperious demands of a numerous family. In their sympathy for his misfortunes, and in their regret that his talents were nearly lost to the world of letters, these gentlemen agreed on the plan of settling him in London. To accomplish this most desirable object, Mr. Perry very spiritedly made the Poet a handsome offer of an annual stipend for the exercise of his talents in his newspaper. Burns' reasons for refusing this offer are stated in the present letter."—CROMEK.]

No. CCXL.

TO Mr. SAMUEL CLARKE, Jun.

DUMFRIES.

Sunday Morning.

Dear Sir,

I was, I know, drunk last night, but I am sober this morning. From the expressions Capt. ——— made use of to me, had I had nobody's welfare to care for but my own, we should certainly have come, according to the manners of the world, to the necessity of murdering one another about the business. The words were such as, generally, I believe, end in a brace of pistols; but I am still pleased to think that I did not ruin the peace and welfare of a wife and a family of children in a drunken squabble. Farther you know that the report of certain political opinions being mine, has already once before brought me to the brink of destruction. I dread lest last night's business may be misrepresented in the same way.—You, I beg, will take care to prevent it. I tax your wish for Mr. Burns' welfare with the task of waiting as soon as possible, on every gentleman who was present, and state this to him, and, as you please, show him this etter. What, after all, was the obnoxious toast? "May our success in the present war be equal to the justice of our cause."—A toast that the most outrageous frenzy of loyalty cannot object to. I request and beg that this morning you will wait on the parties present at the foolish dispute. I shall only add, that I am truly sorry that a man who stood so high in my estimation as Mr. ——, should use me in the manner in which I conceive he has done.

R. B.

[At this period of our Poet's life, when political animosity was made the ground of private quarrel, the following foolish

verses were sent as an attack on Burns and his friends for their political opinions. They were written by some member of a club styling themselves the Loyal Natives of Dumfries, or rather by the united genius of that club, which was more distinguished for drunken loyalty, than either for respectability or poetical talent. The verses were handed over the table to Burns at a convivial meeting, and he instantly indorsed the subjoined reply.

THE LOYAL NATIVES' VERSES.

"Ye sons of sedition give ear to my song,
Let Syme, Burns, and Maxwell, pervade every throng,
With Craken the attorney, and Mundell the quack,
Send Willie the monger to hell with a smack."

BURNS—*Extempore.*

"Ye true 'Loyal Natives,' attend to my song,
In uproar and riot rejoice the night long;
From *envy* and hatred your corps is exempt;
But where is your shield from the *darts of contempt*?"

CROMEK.]

No. CCXL.

TO MRS. RIDDEL.

Supposes himself to be writing from the Dead to the Living.

MADAM,

I DARE say that this is the first epistle you ever received from this nether world. I write you from the regions of hell, amid the horrors of the damned. The time and manner of my leaving your earth I do not exactly know, as I took my departure in the heat of a fever of intoxication, contracted at your too hospitable mansion; but, on my arrival here, I was fairly tried, and sentenced to endure the purgatorial tortures of this infernal confine for the space of ninety-nine years, eleven months, and twenty-nine days, and all on account of the impropriety of my conduct yesternight under your roof. Here am I, laid on a bed of pitiless furze, with my aching head re-

clined on a pillow of ever-piercing thorn, while an infernal tormentor, wrinkled, and old, and cruel, his name I think is *Recollection*, with a whip of scorpions, forbids peace or rest to approach me, and keeps anguish eternally awake. Still, Madam, if I could in any measure be reinstated in the good opinion of the fair circle whom my conduct last night so much injured, I think it would be an alleviation to my torments. For this reason I trouble you with this letter. To the men of the company I will make no apology. —Your husband, who insisted on my drinking more than I chose, has no right to blame me; and the other gentlemen were partakers of my guilt. But to you, Madam, I have much to apologize. Your good opinion I valued as one of the greatest acquisitions I had made on earth, and I was truly a beast to forfeit it. There was a Miss I—— too, a woman of fine sense, gentle and unassuming manners—do make on my part, a miserable d——d wretch's best apology to her. A Mrs. G——, a charming woman, did me the honor to be prejudiced in my favor; this makes me hope that I have not outraged her beyond all forgiveness. —To all the other ladies please present my humblest contrition for my conduct, and my petition for their gracious pardon. O all ye powers of decency and decorum! whisper to them that my errors, though great, were involuntary—that an intoxicated man is the vilest of beasts—that it was not in my nature to be brutal to any one—that to be rude to a woman, when in my senses, was impossible with me—but—

* * * * * *

Regret! Remorse! Shame! ye three hellhounds that ever dog my steps and bay at my heels, spare me! spare me!

Forgive the offences, and pity the perdition of, Madam, your humble slave,

R. B.

No. CCXLII.

TO Mrs. RIDDEL.

Mr. Burns's compliments to Mrs. Riddel—is much obliged to her for her polite attention in sending him the book. Owing to Mr. B. being at present acting as supervisor of excise, a department that occupies his every hour of the day, he has not that time to spare which is necessary for any belle-lettre pursuit; but, as he will, in a week or two, again return to his wonted leisure, he will then pay that attention to Mrs. R.'s beautiful song, "To thee, loved Nith"—which it so well deserves. When "Anacharsis' Travels" come to hand, which Mrs. Riddel mentioned as her gift to the public library, Mr. B. will feel honored by the indulgence of a perusal of them before presentation: it is a book he has never yet seen, and the regulations of the library allow too little leisure for deliberate reading.

Friday Evening.

P. S. Mr. Burns will be much obliged to Mrs. Riddel if she will favor him with a perusal of any of her poetical pieces which he may not have seen.

Dumfries, 1795.

[I am indebted to my friend Sir Andrew Halliday for this characteristic note. He is now in the West Indies, and will not likely see this edition of his favorite poet till all the volumes have issued from the press. When he opens it he will observe how much use I have made of the many interesting conversations with which he indulged me—his taste is as true as his heart is warm—and in all matters connected with the history and literature of Scotland, I have never found him at a loss. In the song of "To thee loved Nith," alluded to by the the Poet, there are some fine verses.

"And now your banks and bonnie braes
But waken sad remembrance' smart:
The very shades I held most dear
Now strike fresh anguish to my heart:

Deserted bowers! where are they now?
Ah! where the garlands that I wove
With faithful care—each morn to deck
The altars of ungrateful love.

"The flowers of spring how gay they bloomed
When last with him I wandered here,
The flowers of spring are past away
For wintry horrors dark and drear.
Yon osier'd stream by whose lone banks
My songs have lulled him oft to rest
Is now in icy fetters locked—
Cold as my false love's frozen breast."—ED.]

No. CCXLIII.

TO MISS FONTENELLE.

Dumfries, 1795.

MADAM,

IN such a bad world as ours, those who add to the scanty sum of our pleasures are positively our benefactors. To you, Madam, on our humble Dumfries' boards, I have been more indebted for entertainment than ever I was in prouder theatres. Your charms as a woman would ensure applause to the most indifferent actress, and your theatrical talents would ensure admiration to the plainest figure. This, Madam, is not the unmeaning or insidious compliment of the frivolous or interested; I pay it from the same honest impulse that the sublime of nature excites my admiration, or her beauties give me delight.

Will the foregoing lines * be of any service to you in your approaching benefit night? If they will I shall be prouder of my muse than ever. They are nearly extempore: I know they have no great merit; but though they should add but little to the entertainment of the evening, they give me the happiness of an opportunity to declare how much I have the honor to be, &c.

R. B.

* Vide Vol. II. page 173.

No. CCXLIV.

TO Mrs. DUNLOP.

15th December, 1795.

My Dear Friend,

As I am in a complete Decemberish humor, gloomy, sullen, stupid, as even the deity of dulness herself could wish, I shall not drawl out a heavy letter with a number of heavier apologies for my late silence. Only one I shall mention, because I know you will sympathize in it; these four months, a sweet little girl, my youngest child, has been so ill, that every day, a week or less threatened to terminate her existence. There had much need be many pleasures annexed to the states of husband and father, for, God knows, they have many peculiar cares. I cannot describe to you the anxious, sleepless hours these ties frequently give me. I see a train of helpless little folks; me and my exertions all their stay: and on what a brittle thread does the life of man hang! If I am nipt off at the command of fate! even in all the vigor of manhood as I am—such things happen every day—Gracious God! what would become of my little flock! 'Tis here that I envy your people of fortune.—A father on his deathbed taking an everlasting leave of his children has indeed woe enough; but the man of competent fortune leaves his sons and daughters independency and friends; while I—but I shall run distracted if I think any longer on the subject!

To leave talking of the matter so gravely, I shall sing with the old Scots ballad—

"O that I had ne'er been married,
I would never had nae care;
Now I've gotten a wife and bairns,
They cry crowdie! evermair.
"Crowdie! ance! crowdie! twice;
Crowdie! three times in a day;
An ye, crowdie! ony mair,
Ye'll crowdie! a' my meal away."

* * * * * *

December 24th.

We have had a brilliant theatre here this season; only, as all other business does, it experiences a stagnation of trade from the epidemical complaint of the country, *want of cash.* I mentioned our theatre merely to lug in an occasional Address which I wrote for the benefit night of one of the actresses, and which is as follows—

ADDRESS,

SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE ON HER BENEFIT-NIGHT, DEC. 4, 1795, AT THE THEATRE, DUMFRIES.

"Still anxious to secure your partial favor."

(*Vide Vol. II. p.* 173.)

25th, Christmas Morning.

This, my much-loved friend, is a morning of wishes; accept mine—so Heaven hear me as they are sincere! that blessings may attend your steps, and affliction know you not! In the charming words of my favorite author, "The Man of Feeling," "May the Great Spirit bear up the weight of thy grey hairs, and blunt the arrow that brings them rest!"

Now that I talk of authors, how do you like Cowper? Is not the "Task" a glorious poem? The religion of the "Task," bating a few scraps of Calvinistic divinity, is the religion of God and Nature; the religion that exalts, that ennobles man. Were not you to send me your "Zeluco" in return for mine? Tell me how you like my marks and notes through the book. I would not give a farthing for a book, unless I were at liberty to blot it with my criticisms.

I have lately collected, for a friend's perusal, all my letters; I mean those which I first sketched, in a rough draught, and afterwards wrote out fair. On looking over some old musty papers, which, from time to time I had parcelled by, as trash that were scarce worth preserving, and which yet at the same time I did not care to destroy; I discovered many of these rude

sketches, and have written, and am writing them out in a bound MS. for my friend's library. As I wrote always to you the rhapsody of the moment, I cannot find a single scroll to you, except one, about the commencement of our acquaintance. If there were any possible conveyance, I would send you a perusal of my book.

R. B.

[Burns generally carried Cowper's "Task" in his pocket, and took it out when he found himself in a lonely road, or in a brewhouse where he had to wait sometimes to "guage the browst." The copy which he used was one lent to him by Mrs. Dunlop, he enriched the margins with notes, critical and commendatory, and from the number of the marks and the frequency of the praise, it appears that the English bard was a great favorite. This precious volume was after the death of the Poet placed in the library at Dunlop: but the family carrying it with them one winter to Edinburgh, it was unfortunately destroyed by fire, along with other volumes which had been in the hands of Burns, and attested equally his feelings and taste. —ED.]

No. CCXLV.

TO MR. ALEXANDER FINDLATER,

SUPERVISOR OF EXCISE, DUMFRIES.

SIR,

ENCLOSED are the two schemes. I would not have troubled you with the collector's one, but for suspicion lest it be not right. Mr. Erskine promised me to make it right, if you will have the goodness to show him how. As I have no copy of the scheme for myself, and the alterations being very considerable from what it was formerly, I hope that I shall have access to this scheme I send you, when I come to face up my new books. *So much for schemes.*—And that no scheme to betray a FRIEND, or mislead a STRANGER; to se-

duce a YOUNG GIRL, or rob a HEN-ROOST to subvert LIBERTY, or bribe an EXCISEMAN; to disturb the GENERAL ASSEMBLY, or annoy a GOSSIPPING; to overthrow the credit of ORTHODOXY, or the authority of OLD SONGS; to oppose *your wishes*, or frustrate *my hopes*—MAY PROSPER—is the sincere wish and prayer of R. B.

No. CCXLVI.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

Dumfries, 1795.

SIR,

YOU will see by your subscribers' list, that I have been about nine months of that number.

I am sorry to inform you, that in that time, seven or eight of your papers either have never been sent me, or else have never reached me. To be deprived of any one number of the first newspaper in Great Britain for information, ability, and independence is, what I can ill brook and bear; but to be deprived of that most admirable oration of the Marquis of Lansdowne, when he made the great, though ineffectual attempt, (in the language of the poet, I fear too true,) "to save a SINKING STATE"—this was a loss that I neither can, nor will forgive you.—That paper, Sir, never reached me; but I demand it of you. I am a BRITON; and must be interested in the cause of LIBERTY:—I am a MAN; and the RIGHTS of HUMAN NATURE cannot be indifferent to me. However, do not let me mislead you: I am not a man in that situation of life, which, as your subscriber, can be of any consequence to you in the eyes of those to whom SITUATION OF LIFE ALONE is the criterion of MAN.—I am but a plain tradesman, in this distant, obscure country town! but

that humble domicile in which I shelter my wife and children, is the CASTELLUM of a BRITON; and that scanty, hard-earned income which supports them, is as truly my property, as the most magnificent fortune, of the most PUISSANT MEMBER of your HOUSE of NOBLES.

These, Sir, are my sentiments; and to them I subscribe my name: and were I a man of ability and consequence enough to address the PUBLIC, with that name should they appear.

I am, &c.

["This letter," says Cromek, "owes its origin to the following circumstance. A neighbour of the Poet's at Dumfries, called on him and complained that he had been greatly disappointed in the irregular delivery of the paper of *The Morning Chronicle*. Burns asked, 'Why do you not write to the Editors of the Paper?' Good God, Sir, can *I* presume to write to the learned Editors of a Newsuaper?—Well, if *you* are afraid of writing to the Editors of a Newspaper, *I* am not; and if you think proper, I'll draw up a sketch of a letter, which you may copy.

Burns tore a leaf from his excise book, and instantly produced the sketch which I have transcribed, and which is here printed. The poor man thanked him, and took the letter home. However, that caution which the watchfulness of his enemies had taught him to exercise, prompted him to the prudence of begging a friend to wait on the person for whom it was written, and request the favor to have it returned. This request was complied with, and the paper never appeared in print."

James Perry, editor and proprietor of the Morning Chronicle, was one of the most intelligent and enterprising of British journalists. He considered himself to be a sound old Whig, and by his satiric sallies and sharp scrutiny of public men and motives was as a thistle and a thorn to the Tories for a full quarter of a century. He was one of the first in giving interest and importance to

"The folio of four pages,"

which it has maintained and more than maintained since. Perry was a native of Aberdeen: he was social and friendly and held fast by his integrity, during very trying and changeful times.—ED.]

No. CCXLVII.

TO COLONEL W. DUNBAR.

I AM not gone to Elysium, most noble Colonel, but am still here in this sublunary world, serving my God by propagating his image, and honoring my king by begetting him loyal subjects. Many happy returns of the season await my friend! May the thorns of care never beset his path! May peace be an inmate of his bosom, and rapture a frequent visitor of his soul! May the blood-hounds of misfortune never trace his steps, nor the screech-owl of sorrow alarm his dwelling! May enjoyment tell thy hours, and pleasure number thy days, thou friend of the Bard! Blessed be he that blesseth thee, and cursed be he that curseth thee!

[William Dunbar was one of the Edinburgh friends of the Poet; and Colonel of the Crochallan Fencibles—a club of choice Spirits, whose motto was wit and wine.—ED.]

No. CCXLVIII.

TO MR HERON,

OF HERON.

Dumfries, 1794, or 1795.

SIR,

I ENCLOSE you some copies of a couple of political ballads; one of which, I believe, you have never seen. Would to Heaven I could make you master of as many votes in the Stewartry--but—

"Who does the utmost that he can,
Does well, acts nobly, angels could no more."

In order to bring my humble efforts to bear with more effect on the foe, I have privately printed a

good many copies of both ballads, and have sent them among friends all about the country.

To pillory or Parnassus the rank reprobation of character, the utter dereliction of all principle, in a profligate junto which has not only outraged virtue, but violated common decency; which, spurning even hypocrisy as paltry iniquity below their daring;—to unmask their flagitiousness to the broadest day—to deliver such over to their merited fate, is surely not merely innocent, but laudable; is not only propriety, but virtue. You have already, as your auxiliary, the sober detestation of mankind on the heads of your opponents; and I swear by the lyre of Thalia to muster on your side all the votaries of honest laughter, and fair, candid ridicule!

I am extremely obliged to you for your kind mention of my interests in a letter which Mr. Syme showed me. At present my situation in life must be in a great measure stationary, at least for two or three years. The statement is this—I am on the supervisors' list, and as we come on there by precedency, in two or three years I shall be at the head of that list, and be appointed *of course*. *Then*, a FRIEND might be of service to me in getting me into a place of the kingdom which I would like. A supervisor's income varies from about a hundred and twenty to two hundred a year; but the business is an incessant drudgery, and would be nearly a complete bar to every species of literary pursuit. The moment I am appointed supervisor, in the common routine, I may be nominated on the collector's list; and this is always a business purely of political patronage. A collectorship varies much, from better than two hundred a year to near a thousand. They also come forward by precedency on the list; and have, besides a handsome income, a life of complete leisure. A life of literary leisure with a decent competency, is the summit of my wishes. It

would be the prudish affectation of silly pride in me to say that I do not need, or would not be indebted to a political friend; at the same time, Sir, I by no means lay my affairs before you thus, to hook my dependant situation on your benevolence. If, in my progress of life, an opening should occur where the good offices of a gentleman of your public character and political consequence might bring me forward, I shall petition your goodness with the same frankness as I now do myself the honor to subscribe myself, R. B.

[Part of this letter was printed by Currie; the whole was published in the Reliques by Cromek. In the note on the Election Ballad; a mistake was made, which the editor sought to repair in his observations on the song to the air of the Banks of Cree: he had no wish to give pain, and certainly no desire to say what was untrue. Patrick Heron, to whom this letter is addressed, died, as all his friends would desire to die—in bed, at peace with himself and with mankind.—ED.]

No. CCXLIX.

TO MRS. DUNLOP.

IN LONDON.

Dumfries, 20th, December, 1795.

I HAVE been prodigiously disappointed in this London journey of yours. In the first place, when your last to me reached Dumfries, I was in the country, and did not return until too late to answer your letter; in the next place, I thought you would certainly take this route; and now I know not what is become of you, or whether this may reach you at all.—God grant that it may find you and yours in prospering health and good spirits! Do let me hear from you the soonest possible.

As I hope to get a frank from my friend Captain Miller, I shall every leisure hour, take up the pen, and

gossip away whatever comes first, prose or poetry, sermon or song. In this last article I have abounded of late. I have often mentioned to you a superb publication of Scottish Songs, which is making its appearance in your great metropolis, and where I have the honor to preside over the Scottish verse, as no less a personage than Peter Pindar does over the English.

December 29th.

Since I began this letter, I have been appointed to act in the capacity of supervisor here, and I assure you, what with the load of business, and what with that business being new to me, I could scarcely have commanded ten minutes to have spoken to you, had you been in town, much less to have written you an epistle. This appointment is only temporary, and during the illness of the present incumbent; but I look forward to an early period when I shall be appointed in full form: a consummation devoutly to be wished! My political sins seem to be forgiven me.

This is the season (New year's-day is now my date) of wishing; and mine are most fervently offered up for you! May life to you be a positive blessing while it lasts, for your own sake; and that it may yet be greatly prolonged, is my wish for my own sake and for the sake of the rest of your friends! What a transient business is life! Very lately I was a boy; but t'other day I was a young man; and I already begin to feel the rigid fibre and stiffening joints of old age coming fast o'er my frame. With all my follies of youth, and I fear, a few vices of manhood, still I congratulate myself on having had in early days religion strongly impressed on my mind. I have nothing to say to any one as to which sect he belongs to, or what creed he believes: but I look on the man, who is firmly persuaded of Infinite Wisdom and Goodness, superintending and directing every circumstance that can happen in his lot—I felicitate such a man as having a solid foundation for

his mental enjoyment; a firm prop and sure stay, in the hour of difficulty, trouble, and distress; and a never-failing anchor of hope, when he looks beyond the grave.

January 12th.

You will have seen our worthy and ingenious friend the Doctor long ere this. I hope he is well, and beg to be remembered to him. I have just been reading over again, I dare say for the hundred and fiftieth time, his *View of Society and Manners;* and still I read it with delight. His humor is perfectly original—it is neither the humor of Addison, nor Swift, nor Sterne, nor of any body but Dr. Moore. By the by, you have deprived me of *Zeluco*, remember that, when you are disposed to rake up the sins of my neglect from among the ashes of my laziness.

He has paid me a pretty compliment, by quoting me in his last publication.*

R. B.

* * * * * *

No. CCL.

Address of the Scotch Distillers

to

THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM PITT.

Sir,

While pursy burgesses crowd your gate, sweating under the weight of heavy addresses, permit us, the quondam distillers in that part of Great Britain called Scotland, to approach you, not with venal approbation, but with fraternal condolence; not as what you are just now, or for some time have been; but as what, in all probability, you will shortly be.—We shall have the merit of not deserting our friends in the day of

* "Edward."

their calamity, and you will have the satisfaction of perusing at least one honest address. You are well acquainted with the dissection of human nature; nor do you need the assistance of a fellow-creature's bosom to inform you, that man is always a selfish, often a perfidious, being.—This assertion, however the hasty conclusions of superficial observation may doubt of it, or the raw inexperience of youth may deny it, those who make the fatal experiment we have done, will feel.—You are a statesman, and consequently are not ignorant of the traffic of these corporation compliments.—The little great man who drives the borough to market, and the very great man who buys the borough in that market, they two do the whole business; and you well know, they, likewise, have their price. With that sullen disdain which you can so well assume, rise, illustrious Sir, and spurn these hireling efforts of venal stupidity. At best they are the compliments of a man's friends on the morning of his execution: they take a decent farewell; resign you to your fate; and hurry away from your approaching hour.

If fame say true, and omens be not very much mistaken, you are about to make your exit from that world where the sun of gladness gilds the paths of prosperous men: permit us, great Sir, with the sympathy of fellow-feeling to hail your passage to the realms of ruin.

Whether the sentiment proceed from the selfishness or cowardice of mankind is immaterial; but to point out to a child of misfortune those who are still more unhappy, is to give him some degree of positive enjoyment. In this light, Sir, our downfal may be again useful to you:—Though not exactly in the same way, it is not perhaps the first time it has gratified your feelings. It is true, the triumph of your evil star is exceedingly despiteful. At an age when others are

the votaries of pleasure, or underlings in business, you had attained the highest wish of a British statesman; and with the ordinary date of human life, what a prospect was before you! Deeply rooted in *Royal Favor*, you overshadowed the land. The birds of passage, which follow ministerial sunshine through every clime of political faith and manners, flocked to your branches; and the beasts of the field (the lordly possessors of hills and valleys), crowded under your shade. "But behold a watcher, a holy one came down from heaven, and cried aloud, and said thus: Hew down the tree, and cut off his branches; shake off his leaves, and scatter his fruit; let the beasts get away from under it, and the fowls from his branches!" A blow from an unthought-of quarter, one of those terrible accidents which peculiarly mark the hand of Omnipotence, overset your career, and laid all your fancied honors in the dust. But turn your eyes, Sir, to the tragic scenes of our fate.—An ancient nation that for many ages had gallantly maintained the unequal struggle for independence with her much more powerful neighbour, at last agrees to a union which should ever after make them one people. In consideration of certain circumstances, it was covenanted that the former should enjoy a stipulated alleviation in her share of the public burdens, particularly in that branch of the revenue called the Excise. This just privilege has late of given great umbrage to some interested, powerful individuals of the more potent part of the empire, and they have spared no wicked pains, under insidious pretexts, to subvert what they dared not openly to attack, from the dread which they yet entertained of the spirit of their ancient enemies.

In this conspiracy we fell; nor did we alone suffer, our country was deeply wounded. A number of (we will say) respectable individuals, largly engaged in trade, where we were not only useful but absolutely

necessary to our country in her dearest interests; we, with all that ways near and dear to us, were sacrificed without remorse, to the infernal deity of political expediency! We fell to gratify the wishes of dark envy, and the views of unprincipled ambition! Your foes, Sir, were avowed; were too brave to take an ungenerous advantage; *you* fell in the face of day.—On the contrary, our enemies, to complete our overthrow, contrived to make their guilt appear the villany of a nation.—Your downfal only drags with you your private friends and partisans: in our misery are more or less involved the most numerous and most valuable part of the community—all those who immediately depend on the cultivation of the soil, from the landlord of a province, down to his lowest hind.

Allow us, Sir, yet farther, just to hint at another rich vein of comfort in the dreary regions of adversity;—the gratulations of an approving conscience. In a certain great assembly, of which you are a distinguished member, panegyrics on your private virtues have so often wounded your delicacy, that we shall not distress you with any thing on the subject. There is, however, one part of your public conduct which our feelings will not permit us to pass in silence; our gratitude must trespass on your modesty; we mean, worthy Sir, your whole behaviour to the Scots Distillers.—In evil hours, when obtrusive recollection presses bitterly on the sense, let that, Sir, come like an healing angel, and speak the peace to your soul which the world can neither give nor take away.

We have the honor to be,
Sir,
Your sympathizing fellow-sufferers,
And grateful humble Servants,
JOHN BARLEYCORN—Præses.

[This ironical Address was found among the Papers of the Poet. In evil hours when obtrusive recollections pressed bitterly on the sense, perhaps the remembrance of having aided in crushing the great and glorious spirit of Burns came with no healing on its wings across the mind of Pitt. The success of Napoleon avenged the sufferings of the bard: nor has the memory of the late Lord Melville escaped without reproach. When the copy-wright of Burns' poems was debated in the House of Lords in 1812, Earl Grey dwelt upon the sinfulness of having neglected such a genius, and assigned to Lord Melville a greater share in starving him than some of his lordship's friends seemed to relish.—ED.]

No. CCLI.

TO THE

HON. THE PROVOST, BAILIES, AND TOWN COUNCIL OF DUMFRIES.

GENTLEMEN,

THE literary taste and liberal spirit of your good town has so ably filled the various departments of your schools, as to make it a very great object for a parent to have his children educated in them. Still to me, a stranger, with my large family, and very stinted income, to give my young ones that education I wish, at the high school fees which a stranger pays, will bear hard upon me.

Some years ago your good town did me the honor of making me an honorary Burgess.—Will you allow me to request that this mark of distinction may extend so far, as to put me on a footing of a real freeman of the town, in the schools?

If you are so very kind as to grant my request, it will certainly be a constant incentive to me to strain every nerve where I can officially serve you; and will if possible, increase that grateful respect with which I have the honor to be,

Gentlemen,

Your devoted humble Servant, R. B.

[The Provost and Bailies complied at once with the humble request of the Poet: he was induced to make it through the persuasions of James Gray and Thomas White, Masters of the Grammar School of Dumfries. These were not ordinary men: the "Sabbath among the Mountains," and the "Cona" of the former, show much poetic feeling, while the mathematical discoveries of the latter give him a station among the followers of science. Gray, an accomplished scholar, ardent and enthusiastic, died in the East Indies: White, equally ardent and impetuous remained at home. Their memories are still held in grateful remembrance on the Banks of Nith.—ED.]

No. CCLII.

TO MRS. RIDDEL.

Dumfries, 20th January, 1796.

I CANNOT express my gratitude to you for allowing me a longer perusal of "Anacharsis." In fact, I never met with a book that bewitched me so much; and I, as a member of the library, must warmly feel the obligation you have laid us under. Indeed to me, the obligation is stronger than to any other individual of our society; as "Anacharsis" is an indispensable desideratum to a son of the Muses.

The health you wished me in your morning's card is, I think, flown from me for ever. I have not been able to leave my bed to-day till about an hour ago. These wickedly unlucky advertisements I lent (I did wrong) to a friend, and I am ill able to go in quest of him.

The muses have not quite forsaken me. The following detached stanzas I intend to interweave in some disastrous tale of a shepherd.

R. B.

No. CCLIII.

TO Mrs. DUNLOP.

Dumfries, 31st January, 1796.

These many months you have been two packets in my debt—what sin of ignorance I have committed against so highly valued a friend I am utterly at a loss to guess. Alas! Madam, ill can I afford, at this time, to be deprived of any of the small remnant of my pleasures. I have lately drunk deep of the cup of affliction. The autumn robbed me of my only daughter, and darling child, and that at a distance too, and so rapidly, as too put it out of my power to pay the last duties to her. I had scarcely begun to recover from that shock, when I became myself the victim of a most severe rheumatic fever, and long the die spun doubtful; until after many weeks of a sick bed, it seems to have turned up life, and I am beginning to crawl across my room, and once indeed have been before my own door in the street.

"When pleasure fascinates the mental sight,
Affliction purifies the visual ray,
Religion hails the drear, the untried night,
And shuts, for ever shuts! life's doubtful day."

R. B.

[It seems all but certain that Mrs. Dunlop regarded the Poet with some little displeasure during the evening of his days. His political sins and convivial delinquencies were likely the cause of this: it is however doubtful whether or not she knew of his sinking condition. That the bright career of Burns was so soon to conclude in the darkness of death seems never to have crossed the mind of friend or foe till he returned from the Brow a dying man.—Ed.]

No. CCLIV.

TO Mrs. RIDDEL,

Who had desired him to go to the Birthday Assembly on that day to show his loyalty.

Dumfries, 4th June, 1796.

I am in such miserable health as to be utterly incapable of showing my loyalty in an way. Rackt as I am with rheumatisms, I meet every face with a greeting, like that of Balak to Balaam—"Come, curse me Jacob; and come, defy me Israel!" So say I—Come, curse me that east wind; and come, defy me the north! Would you have me in such circumstances copy you out a love song?

I may perhaps see you on Saturday, but I will not be at the ball.—Why should I? "man delights not me, nor woman either!" Can you supply me with the song, "Let us all be unhappy together"—do if you can, and oblige *le pauvre miserable*

R. B.

[This is the last letter which Burns addressed to the beautiful and accomplished Mrs. Riddel. In addition to the composition of a very admirable memoir of the Poet, that lady bestirred herself much in rousing his friends both in Scotland and England to raise a monument at Dumfries to his memory. She subscribed largely herself: she induced others to do the same, and she corresponded with both Banks and Flaxman on the subject of designs. Her letters are now before me: one of them will suffice to show the reader that Mrs. Riddel had forgiven the bard for all his lampoons, and was earnest in doing his memory honor:—

"Sir,

"In answer to yours of the 10th last month, I will trouble you with a few lines on the subject of the bard's monument, having corresponded with several persons upon the subject (Dr. Currie, &c.) whose judgment is very far preferable to mine, and we all

agree that the first thing to be done is to collect what money *can* be got for that purpose, in which we will *all* do what service we can as soon as the posthumous works are published; but those who are at all *saddled* with that business must get *it* off their hands before they commence *another* undertaking. Perhaps an application, or at any rate the *consulting* with Mr. Flaxman on the subject of the design, &c. might answer better from and with persons he is already acquainted with, and more heads than *one* should be called in counsel on the occasion. If, therefore, you or the other gentlemen concerned in this project think it proper, I will talk it over with Mr. Flaxman and some other artists, friends of his, whom I know, and Mr. F. can *then* let *you* know his ideas on the subject. The monument should be characteristic of him to whom it is raised, and the artist must somehow be made acquainted with him and *his works*, which it is possible he may not be at present. The inscription should be *first rate*. I think either Roscoe or Dr. Darwin would contribute their talents for the purpose, and it could not be given into better hands. I have no names to add to your list; but whenever *that* for the posthumous works is *closed*, I will set to work in earnest. Pray remember me to Mr. Syme when you see him, *from whom* I know not *why*, I *never hear now*.

"I am, Sir,

"Your humble servant,

"MARIA RIDDEL."

"*Richmond, 20th May*, 1799."

Of the merits of the designs it is difficult to judge without the drawings: Mrs. Riddel admired two, of which she gives the following description. "The first, which I think the handsomest, is a shrine enclosing a very beautiful female figure bending over a sort of sarcophagus, which is partly covered by drapery. This is really very elegant and classical, but it is expensive. The second design is a female figure, likewise very elegant, on a pedestal: with the addition of an attribute, either of these might be taken for Coila, whom Burns delighted to personify as his guardian genius." These designs were by Flaxman: they seem not to have pleased the friends of the poet in the vale of Nith: the intention of a monument was abandoned till a later day, when it was successfully revived by William Grierson in Dumfries, and the late Alexander Key, Esq. in London. It would have been as well had the sculpture equalled the elegance of the architectural shrine which encloses it: that this is the opinion of others well qualified to judge, the following passage of a letter to the Editor from one of our greatest living poets will abundantly show:—

"Last summer I visited Staffa, Iona, and part of the Western Highlands, and returned through your town of Dumfries, having for the first time passed through Burns' country. It gave me much pleasure to see Kilmarnock, Mauchline, Mossgiel Farm, the Ayr, which we crossed where he winds his way most romantically through rocks and woods: and to have a sight of Irwin and Lugar, which naebody sung till he named them in immortal verse. The banks of the Nith I had seen before, and was glad to renew my acquaintance with them. By the bye, what a sorry piece of sculpture is Burns' monument in Dumfries churchyard—monstrous in conception and clumsy in execution. It is a disgrace to the memory of the poet."—ED.]

No. CCLV.

TO MR. JAMES JOHNSON.

EDINBURGH.

Dumfries, 4th July, 1796.

How are you, my dear friend, and how comes on your fifth volume? You may probably think that for some time past I have neglected you and your work: but, alas! the hand of pain, and sorrow, and care, has these many months lain heavy on me! Personal and domestic affliction have almost entirely banished that alacrity and life with which I used to woo the rural muse of Scotia.

* * * *

You are a good, worthy, honest fellow, and have a good right to live in this world—because you deserve it. Many a merry meeting this publication has given us, and possibly it may give us more, though, alas! I fear it. This protracting, slow, consuming illness which hangs over me, will, I doubt much, my ever dear friend, arrest my sun before he has well reached his middle career, and will turn over the poet to far more important concerns than studying the brilliancy of wit, or the pathos of sentiment! However, *hope* is the cordial of the human heart, and I endeavour to cherish it as well as I can.

Let me hear from you as soon as convenient.—Your work is a great one; and now that it is finished, I see, if we were to begin again, two or three things that might be mended; yet I will venture to prophesy, that to future ages your publication will be the text-book and standard of Scottish song and music.

I am ashamed to ask another favor of you, because you have been so very good already; but my wife has a very particular friend of hers, a young lady who sings well, to whom she wishes to present the "Scots Musical Museum." If you have a spare copy, will you be so obliging as to send it by the very first *fly*, as I am anxious to have it soon.

Yours ever, R. B.

["In this humble and delicate manner did poor Burns ask for a copy of a work of which he was principally the founder, and to which he had contributed *gratuitously*, not less than 184 *original, altered, and collected songs!* The editor has seen 180 transcribed by his own hand for the 'Museum.'"—CROMEK.]

No CCLVI.

TO MR. CUNNINGHAM.

Brow, Sea-bathing Quarters, 7th July, 1796.

MY DEAR CUNNINGHAM,

I RECEIVED yours here this moment, and am indeed highly flattered with the approbation of the literary circle you mention; a literary circle inferior to none in the two kingdoms. Alas! my friend, I fear the voice of the bard will soon be heard among you no more! For these eight or ten months I have been ailing, sometimes bedfast and sometimes not; but these last three months I have been tortured with an excruciating rheumatism, which has reduced me to nearly the last stage. You actually would not know

me if you saw me.—Pale, emaciated, and so feeble, as occasionally to need help from my chair—my spirits fled! fled!—but I can no more on the subject—only the medical folks tell me that my last and only chance is bathing and country quarters, and riding.—The deuce of the matter is this; when an exciseman is off duty, his salary is reduced to £35 instead of £50.—What way, in the name of thrift, shall I maintain myself and keep a horse in country quarters—with a wife and five children at home on £35. I mention this, because I had intended to beg your utmost interest, and that of all the friends you can muster, to move our commissioners of excise to grant me the full salary: I dare say you know them all personally. If they do not grant it me, I must lay my account with an exit truly *en poëte*, if I die not of disease, I must perish with hunger.

I have sent you one of the songs; the other my memory does not serve me with, and I have no copy here; but I shall be at home soon, when I will send it you. —Apropos to being at home, Mrs. Burns threatens in a week or two, to add one more to my paternal charge, which, if of the right gender, I intend shall be introduced to the world by the respectable designation of *Alexander Cunningham Burns*. My last was *James Glencairn*, so you can have no objection to the company of nobility. Farewell.

R. B.

[The poet's humble request of the continuance of his full salary was not granted. "The Commissioners," says Currie, "were guilty of no such weakness." To be merciful was "clean against rules."—Ed.]

No. CCLVII.

TO Mr. GILBERT BURNS.

10th July, 1796.

Dear Brother,

It will be no very pleasing news to you to be told that I am dangerously ill, and not likely to get better. An inveterate rheumatism has reduced me to such a state of debility, and my appetite is so totally gone, that I can scarcely stand on my legs. I have been a week at sea-bathing, and I will continue there, or in a friend's house in the country, all the summer. God keep my wife and children: if I am taken from their head, they will be poor indeed. I have contracted one or two serious debts, partly from my illness these many months, partly from too much thoughtlessness as to expense when I came to town, that will cut in too much on the little I leave them in your hands. Remember me to my mother.

Yours, R. B.

No. CCLVIII.

TO Mrs. BURNS.

Brow, Thursday.

My dearest Love,

I delayed writing until I could tell you what effect sea-bathing was likely to produce. It would be injustice to deny that it has eased my pains, and I think has strengthened me; but my appetite is still extremely bad. No flesh nor fish can I swallow; porridge and milk are the only thing I can taste. I am very happy to hear, by Miss Jess Lewars, that you are all well. My very best and kindest compliments

to her, and to all the children. I will see you on Sunday.

Your affectionate husband, R. B.

[One evening during Burns' stay at the Brow, he was visited by two young ladies who lived in the neighbourhood and sympathized in his sufferings. During their stay the sun, setting on the western hills, threw a strong light upon him through the window: a child perceived this, and proceeded to draw the curtain. "Let me look at the sun, my love," said the sinking poet, "it will be long before he will shine for me again."—ED.]

No. CCLIX.

TO MRS DUNLOP.

Brow, Saturday, 12th July, 1796.

MADAM,

I HAVE written you so often, without receiving any answer, that I would not trouble you again, but for the circumstances in which I am. An illness which has long hung about me, in all probability will speedily send me beyond that *bourn whence no traveller returns.* Your friendship, with which for many years you honored me, was a friendship dearest to my soul. Your conversation, and especially your correspondence, were at once highly entertaining and instructive. With what pleasure did I use to break up the seal! The remembrance yet adds one pulse more to my poor palpitating heart. Farewell!!!

R. B.

["Burns had, however, the pleasure," says Currie, "of receiving a satisfactory explanation of his friend's silence, and an assurance of the continuance of her friendship to his widow and children; an assurance that has been amply fulfilled. It is prob-

able that the greater part of her letters to him were destroyed by our bard about the time that this last was written. He did not foresee that his own letters to her were to appear in print, nor conceive the disappointment that will be felt, that a few of this excellent lady's have not served to enrich and adorn the collection. The above letter is supposed to be the last production of Robert Burns, who died on the 21st of the month, nine days afterwards." The kindness of three friends enable me to add others of a date still later.—ED.]

No. CCLX.

TO MR. JAMES BURNESS,

WRITER, MONTROSE.

Dumfries, 12th July.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

WHEN you offered me money assistance, little did I think I should want it so soon. A rascal of a haberdasher, to whom I owe a considerable bill, taking it into his head that I am dying, has commenced a process against me, and will infallibly put my emaciated body in jail. Will you be so good as to accommodate me, and that by return of post, with ten pounds? O, James! did you know the pride of my heart, you would feel doubly for me! Alas! I am not used to beg! The worst of it is, my health was coming about finely; you knew, and my physician assured me, that melancholy and low spirits are half my disease: guess, then, my horrors since this business began. If I had it settled, I would be, I think, quite well in a manner. How shall I use the language to you, O do not disappoint me! but strong necessity's curst command.

I have been thinking over and over my brother's affairs, and I fear I must cut him up; but on this I will correspond at another time, particularly as I shall [require] your advice.

Forgive me for once more mentioning by return of post;—save me from the horrors of a jail!

My compliments to my friend James, and to all the rest. I do not know what I have written. The subject is so horrible, I dare not look it over again. Farewell. R. B.

[James Burness sent his cousin ten pounds the moment he received his letter, though he could ill spare the money, and concealed his kindness from the world, till, on reading the life and letters of the Poet, he was constrained, in support of his own good name, to conceal it no longer. I was informed by my friend Dr. Burnes that his grandfather, now in his eighty-fourth year, was touched by the dubious way in which I had left the subject in the Poet's life, and felt that he was liable to the imputation of coldness of heart. In a matter of such delicacy I could not ask the family, and accordingly had left it as I found it, without comment or remark. The following letters will make all as clear as day, and right my venerable friend in a matter respecting which he cannot be but anxious:—

TO MR. BURNESS,

MONTROSE.

"Sir,

"At the desire of Mrs. Burns, I have to acquaint you with the melancholy and much-regretted event of your friend's death. He expired on the morning of the 21st, about five o'clock. The situation of the unfortunate Mrs. Burns and her charming boys, your feeling heart can easily paint. It is, however, much to her consolation that a few of his friends, particularly Mr. John Syme, collector of the stamps, and Dr. William Maxwell, both gentlemen of the first respectability and connections, have stepped forward with their assistance and advice; and I think there can be no doubt but that a very handsome provision will be raised for the widow and family. The former of these gentlemen has wrote to most of the Edinburgh professors, with whom either he or Mr. Burns were acquainted, and to several other particular friends. You will easily excuse your not having sooner an answer to your very kind letter, with an acknowledgment of the contents, for, at the time it was received, Mr. Burns was totally unable either to write or dictate a letter, and

Mrs. Burns wished to defer answering it till she saw what turn affairs took.

"I am, with much respect, your most obedient and very humble servant,

"JOHN LEWARS."

"*Dumfries, 23d July,* 1796."

TO MRS. ROBERT BURNS,

DUMFRIES.

"MY DEAR COUSIN,

"IT was with much concern I received the melancholy news of the death of your husband. Little did I expect when I had the pleasure of seeing you and him, that a change so sudden would have happened.

"I sincerely sympathize with you in your affliction, and will be very ready to do any thing in my power to alleviate it.

"I am sensible that the education of his family was the object nearest to my cousin's heart, and I hope you will make it your study to follow up his wish by carefully attending to that object, so far as may be possible for you; or, if you think of parting with your son Robert, and will allow me to take charge of him, I will endeavour to discharge towards him the duty of a father, and educate him with my own sons.

"I am happy to hear that something is to be done for you and the family; but as that may take some time to carry it into effect, I beg you will accept of the enclosed five pounds to supply your present necessities.

"My friend mentioned to me that any little thing he had was in the hands of his brother Gilbert, and that the payment of it at present would be hard upon him; I have therefore to entreat that, so far as your circumstances will permit, you will use lenity in settling with him.

"I have farther to request that you will offer my best thanks to Mr. Lewars for his very friendly letter to me on this melancholy event, with my sincere wishes that such a warm heart as his may never want a friend.

"I shall be glad to hear of your welfare, and your resolution in regard to your son, and I remain, dear cousin, your affectionate friend,

"JAMES BURNESS.

"*Montrose, 29th July,* 1796."

TO MR. BURNESS,

MONTROSE.

"DEAR SIR,

"I was duly favored with your letter of the 29th July. Your goodness is such as to render it wholly out of my power to make any suitable acknowledgment, or to express what I feel for so much kindness.

"With regard to my son Robert, I cannot as yet determine; the gentlemen here (particularly Dr. Maxwell and Mr. Syme, who have so much interested themselves for me and the family) do not wish that I should come to any resolution as to parting with any of them, and I own my own feelings rather incline me to keep them with me. I think they will be a comfort to me; and my most agreeable companions; but should any of them ever leave me, you, Sir, would be, of all others, the gentleman under whose charge I should wish to see any of them, and I am perfectly sensible of your very obliging offer.

"Since Mr. Lewars wrote you, I have got a young son, who, as well as myself is doing well.

"What you mention about my brother, Mr. Gilbert Burns, is what accords with my own opinion, and every respect shall be paid to your advice. I am, dear Sir, with the greatest respect and regard, your very much obliged friend,

"JEAN BURNS."

"*Dumfries, 3d August*, 1796."

ED.]

No. CCLXI.

TO JAMES GRACIE, Esq.

Brow, Wednesday Morning, 16th July, 1796.

MY DEAR SIR,

IT would [be] doing high injustice to this place not to acknowledge that my rheumatisms have derived great benefits from it already; but, alas! my loss of appetite still continues. I shall not need your kind offer *this week*, and I return to town the beginning of next week it not being a tide week. I am detaining a man in a burning hurry. So, God bless you.

R. B.

[The admirers of Burns owe this letter to the kindness of Mr. Finlayson, merchant in Kircudbright. James Gracie, to whom it is addresesd, was at that time a banker in Dumfries: he wrote, on being told that Burns longed to be home, that he would, if he pleased, bring him back in a post-chaise—a kind and delicate way of expressing his regard. It was now felt by all it seems, but a few, that the Poet was not only dying, but dying in the deepest poverty.—ED.]

No. CCLXII.

TO JAMES ARMOUR,

MASON, MAUCHLINE.

Dumfries, 18th July, 1796.

MY DEAR SIR,

Do, for heaven's sake, send Mrs. Armour here immediately. My wife is hourly expecting to be put to bed. Good God! what a situation for her to be in, poor girl, without a friend! I returned from seabathing quarters to-day, and my medical friends would almost persuade me that I am better, but I think and feel that my strength is so gone that the disorder will prove fatal to me.

Your son-in-law, R. B.

[This is the last of all the compositions of the great poet of Scotland. The original was long preserved in the family of the Armours of Mauchline, and was given into the keeping of Captain James Glencairn Burns on his most urgent entreaty. It is now in India, and may he who so worthily holds it be as fortunate as he is kindhearted.—ED.]

No. CCLXIII.

[The following letters were received too late to be placed in the proper order of composition: they are printed now for the first time, and with them the Poet's correspondence concludes.—ED.]

TO Mr. JOHN KENNEDY.

Mossgiel, 3rd March, 1786.

Sir,

I have done myself the pleasure of complying with your request in sending you my Cottager.—If you have a leisure minute I should be glad you would copy it, and return me either the original or the transcript, as I have not a copy of it by me, and I have a friend who wishes to see it.

Now Kennedy if foot or horse
E'er bring you in by Mauchline Corss,
L—d man there's lasses there wad force
A hermit's fancy,
And down the gate in faith they're worse
And mair unchancy.

But as I'm sayin' please step to Dow's
And taste sic gear as Johnnie brews,
Till some bit callan bring me news
That you are there,
And if we dinna have a bouze
Ise ne'er drink mair.

It's no I like to sit an' swallow,
Then like a swine to puke an' wallow,
But gie me just a true good fallow
Wi' right ingine,
And spunkie ance to make us mellow
And then we'll shine.

Now if ye're ane o' warl's folk,
Wha rate the wearer by the cloak
An' sklent on poverty their joke
Wi' bitter sneer,
Wi' you no friendship I will troke
Nor cheap nor dear.

But if as I'm informed weel
Ye hate as ill's the vera de'il
The flinty heart that canna feel—
Come Sir, here's tae you,
Hae there's my haun' I wiss you weel
And gude be wi' you.

R. B.

[The person to whom this letter is addressed was then at Dumfries House: he interested himself in the success of the Kilmarnock edition of the Poet's works, and obtained several subscribers. The Cotter's Saturday Night, enclosed in the letter, is now before me: it is written in a less vigorous hand than what his latter verses exhibit: there are some variations too, but none which affect the sentiment or feeling of that truly national poem.—ED.]

No. CCLXIV.

TO MR. AIKEN.

Mossgiel, 3rd April, 1786.

DEAR SIR,

I RECEIVED your kind letter with double pleasure, on account of the second flattering instance of Mrs. C.'s notice and approbation, I assure you I

"Turn out the brunt side o' my shin,"

as the famous Ramsay, of jingling memory, says, at such a patroness. Present her my most grateful acknowledgments in your very best manner of telling truth. I have inscribed the following stanza on the blank leaf of Miss More's Work:—

"Thou flattering mark of friendship kind,
Still may thy pages call to mind
The dear, the beauteous donor:
Though sweetly female every part
Yet such a head, and more the heart,
Does both the sexes honor.
She showed her taste refined and just
When she selected thee,
Yet deviating own I must,
For so approving me.
But kind still, I'll mind still
The giver in the gift;
I'll bless her and wiss her
A Friend above the Lift."

My proposals for publishing I am just going to send to press. I expect to hear from you by the first opportunity.

I am ever, dear Sir, yours,

ROBERT BURNESS.

[This is the last time that the Poet spelt his name according to his forefathers: his poems were now in the press, and he had to make his election: there is no doubt however that he wrote his name Burns often before this period. Indeed the family aver, that in the Montrose archives the name is sometimes written Burnes, but this seems not to affect the pronunciation, which was always Burness till the Bard of Ayr deprived it of a syllable. The Miss More alluded to is Hannah More, whose life and works lately published, have recalled her name and merits to the attention of the world: R. Crawford, Esq. of Kilmarnock, obligingly pointed out this letter to the editor: it was first printed in the Kilmarnock Journal; of its genuineness there cannot be a shadow of doubt.—Ed.]

No. CCLXV.

TO Mr. JOHN KENNEDY.

Mossgiel, 20th April, 1786.

Sir,

By some neglect in Mr. Hamilton, I did not hear of your kind request for a subscription paper till this day. I will not attempt any acknowledgment for this, nor the manner in which I see your name in Mr. Hamilton's subscription list. Allow me only to say, Sir, I feel the weight of the debt.

I have here likewise enclosed a small piece, the very latest of my productions. I am a good deal pleased with some sentiments myself, as they are just the native querulous feelings of a heart, which, as the elegantly melting Gray says, "melancholy has marked for her own."

Our race comes on apace; that much expected scene of revelry and mirth; but to me it brings no joy equal to that meeting with which your last flattered the expectation of Sir,

Your indebted humble Servant,

R. B.

[The small piece, the very last of his productions, which the Poet enclosed, was the inimitable "Mountain Daisy." The

name which heads it in this manuscript is "The Gowan," and I almost regret that any change took place.—Ed.]

No. CCLXVI.

TO Mr. JOHN KENNEDY.

Mossgiel, 17th May, 1786.

Dear Sir,

I have sent you the above hasty copy as I promised. In about three or four weeks I shall probably set the press a going. I am much hurried at present, otherwise your diligence, so very friendly in my subscription, should have a more lengthened acknowledgment from

Dear Sir,

Your obliged Servant,

R. B.

[The Epistle to Rankine, enclosed in this hasty note, is well known. Burns seems to have been indefatigable in making his works known through the medium of friends: the copies of his best poems in his own handwriting are numerous. His correspondents, living often at a distance from each other, were pleased with this mark of confidence, and read his poems to all who were willing to listen.—Ed.]

No. CCLXVII.

TO Mr. JOHN KENNEDY.

Kilmarnock, August, 1786.

My Dear Sir,

Your truly facetious epistle of the 3rd inst. gave me much entertainment. I was sorry I had not the pleasure of seeing you as I passed your way, but we shall bring up all our lee way on Wednesday, the 16th current, when I hope to have it in my power to call on you and take a kind, very probably a last adieu,

before I go for Jamaica; and I expect orders to repair to Greenock every day.—I have at last made my public appearance, and am solemnly inaugurated into the numerous class.—Could I have got a carrier, you should have had a score of vouchers for my Authorship; but now you have them, let them speak for themselves.—

Farewell, dear Friend! may guid luck hit you
And 'mang her favorites admit you!
If e'er Detraction shore to smit you,
May nane believe him!
And ony de'il that thinks to get you,
Good Lord deceive him.

R. B.

No. CCLXVIII.

TO —— ——

Mossgiel, —— 1786.

Sir,

Yours this moment I unseal
And faith I am gay and hearty!
To tell the truth and shame the deil
I am as fu' as Bartie:
But foorsday sir, my promise leal
Expect me o' your party,
If on a beastie I can speel,
Or hurl in a cartie,

R. B.

[How fou Bartie was we must leave a Kyle man to tell: it seems a proverbial saying, and may be interpreted by a line of an old song—

"I'm no just fou, but I'm gayley yet."

The original is preserved in the Paisley Library. The west of Scotland should be commended by all who write about Burns: his company was courted: his poetry was widely circulated: his memory revered, and every scrap of his writing treasured in his native district by high and low, rich and poor.—Ed.]

No. CCLXIX.
TO PROVOST MAXWELL,

OF LOCHMABEN.

Ellisland, 20th December, 1789.

DEAR PROVOST,

As my friend Mr. Graham goes for your good town to-morrow, I cannot resist the temptation to send you a few lines, and as I have nothing to say I have chosen this sheet of foolscap, and begun as you see at the top of the first page, because I have ever observed, that when once people have fairly set out they know not where to stop. Now that my first sentence is concluded, I have nothing to do but to pray heaven to help me on to another. Shall I write you on Politics or Religion, two master-subjects for your sayers of nothing. Of the first I dare say by this time you are nearly surfeited: and for the last whatever they may talk of it, who make it a kind of company concern, I never could endure it beyond a soliloquy. I might write you on farming, on building, on marketing, but my poor distracted mind is so torn, so jaded, so racked, and bedeviled with the task of the superlatively d——d to make *one guinea do the business of three.* that I detest, abhor, and swoon at the very word business, though no less than four letters of my very short sirname are in it.

Well, to make the matter short, I shall betake myself to a subject ever fruitful of themes; a subject the turtle feast of the sons of Satan, and the delicious secret sugar plum of the babes of grace—a subject sparkling with all the jewels that wit can find in the mines of genius: and pregnant with all the stores of learning from Moses and Confucius to Franklin and Priestley—in short may it please your Lordship, I intend to write * * * *

[*Here the Poet inserted a song which can only be sung at times when the punch bowl has done its duty and wild wit is set free.*]

If at any time you expect a field-day in your town, a day when dukes, earls, and knights pay their court to weavers, tailors, and cobblers, I should like to know of it two or three days before hand. It is not that I care three skips of a cur-dog for the politics, but I should like to see such an exhibition of human nature. If you meet with that worthy old veteran in religion and good fellowship, Mr. Jeffrey, or any of his amiable family, I beg you will give them my best compliments.

R. B.

[The original letter is in the possession of Mr. Henderson, of Langholm, and from the singular song which it contains cannot but be considered as a great curiosity. The Miller and Johnstone contest at that time agitated the Boroughs, and to this the poet alludes when he requests to receive notice of a field-day among the chief men of the district. The veteran in religion and good fellowship was the Reverend Andrew Jeffrey, Minister of Lochmaben, and father of the heroine of that exquisite song "The Blue eyed Lass." For this information—and more than this—I am indebted to Hugh Jeffrey, the minister's son—a worthy person and skilful with the pen—yet one nevertheless

"Whom fortune uses hard and sharp."—Ed]

REMARKS

BY

BURNS

ON

SCOTTISH SONGS AND BALLADS,

ANCIENT AND MODERN;

WITH

ANECDOTES OF THEIR AUTHORS.

"There needs na' be so great a phrase
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,
I wad na gi'e our ain Strathspeys
For half a hundred score o 'em:
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Douff and dowie, douff and dowie;
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Wi' a' their variorum:
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Their Allegroes, and a' the rest,
They cannot please a Scottish taste,
Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum."

Rev. John Skinner.

REMARKS

ON

SCOTTISH SONGS AND BALLADS.

[The following Strictures on Scottish Song exist in the handwriting of Burns, in the interleaved copy of Johnson's Musical Museum, which the Poet presented to Captain Riddel, of Friar's Carse; on the death of Mrs. Riddel, these precious volumes passed into the hands of her niece, Eliza Bayley, of Manchester, who kindly permitted Mr. Cromek to transcribe and publish them in the Reliques.

Of this portion of the Reliques Sir Walter Scott observed, "The Strictures might have adorned with great propriety a second edition of the work in question, or any other collection of Scottish Songs: but separated from the verses to which they relate, how can any one be interested in learning that "Down the Burn Davie" was the composition of David Maigh keeper of the blood-hounds to the laird of Riddel: that "Tarry Woo" was, in the opinion of Burns, a very pretty song; or even that the author of "Polwarth on the Green" was Captain John Drummond

Macgregor, of the family of Bochaldie." In the justice of these observations Mr. Cromek silently acquiesced, by publishing the Songs in two volumes, accompanied by the Remarks of Burns, and other information and anecdotes with which two journies to Scotland had supplied him. The same course will be followed in the present republication: a verse or two of the song will enable the reader to appreciate the accuracy of the Poet's strictures: nor will the editor hesitate to add now and then such intelligence of his own as may increase the interest of the note, or help to brighten what is obscure.—Ed.]

THE HIGHLAND QUEEN.

THIS Highland Queen, music and poetry, was composed by Mr. M'Vicar, purser of the Solebay man of war.—This I had from Dr. Blacklock.

[Their Highland Majesties were happy in each other's love, and might therefore be less particular about the excellence of the strains in which they sung of their affections: here is a specimen.

HE.

How blest that man whom gentle fate
Has destin'd for so fair a mate,
Has all these wond'ring gifts in store,
And each returning day brings more;
No youth so happy can be seen,
Possessing thee, my Highland Queen.

SHE.

Jamie, the pride of a' the green,
Is just my age, e'en gay fifteen:
When first I saw him 'twas the day
That ushers in the sprightly May;
Then first I felt love's powerful sting,
And sighed for my dear Highland King.

HE.

No sordid wish, or trifling joy,
Her settled calm of mind destroy;
Strict honor fills her spotless soul,
And adds a lustre to the whole:
A matchless shape, a graceful mien,
All centre in my Highland Queen.]

BESS THE GAWKIE.

THIS song shows that the Scottish Muses did not all leave us when we lost Ramsay and Oswald, as I have good reason to believe that the verses and music are both posterior to the days of these two gentlemen. It is a beautiful song, and in the genuine Scots taste. We have few pastoral compositions, I mean the pastoral of nature, that are equal to this.

[Tradition ascribes the composition of this song to William Morehead, the Minister of Urr in Galloway: he was a maker of verses, and falling under the lash of Burns, avenged himself by some satiric lines which have much ill nature but no wit. Oswald was a musicseller in London, where he published a collection of Scottish tunes, called "The Caledonian's Pocket Companion;" Tytler, in his treatise on music, observes, that his genius in composition was natural and pathetic. The song of Bess the Gawkie gives a lively image of the northern manners.

Blythe young Bess to Jean did say,
Will ye gang to yon sunny brae,
Where flocks do feed and herds do stray,
And sport awhile wi' Jamie?
Ah na, lass, I'll no gang there,
Nor about Jamie tak nae care,
Nor about Jamie tak nae care,
For he's taen up wi' Maggy!

For hark, and I will tell you, lass,
Did I not see your Jamie pass,
Wi' meikle gladness in his face,
But o'er the muir to Maggy.
I wat he gae her mony a kiss,
And Maggy took them ne'er amiss;
'Tween ilka smack, pleas'd her with this,
That Bess was but a gawkie.

In the midst of the conversation Jamie makes his appearance.

But whisht!—nae mair of this we'll speak,
For yonder Jamie does us meet;
Instead of Meg he kiss'd sae sweet,
I trow he likes the gawkie.
O dear Bess, I hardly knew,
When I came by, your gown sae new,
I think you've got it wat wi' dew;
Quoth she, that's like a gawkie.]

OH, OPEN THE DOOR, LORD GREGORY.

It is somewhat singular, that in Lanark, Renfrew, Ayr, Wigton, Kirkcudbright, and Dumfries shires, there is scarcely an old song or tune which, from the title, &c. can be guessed to belong to, or be the production of these countries. This, I conjecture, is one of these very few; as the ballad, which is a long

one, is called both by tradition and in printed collections, "The Lass of Lochroyan," which I take to be Lochroyan, in Galloway.

[The song in the Museum is a portion of the exquisite old ballad "The Lass of Lochroyan."

Oh, open the door, Lord Gregory,
Oh, open and let me in;
The rain rains on my scarlet robes,
The sleet dreeps o'er my chin.

If you are the lass that I loved once,
As I trow you are not she,
Come gie me some of the tokens
That pass'd 'tween you and me.

The tokens were peculiar enough—they are intimated obliquely.

Ah, wae be to you, Gregory,
An ill death may you die;
You will not be the death of one,
But you'll be the death of three.]

THE BANKS OF THE TWEED.

This song is one of the many attempts that English composers have made to imitate the Scottish manner, and which I shall, in these strictures, beg leave to distinguish by the appellation Anglo-Scottish productions. The music is pretty good, but the verses are just above contempt.

[The song, such as it is, has the form of a pastoral drama: a shepherdess sings of the object of her love: the swain hears, and is enraptured:—the strain concludes with the following verse:—

For to visit my ewes, and to see my lambs play,
By the banks of the Tweed and the groves I did stray;
But my Jenny, dear Jenny, how oft have I sigh'd
And have vow'd endless love if you wou'd be my bride.
To the altar of Hymen, my fair one repair,
Where a knot of affection will tie the fond pair,
To the pipe's sprightly tones the gay dance we will lead,
And will bless the dear grove by the banks of the Tweed.]

THE BEDS OF SWEET ROSES.

THIS song, as far as I know, for the first time appears here in print.—When I was a boy, it was a very popular song in Ayrshire. I remember to have heard those fanatics, the Buchanites, sing some of their nonsensical rhymes, which they dignify with the name of hymns, to this air.

[With the Buchanites, tradition avers that Burns was more than well acquainted. A certain western damsel, with a light foot and an ensnaring eye, was captivated by the pictures of primitive enjoyment which "our lady" (so her followers called Mrs. Buchan) painted, and, leaving Kyle, united herself to the household of that singular fanatic. The poet, it is said, spent a whole day and night in an attempt to persuade the fair enthusiast to return: she preferred the multitude, and Burns returned to his plough and his poetry. Of the song of "The Beds of Sweet Roses" one verse will suffice:

As I was a walking one morning in May,
The little birds were singing delightful and gay;
The little birds were singing delightful and gay;
Where I and my true love did often sport and play,
Down among the beds of sweet roses,
Where I and my true love did often sport and play,
Down among the beds of sweet roses."]

ROSLIN CASTLE.

THESE beautiful verses were the production of a Richard Hewit, a young man that Dr. Blacklock, to whom I am indebted for the anecdote, kept for some years as an amanuensis. I do not know who is the author of the second song to the tune. Tytler, in his amusing history of Scots music, gives the air to Oswald; but in Oswald's own collection of Scots tunes, where he affixes an asterisk to those he himself composed, he does not make the least claim to the tune.

[Richard Hewit, Ritson observes, was taken when a boy, during the residence of Dr. Blacklock in Cumberland, to lead him. —He addressed a copy of verses to the Doctor on quitting his service. Among the verses are the following lines :—

"How oft these plains I've thoughtless prest;
Whistled or sung some fair distrest,
When fate would steal a tear."

"Alluding," as it is said in a note, "to a sort of narrative songs, which make no inconsiderable part of the innocent amusements with which the country people pass the wintry nights, and of which the author of the present piece was a faithful rehearser."

ROSLIN CASTLE.

"'Twas in that season of the year,
When all things gay and sweet appear,
That Colin, with the morning ray,
Arose and sung his rural lay.
Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung,
The hills and dales with Nanny rung;
While Roslin Castle heard the swain,
And echoed back the cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet Muse! the breathing spring,
With raptnre warms; awake and sing!
Awake and join the vocal throng,
Who hail the morning with a song;
To Nanny raise the cheerful lay,
O! bid her haste and come away;
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
And add new graces to the morn!

O, hark, my love! on every spray,
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
And love inspires the melting song:
Then let my raptur'd notes arise,
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes;
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms."]

SAW YE JOHNNIE CUMMIN? QUO' SHE.

This song for genuine humor in the verses, and lively originality in the air, is unparalleled. I take it to be very old.

["Saw ye Johnnie cummin? quo' she,
Saw ye Johnnie cummin,
O saw ye Johnnie cummin, quo' she;
Saw ye Johnnie cummin,
Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,
And his doggie runnin, quo' she;
And his doggie runnin?

Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she;
Fee him, father, fee him:
For he is a gallant lad,
And a weel doin';
And a' the wark about the house
Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo' she;
Wi' me when I see him.

What will I do wi' him, hussy?
What will I do wi' him?
He's ne'er a sark upon his back,
And I hae nane to gie him.
I hae twa sarks into my kist,
And ane o' them I'll gie him,
And for a mark of mair fee,
Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she;
Dinna stand wi' him.

For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she;
Weel do I lo'e him:
O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she;
Fee him, father, fee him;
He'll haud the pleugh, thrash i' the barn,
And lie wi' me at e'en, quo' she;
Lie wi' me at e'en."]

CLOUT THE CALDRON.

A TRADITION is mentioned in the "Bee," that the second Bishop Chisholm, of Dunblane, used to say, that if he were going to be hanged, nothing would soothe his mind so much by the way as to hear "Clout the Caldron" played.

I have met with another tradition, that the old song to this tune

"Hae ye ony pots or pans,
Or ony broken chanlers,"

was composed on one of the Kenmure family, in the cavalier times; and alluded to an amour he had, while

under hiding, in the disguise of an itinerant tinker. The air is also known by the name of

"The Blacksmith and his Apron,"

which, from the rhythm, seems to have been a line of some old song to the tune.

[The song of "Clout the Caldron" is familiar to all who love native humor: it is still sung over the punch-bowl, and continues to exercise its old influence when sung as a gifted friend of the editor sings it, with true simplicity and pawkie naivete:

"Hae ye ony pots or pans,
Or ony broken chanlers,
For I'm a tinker to my trade,
And newly come frae Flanders,
As scant o' siller as of grace,
Disbanded we've a bad run;
Gar tell the lady o' the place,
I'm come to clout her caldron."]

SAW YE MY PEGGY.

THIS charming song is much older, and indeed superior to Ramsay's verses, "The Toast," as he calls them. There is another set of the words, much older still, and which I take to be the original one, but though it has a very great deal of merit, it is not quite ladies' reading.

The original words, for they can scarcely be called verses, seem to be as follows; a song familiar from the cradle to every Scottish ear,

"Saw ye my Maggie,
Saw ye my Maggie,
Saw ye my Maggie
Linkin o'er the lea?

High kilted was she,
High kilted was she,
High kilted was she,
Her coat aboon her knee.

What mark has your Maggie,
What mark has your Maggie,
What mark has your Maggie,
That ane may ken her be?"

Though it by no means follows that the silliest verses to an air must, for that reason, be the original song; yet I take this ballad, of which I have quoted part, to be old verses. The two songs in Ramsay, one of them evidently his own, are never to be met with in the fire-side circle of our peasantry; while that which I take to be the old song, is in every shepherd's mouth. Ramsay, I suppose, had thought the old verses unworthy of a place in his collection.

["Saw ye nae my Peggy,
Saw ye nae my Peggy,
Saw ye nae my Peggy,
Coming o'er the lea?
Sure a finer creature
Ne'er was form'd by nature,
So complete each feature,
So divine is she.

O! how Peggy charms me;
Every look still warms me;
Every thought alarms me;
Lest she loves nae me.
Peggy doth discover
Nought but charms all over;
Nature bids me love her,
That's a law to me."]

THE FLOWERS OF EDINBURGH.

This song is one of the many effusions of Scots Jacobitism.—The title "Flowers of Edinburgh," has no manner of connexion with the present verses, so I suspect there has been an older set of words, of which the title is all that remains.

By the bye, it is singular enough that the Scottish Muses were all Jacobites.—I have paid more attention to every description of Scots songs than perhaps any body living has done, and I do not recollect one sin-

gle stanza, or even the title of the most trifling Scots air, which has the least panegyrical reference to the families of Nassau or Brunswick; while there are hundreds satirizing them.—This may be thought no panegyric on the Scots Poets, but I mean it as such. For myself, I would always take it as a compliment to have it said, that my heart ran before my head,—and surely the gallant though unfortunate house of Stuart, the kings of our fathers for so many heroic ages, is a theme * * * * * * * *

[Some one passed a pen through the remaining words of the sentence, and the poet's eulogium on our native race of princes must remain imperfect. A verse or two of the Song will enable the reader to taste its spirit :—

"My love was once a bonnie lad;
He was the flower of a' his kin;
The absence of his bonnie face
Has rent my tender heart in twain.
I day nor night find no delight—
In silent tears I still complain;
And exclaim 'gainst those, my rival foes,
That hae taen frae me my darling swain.

Despair and anguish fill my breast
Since I have lost my blooming rose:
I sigh and moan while others rest;
His absence yields me no repose.
To seek my love I'll range and rove
Thro' every grove and distant plain;
Thus I'll ne'er cease, but spend my days
T' hear tidings from my darling swain."]

JAMIE GAY.

JAMIE GAY is another and a tolerable Anglo-Scottish piece.

[Of Jamie Gay it will be enough for all Scotsmen to quote the first line :—

"As Jamie Gay gang'd blythe his way."

A Scottish bard would have written:—

"As Jamie Gay gaed blythe his way."]

MY DEAR JOCKIE.

ANOTHER Anglo-Scottish production.

[The lamentation of Jenny, though rather common-place, seems very sincere. This is one of the many songs which are heard for a day or two in the streets and public places, and then become silent for ever. I add the first two verses of the lady's lament "For Jock and another Gentleman":—

"My laddie is gane far away o'er the plain,
While in sorrow behind I am forced to remain.
Tho' blue bells and violets the hedges adorn,
Tho' trees are in blossom and sweet blows the thorn,
No pleasure they give me, in vain they look gay;
There's nothing can please me now Jockey's away;
Forlorn I sit singing, and this is my strain,
'Haste, haste, my dear Jockey to me back again.'

When lads and their lasses are on the green met,
They dance and they sing, and they laugh and they chat;
Contented and happy, with hearts full of glee,
I can't, without envy, their merriment see:
Those pleasures offend me, my shepherd's not there!
No pleasure I relish that Jockey don't share;
It makes me to sigh, I from tears scarce refrain,
I wish my dear Jockey returned back again."]

FYE, GAE RUB HER O'ER WI' STRAE.

IT is self-evident that the first four lines of this song are part of a song more ancient than Ramsay's beautiful verses which are annexed to them. As music is the language of nature; and poetry, particularly songs, are always less or more localized (if I may be allowed the verb) by some of the modifications of time and place, this is the reason why so many of our Scots airs have outlived their original, and perhaps many subse-

quent sets of verses; except a single name, or phrase, or sometimes one or two lines, simply to distinguish the tunes by.

To this day among people who know nothing of Ramsay's verses, the following is the song, and all the song that ever I heard:—

"Gin ye meet a bonie lassie,
Gie her a kiss and let her gae;
But gin ye meet a dirty hizzie,
Fye, gae rub her o'er wi' strae.

Fye, gae rub her, rub her, rub her,
Fye, gae rub her o'er wi' strae!
An' gin ye meet a dirty hizzie,
Fye, gae rub her o'er wi' strae."

["Ramsay's spirited imitation," says Cromek, "of the '*Vides ut alta stet nive candidum, Socrate,*' of Horace, is considered as one of the happiest efforts of the author's genius.—For a very elegant critique on the poem, and a comparison of its merits with those of the original, the reader is referred to Lord Woodhouselee's "*Remarks on the Writings of Ramsay.*"

"Look up to Pentland's tow'ring tap,
Bury'd beneath great wreaths of snaw
O'er ilka cleugh, ilk scar, and slap,
As high as ony Roman wa'.

Driving their baws frae whins or tee,
There's no nae gowfers to be seen;
Nor dousser fowk wysing a-jee
The byass-bouls on Tamson's Green.

Then fling on coals, and ripe the ribs,
And beek the house baith butt and ben;
That mutchkin stowp it hads but dribs,
Then let's get in the tappit hen.

Sweet youth's a blyth and heartsome time;
Then, lads and lasses, while it's May
Gae pou the gowan in its prime,
Before it wither and decay.

Watch the saft minutes of delyte,
When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,
And kisses, laying a' the wyte
On you, if she kepp ony skaith.

'Haith, ye're ill-bred,' she'll smiling say;
'Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook;'
Syne frae your arms she'll rin away,
And hide hersell in some dark nook.

Her laugh will lead you to the place
Where lies the happiness you want,
And plainly tells you to your face,
Nineteen nay-says are haff a grant."]

THE LASS O' LIVISTON.

THE old song, in three eight line stanzas, is well known, and has merit as to wit and humor; but it is rather unfit for insertion.—It begins,

"The bonnie lass o' Liviston,
Her name ye ken, her name ye ken,
And she has written in her contract,
To lie her lane, to lie her lane."
&c. &c.

[The ancient strain, though a little wild in its language, was more natural than the song which took its place:—

"Pain'd with her slighting Jamie's love,
Bell dropt a tear, Bell dropt a tear;
The gods descended from above,
Well pleased to hear, well pleased to hear.
They heard the praises of the youth
From her own tongue, from her own tongue,
Who now converted was to truth,
And thus she sung, and thus she sung.

Bless'd days when our ingenuous sex,
More frank and kind, more frank and kind,
Did not their loved adorers vex,
But spoke their mind, but spoke their mind.
Repenting now, she promised fair,
Would he return, would he return,
She ne'er again would give him care,
Or cause to mourn, or cause to mourn."

The maiden owns her love so loudly that her lover hears her as wells as the gods, and owns himself avenged and happy.]

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MOOR.

RAMSAY found the first line of this song, which had been preserved as the title of the charming air, and then composed the rest of the verses to suit that line. This has always a finer effect than composing English words, or words with an idea foreign to the spirit of the old title. Where old titles of songs convey any idea at all, it will generally be found to be quite in the spirit of the air.

[There are fine verses in "The last time I came o'er the Moor," though some fastidious critics pronounce the song overwarm :—

"Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
Gazing and chastely sporting,
We kiss'd and promised time away,
'Till night spread her black curtain.
I pitied all beneath the skies,
Even kings, when she was nigh me;
In rapture I beheld her eyes,
Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,
Where mortal steel may wound me;
Or cast upon some foreign shore,
Where dangers may surround me;
Yet hopes again to see my love,
And feast on glowing kisses,
Shall make my cares at distance move,
In prospect of such blisses."]

JOCKIE'S GRAY BREEKS.

THOUGH this has certainly every evidence of being a Scottish air, yet there is a well-known tune and song in the North of Ireland, called "The Weaver and his Shuttle O," which, though sung much quicker, is every note the very tune.

[I have heard older and more graphic verses than these sung to this air; but the rapturous language in which the lady indulged would scarcely be reckoned decorous in these our purer times. Burns, when a lad, wrote verses to the tune beginning, "My father was a farmer upon the Carrick border." The song in the "Museum" is not without merit:—

"He was a handsome fellow;
  His humor was baith frank and free,
His bonny locks sae yellow,
  Like gowd they glitter'd in my ee;—
His dimpled chin and rosy cheeks,
  And face sae fair and ruddy;
And then a-days his gray breeks,
  Was neither auld nor duddy.

But now they're threadbare worn,
  They're wider than they wont to be;
They're tashed-like, and sair torn,
  And clouted sair on ilka knee.
But gin I had a simmer's day,
  As I have had right mony,
I'd make a web o' new gray,
  To be breeks to my Johnny."]

THE HAPPY MARRIAGE.

ANOTHER, but very pretty, Anglo-Scottish piece.

[Four lines will make the reader sufficiently acquainted with the merits of this lyric:—

"How blest has my time been, what joys have I known,
Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessy my own;
So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
That freedom is tasteless and roving a pain."]

THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL.

IN Sinclair's Statistical Account of Scotland, this song is localized (a verb I must use for want of another to express my idea) somewhere in the north of Scotland, and likewise is claimed by Ayrshire.—The following anecdote I had from the present Sir William Cun-

ningham of Robertland, who had it from the last John Earl of Loudon. The then Earl of Loudon, and father to Earl John before mentioned, had Ramsay at Loudon, and one day walking together by the banks of Irvine water, near New-Mills, at a place called Patie's Mill, they were struck with the appearance of a beautiful country girl. His lordship observed that she would be a fine theme for a song.—Allan lagged behind in returning to Loudon Castle, and at dinner produced this identical song.

[The "Lass of Patie's Mill" is one of the happiest of all Ramsay's songs. The poet said in his preface to the "Tea-Table Miscellany," that he had omitted in his collection all songs liable to raise a blush on the cheek of beauty: this fine lyric has been pointed out as likely to do what he desired to shun—but with how little reason, these verses will prove:—

"The lass of Patie's mill,
So bonny, blyth, and gay,
In spite of all my skill,
She stole my heart away.
When tedding of the hay,
Bare-headed on the green,
Love 'midst her locks did play,
And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms white, round, and smooth,
Breasts rising in their dawn,
To age it would give youth,
To press 'em with his hand:
Through all my spirits ran
An ecstacy of bliss,
When I such sweetness fand
Wrapt in a balmy kiss."]

THE TURNIMSPIKE.

THERE is a stanza of this excellent song for local humor omitted in this set,—where I have placed the asterisms.

"They tak the horse then by te head,
And tere tey make her stan', man;
Me tell tem, me hae seen te day,
Tey no had sic comman', man."

[A Highlander laments, in a half-serious and half-comic way, the privations which the act of Parliament anent kilts has made him endure, and the miseries which turnpike roads and toll-bars have brought upon his country:—

"Hersell pe highland shentleman,
Pe auld as Pothwell Prig, man;
And mony alterations seen
Amang te lawland whig, man.

First when her to the lawlands came,
Nainsell was driving cows, man;
There was nae laws about him's nerse,
About the preeks or trews, man.

Nainsell did wear the philabeg,
The plaid prick't on her shouder;
The guid claymore hung pe her pelt,
De pistol sharg'd wi' pouder.

Every ting in de highlands now
Pe turn'd to alteration;
The sodger dwall at our door-sheek,
And tat's te great vexation.

Scotland be turn't a Ningland now,
An' laws pring on de cager;
Nainsell wad durk him for his deeds,
But oh! she fear te sodger.

Anither law came after dat,
Me never saw de like, man;
They mak a lang road on de crund,
And ca' him *Turnimspike*, man.

* * * * *

But I'll awa to the Highland hills,
Where te'il a ane dare turn her,
And no come near your Turnimspike,
Unless it pe to purn her."]

HIGHLAND LADDIE.

As this was a favorite theme with our later Scottish muses, there are several airs and songs of that

name. That which I take to be the oldest, is to be found in the "Musical Museum," beginning, "I hae been at Crookie-den." One reason for my thinking so is, that Oswald has it in his collection by the name of "The auld Highland Laddie." It is also known by the name of "Jinglan Johnie," which is a well-known song of four or five stanzas, and seems to be an earlier song than Jacobite times. As a proof of this, it is little known to the peasantry by the name of "Highland Laddie;" while every body knows "Jinglan Johnie." The song begins

"Jinglan John, the meikle man
He met wi' a lass was blythe and bonnie."

Another "Highland Laddie" is also in the "Museum," Vol. V., which I take to be Ramsay's original, as he has borrowed the chorus—"O my bonie Highland lad," &c. It consists of three stanzas, besides the chorus; and has humor in its composition—it is an excellent, but somewhat licentious song.—It begins

"As I cam o'er Cairney-Mount
And down amang the blooming heather."

This air and the common "Highland Laddie" seem only to be different sets.

Another "Highland Laddie," also in the "Museum," Vol. V., is the tune of several Jacobite fragments. One of these old songs to it, only exists as far as I know, in these four lines—

"Whare hae ye been a' day,
Bonie laddie, Highland laddie?
Down the back o' Bell's brae,
Courtin Maggie, courtin Maggie."

Another of this name is Dr. Arne's beautiful air, called the new "Highland Laddie."

[The following was found in a memorandum book belonging to Burns:—

THE HIGHLANDER'S PRAYER, AT SHERIFF-MUIR.

"O Lord, be thou with us; but, if thou be *not* with us, be not against us; *but leave it between the red coats and us!*"]

THE GENTLE SWAIN.

To sing such a beautiful air to such execrable verses, is downright prostitution of common sense! The Scots verses indeed are tolerable.

[Any four lines of the song will do more than confirm the sentence of the poet:—

"Now smiling Spring again appears,
With all the beauties of her train;
Love soon of her arrival hears,
And flies to wound the gentle swain."]

HE STOLE MY TENDER HEART AWAY.

This is an Anglo-Scottish production, but by no means a bad one.

["The fields were green, the hills were gay,
And birds were singing on each spray,
When Colin met me in the grove,
And told me tender tales of love.
Was ever swain so blythe as he,
So kind, so faithful, and so free?
In spite of all my friends could say,
Young Colin stole my heart away."

There are two more verses, with a line or two better, and some lines worse than these.]

FAIREST OF THE FAIR.

It is too barefaced to take Dr. Percy's charming song, and by means of transposing a few English

words into Scots, to offer to pass it for a Scots song.—I was not acquainted with the Editor until the first volume was nearly finished, else, had I known in time, I would have prevented such an impudent absurdity.

[The verses of Percy are very beautiful—little need be quoted of a song so popular:—

"O Nancy, wilt thou go with me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and russet gown?

No longer drest in silken sheen,
No longer deck'd with jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy, when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?

O can that soft and gentle mien
Extremes of hardship learn to bear;
Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?"]

THE BLAITHRIE O'T.

THE following is a set of this song, which was the the earliest song I remember to have got by heart. When a child, an old woman sung it to me, and I picked it up, every word at first hearing.

"O Willy weel I mind, I lent you my hand
To sing you a song which you did me command;
But my memory's so bad, I had almost forgot
That you called it the gear and the blaithrie o't.—

I'll not sing about confusion, delusion, or pride,
I'll sing about a laddie was for a virtuous bride;
For virtue is an ornament that time will never rot,
And preferable to gear and the blaithrie o't.—

Tho' my lassie hae nae scarlets or silks to put on,
We envy not the greatest that sits upon the throne;
I wad rather hae my lassie, tho' she cam in her smock,
Than a princess with the gear and the blaithrie o't.—

Tho' we hae nae horses or menzie at command,
We will toil on our foot, and we'll work wi' our hand;
And when wearied without rest, we'll find it sweet in any spot,
And we'll value not the gear and the blaithrie o't.—

If we hae ony babies, we'll count them as lent;
Hae we less, hae we mair, we will ay be content;
For they say they hae mair pleasure that wins but a groat,
Than the miser wi' his gear and the blaithrie o't.—

I'll not meddle wi' th' affairs o' the kirk or the queen;
They're nae matters for a sang let them sink, let them swim;
On your kirk I'll ne'er encroach, but I'll hold it still remote,
Sae tak this for the gear and the blaithrie o't."

[" *Shame fall the gear and the blad'ry o't,*" is the turn of an old Scottish song, spoken when a young handsome girl marries an old man, upon the account of his wealth.—*Kelly's Scots Proverbs, p. 296*]

MAY EVE, OR KATE OF ABERDEEN.

"KATE of Aberdeen" is, I believe, the work of poor Cunningham the player; of whom the following anecdote, though told before, deserves a recital. A fat dignitary of the church coming past Cunningham one *Sunday*, as the poor poet was busy plying a fishing-rod in some stream near Durham, his native county, his reverence reprimanded Cunningham very severely for such an occupation on such a day. The poor poet, with that inoffensive gentleness of manners which was his peculiar characteristic, replied, that he hoped God and his reverence would forgive his seeming profanity of that sacred day, "*as he had no dinner to eat, but what lay at the bottom of that pool!* This, Mr. Woods, the player, who knew Cunningham well, and esteemed him much, assured me was true.

[Cunningham was a native of Dublin; an indifferent actor, a very pretty poet, and a very worthy man. He was unaffected

in his manners, and quite a simpleton, as the following anecdote will show. His volume of poems was dedicated to Garrick whom in his admiration of theatrical talent he naturally esteemed the first man that ever existed. He trudged up to the metropolis to present his volume to this celebrated character. He saw him; and, according to his own phrase, he was treated by him *in the most humiliating and scurvy manner imaginable.* Garrick assumed a cold and stately air; insulted Cunningham by behaving to him as to a common beggar, and gave him a couple of guineas, accompanied with this *speech*:—"*Players, Sir,* as well as *Poets, are always poor.*"

The blow was too severe for the poet. He was so confused at the time, that he had not the use of his faculties, and indeed never recollected that he ought to have spurned the offer with contempt, till his best friend Mrs. Slack, of Newcastle, reminded him of it by giving him a sound box on the ear.

His fine song of "Kate of Aberdeen," commences in these words:—

"The silver moon's enamour'd beam
Steals softly through the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
And kiss reflected light.
To beds of state go balmy sleep,
('Tis where you've seldom been,)
May's vigil while the shepherds keep
With Kate of Aberdeen!

The nymphs and swains expectant wait,
In primrose chaplets gay,
Till morn unbars her golden gate,
And gives the promised May.
The nymphs and swains shall all declare,
The promised May when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen!"]

TWEED SIDE.

In Ramsay's Tea-table Miscellany, he tells us that about thirty of the songs in that publication were the works of some young gentlemen of his acquaintance; which songs are marked with the letters D. C. &c.—Old Mr. Tytler, of Woodhouslee, the worthy and able defender of the beauteous Queen of Scots, told me

that the songs marked C, in the *Tea-table*, were the composition of a Mr. Crawford, of the house of Achnames, who was afterwards unfortnately drowned coming from France.—As Tytler was most intimately acquainted with Allan Ramsay, I think the anecdote may be depended on. Of consequence, the beautiful song of Tweed Side is Mr. Crawford's, and indeed does great honor to his poetical talents. He was a Robert Crawford; the Mary he celebrates, was a Mary Stewart, of the Castle-Milk family, afterwards married to a Mr. John Ritchie.

I have seen a song calling itself the original Tweed Side, and said to have been composed by a Lord Yester. It consisted of two stanzas, of which I still recollect the first—

"When Maggy and I was acquaint,
I carried my noddle fu' hie;
Nae lintwhite on a' the green plain,
Nor gowdspink sae happy as me:
But I saw her sae fair, and I lo'ed:
I woo'd, but I came nae great speed;
So now I maun wander abroad,
And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.—

[Crawford's song is still popular, as well it deserves to be: he has been rather profuse of his flowers.

What beauties doth Flora disclose!
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!
Yet Mary's, still sweeter than those,
Both nature and fancy exceed.
Nor daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
Nor all the gay flowers of the field,
Nor Tweed gliding gently through those
Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
With music enchant every bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us see how the primroses spring,
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks sing.]

THE POSY.

It appears evident to me that Oswald composed his *Roslin Castle* on the modulation of this air.—In the second part of Oswald's, in the three first bars, he has either hit on a wonderful similarity to, or else he has entirely borrowed the three first bars of the old air; and the close of both tunes is almost exactly the same. The old verses to which it was sung, when I took down the notes from a country girl's voice, had no great merit.—The following is a specimen:—

There was a pretty May, and a milkin she went;
Wi' her red rosy cheeks, and her coal black hair;
And she has met a young man a comin o'er the bent,
With a double and adieu to thee fair May.

O where are ye goin, my ain pretty May,
Wi' thy red rosy cheeks, and thy coal black hair?
Unto the yowes a milkin, kind sir, she says,
With a double and adieu to thee fair May.

What if I gang alang wi' thee, my ain pretty May,
Wi' thy red rosy cheeks, and thy coal black hair;
Wad I be aught the warse o' that, kind sir, she says,
With a double and adieu to thee, fair May.

MARY'S DREAM.

The Mary here alluded to is generally supposed to be Miss Mary Machie, daughter to the Laird of Airds, in Galloway. The Poet was a Mr. John Lowe, who likewise wrote another beautiful song called Pompey's Ghost. I have seen a poetic epistle from him in North America, where he now is, or lately was, to a lady in Scotland.—By the strain of the verses, it appeared that they allude to some love affair.

[The epistle which Burns saw still exists, and part of it has been published: Lowe had played the scoundrel, and he tried to play the poet: the aim and tendency of the strain was to

convince Mary M'Ghie that though he had broken his vows he was still faithful, suffering in heart, but unblemished in honor. The Galloway lady's wrongs were more than avenged by an American spouse, who was at once imperious and unfaithful. He died a humbled and disappointed man. His exquisite song of Mary's Dream will do for his name what neither the Epistle, nor Pompey's Ghost, would of themselves accomplish. The first verse will recal the rest of the song to the memories of many readers.

"The moon had climb'd the highest hill,
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
Her silver light on tow'r and tree:
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea;
When soft and low a voice was heard,
Saying, Mary weep no more for me."

Pompey's Ghost is another sort of composition.

"From perfect and unclouded day,
From joys complete without allay,
From joys complete without allay,
And from a spring without decay;
I come by Cynthia's borrow'd beams
To visit my Cornelia's dreams,
And give them still sublimer themes.

I am the man you lov'd before,
Those streams have wash'd away my gore,
Those streams have wash'd away my gore,
And Pompey he shall bleed no more;
Nor shall my vengeance be withstood,
Nor unattended by a flood
Of Roman or Egyptian blood.

Cæsar himself it shall pursue,
His days shall troubl'd be and few,
His days shall troubl'd be and few,
And he shall fall by treason too.
He by a justice all divine,
Shall fall a victim to my shrine;
As I was his, he shall be mine."]

THE MAID THAT TENDS THE GOATS.

BY MR. DUDGEON.

This Dudgeon is a respectable farmer's son in Berwickshire.

[" The maid that tends the goats' has an original and unborrowed air about it :—

Up amang yon cliffy rocks
Sweetly rings the rising echo
To the maid that tends the goats,
Lilting o'er her native notes.
Hark, she sings young Sandie's kind,
And he's promis'd ay' to lo'e me,
Here's a brooch, I ne'er shall tine,
Till he's fairly married to me.
Drive away ye drone time,
And bring about our bridal day.]

I WISH MY LOVE WERE IN A MIRE.

I never heard more of the words of this old song than the title.

[The old song commenced with these characteristic words :—

"I wish my love were in a mire,
That I might pou her out again."

The verses in the Museum are in a different strain : they are a translation from Sappho by Ambrose Phillips, and not without spirit :—

"Blest as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee ;
And hears and sees thee all the while,
So softly speak and sweetly smile."]

ALLAN WATER.

This Allan Water, which the composer of the music has honored with the name of the air, I have been told is Allan Water in Strathallan.

[To Robert Crawford, of Auchnames, we are indebted for this song : some of his lyrics are in a happier mood.

"What numbers shall the muse repeat,
What verse be found to praise my Annie ;
On her ten thousand graces wait,
Each swain admires and owns she's bonnie."]

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

THIS is one of the most beautiful songs in the Scots, or any other language.—The two lines,

> "And will I see his face again!
> And will I hear him speak!"

as well as the two preceding ones, are unequalled almost by any thing I ever heard or read: and the lines,

> "The present moment is our ain,
> The neist we never saw,"

are worthy of the first poet. It is long posterior to Ramsay's days. About the year 1771, or '72, it came first on the streets as a ballad: and I suppose the composition of the song was not much anterior to that period.

[This song some years ago occasioned a curious controversy: the merit of composing it was claimed for a certain Jean Adams, who taught a school in the neighbourhood of Greenock, and who frequently sung it, and seemed willing to be considered as its author. The Rev. John Sim, on the other hand contended, from imperfect and interlined copies of the song found among the papers of Mickle, translator of the Lusiad, that he was the author of it; and Cromek, to whom both parties appealed, inclined to think with Sim. To strengthen Mickle's claim, it may be mentioned that he is now known to be the author of many beautiful pieces of poetry, published as old in Evans' Collection of Ballads. The song is indeed a fine one: but one of the best verses was the work of Dr. Beattie.

> "Sae true his words, sae smooth his speech,
> His breath like caller air,
> His very foot has music in't
> When he comes up the stair:
> And will I see his face again!
> And will I hear him speak!
> I'm downright dizzy with the thought,
> In troth I'm like to greet."]

TARRY WOO.

THIS is a very pretty song; but I fancy that the first half stanza, as well as the tune itself, are much older than the rest of the words.

[The first half stanza of the old version of Tarry Woo is as follows:—

"O tarry woo is ill to spin,
Card it weel e'er ye begin;
Card it weel and draw it sma',
Tarry woo's the best of a'."

In the modern song the writer has departed from the starting sentiment of the old, yet he has composed a pretty song."]

GRAMACHREE.

THE song of Gramachree was composed by a Mr. Poe, a counsellor at law in Dublin. This anecdote I had from a gentleman who knew the lady, the "Molly," who is the subject of the song, and to whom Mr. Poe sent the first manuscript of his most beautiful verses. I do not remember any single line that has more true pathos than

"How can she break that honest heart that wears her in its core!"

But as the song is Irish, it had nothing to do in this collection.

THE COLLIER'S BONNIE LASSIE.

THE first half stanza is much older than the days of Ramsay.—The old words began thus:—

"The collier has a dochter, and, O, she's wonder bonnie!
A laird he was that sought her, rich baith in lands and money.
She wad nae hae a laird, nor wad she be a lady;
But she wad hae a collier, the color o' her daddie."

[The concluding verse of the song in Johnson has some merit; Allan Ramsay's songs are not indeed his happiest works, yet they have always nature to recommend them.

"My bonnie collier's daughter
Let naithing discompose ye,
'Tis no your scanty tocher
Shall ever gar me lose ye:
For I have gear in plenty,
And love says 'tis my duty
To ware what heaven has lent me,
Upon your wit and beauty."]

MY AIN KIND DEARIE—O.

THE old words of this song are omitted here, though much more beautiful than these inserted; which were mostly composed by poor Fergusson, in one of his merry humors. The old words began thus:—

"I'll rowe thee o'er the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O,
I'll rowe thee o'er the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O,
Altho' the night were ne'er sae wat,
And I were ne'er sae weary, O;
I'll rowe thee o'er the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

[Nor are the verses of Fergusson void of merit:—

"Nae herds wi' kent and collie there
Shall ever come to fear ye O,
But laverocks whistling in the air
Shall woo like me, their dearie O!
While others herd their lambs and ewes,
And toil for world's gear, my jo,
Upon the lea my pleasure grows,
Wi' you, my kind dearie O!"]

MARY SCOTT, THE FLOWER OF YARROW.

MR. Robertson, in his statistical account of the parish of Selkirk, says, that Mary Scott, the Flower of Yarrow, was descended from the Dryhope, and married into the Harden family. Her daughter was married to a predecessor of the present Sir Francis Elliot, of Stobbs, and of the late Lord Heathfield.

There is a circumstance in their contract of marriage that merits attention, and it strongly marks the predatory spirit of the times. The father-in-law agrees to keep his daughter for some time after the marriage; for which the son-in-law binds himself to give him the profits of the first Michaelmas moon!

[" Near the lower extremity of St. Mary's Lake (a beautiful sheet of water, forming the reservoir from which the Yarrow takes its source), are the ruins of Dryhope tower, the birthplace of Mary Scott, daughter of Philip Scott, of Dryhope, and famous by the traditional name of the Flower of Yarrow. She was married to Walter Scott, of Harden, no less renowned for his depredations, than his bride for her beauty. Her romantic appellation was, in latter days, with equal justice, conferred on Miss Mary Lilias Scott, the last of the elder branch of the Harden family." Mr. Scott proceeds to relate, that " he well remembers the talent and spirit of the latter Flower of Yarrow, though age had then injured the charms which procured her the name: and that the words usually sung to the air of 'Tweedside,' beginning, 'What beauties does Flora disclose,' were composed in her honor."—*Sir Walter Scott.*]

DOWN THE BURN, DAVIE.

I HAVE been informed, that the tune of "Down the Burn, Davie," was the composition of David Maigh, keeper of the blood slough hounds, belonging to the Laird of Riddel, in Tweeddale.

[Honest David has made us his debtor for a very pretty air: the authorship of the song has been disputed:—

"When trees did bud, and fields were green,
And broom bloom'd fair to see;
When Mary was compleat fifteen,
And love laughed in her e'e;
Blythe Davie's blinks her heart did move,
To speak her mind thus free,
'Gang down the burn Davie, love,
And I shall follow thee.'

Now Davie did each lad surpass,
That dwalt on yon burn side,
And Mary was the bonniest lass,
Just meet to be a bride;
Her cheeks were rosie, red and white,
Her een were bonnie blue;
Her looks were like Aurora bright,
Her lips like dropping dew."]

BLINK O'ER THE BURN, SWEET BETTIE.

THE old words, all that I remember, are,—

"Blink over the burn, sweet Betty,
It is a cauld winter night;
It rains, it hails, it thunders,
The moon she gies nae light:
It's a' for the sake o' sweet Betty,
That ever I tint my way;
Sweet, let me lie beyond thee
Until it be break o' day.—

O, Betty will bake my bread,
And Betty will brew my ale,
And Betty will be my love,
When I come over the dale:
Blink over the burn, sweet Betty,
Blink over the burn to me,
And while I hae life, dear lassie,
My ain sweet Betty thou's be."

THE BLITHSOME BRIDAL.

I FIND the "Blithsome Bridal" in James Watson's Collection of Scots Poems, printed at Edinburgh, in 1706. This collection, the publisher says, is the first of its nature which has been published in our own native Scots dialect—it is now extremely scarce.

[The inimitable "Blithsome Bridal" is too long for quotation; and who would venture to describe it? There is singular ease of expression and great force of graphic delineation. The witty catalogue of guests, and the humorous list of dinner

dishes, are only equalled by Smollett's entertainment in the manner of the ancients. There is a maritime savor about the feast, which inclines me to think that it was spread somewhere on the sea coast. For the guests, take the following verse :—

"And there will be sow-libber Patie,
And plookie-faced Wat i' the mill;
Capper-nos'd Francie and Gibbie,
That wons i' the howe o' the hill;
And there will be Alister Sibbie,
Wha' in wi' black Bessie did mool;
With sniveling Lillie and Tibbie,
The lass that stands aft on the stool."

The dishes were not unworthy of the bridal party.—

"And there will be fadges and brochan,
Wi' fouth o' gude gabbocks o' skate;
Powsowdie and drammoch and crowdie,
And caller nowt feet on a plate;
And there will be partans and buckies,
And whitings and speldings anew;
Wi' singed sheep heads and a haggis,
And scadlips to sup till ye spew."

The authorship of this hearty old Scottish song has been claimed by the noble family of Napier for an ancestor who lived upon the Border.]

JOHN HAY'S BONNIE LASSIE.

JOHN HAY'S "Bonnie Lassie" was daughter of John Hay, Earl or Marquis of Tweeddale, and late Countess Dowager of Roxburgh.—She died at Broomlands, near Kelso, some time between the years 1720 and 1740.

[The heroine of the song had store of charms, if we may put faith in the Muse :—

"She's fresh as the spring, and sweet as Aurora,
When birds mount and sing, bidding day a good morrow;
The sward o' the mead, enamelled wi' daisies,
Look wither'd and dead when twinn'd of her graces.
But if she appear where verdures invite her,
The fountains run clear, and flow'rs smell the sweeter;
'Tis heaven to be by when her wit is a flowing,
Her smiles and bright een set my spirits a glowing."

We may accept this as a picture of one of the noble beauties of the north a hundred years and odd ago.]

THE BONNIE BRUCKET LASSIE.

THE two first lines of this song are all of it that is old. The rest of the song, as well as those songs in the "Museum" marked T., are the works of an obscure, tippling, but extraordinary body of the name of Tytler, commonly known by the name of Balloon Tytler, from his having projected a balloon: a mortal, who, though he drudges about Edinburgh as a common printer, with leaky shoes, a sky-lighted hat, and knee-buckles as unlike as George-by-the-grace-of God, and Solomon-the-son-of-David; yet that same unknown, drunken mortal is author and compiler of three-fourths of Elliot's pompous Encyclopedia Brittannica, which he composed at half a guinea a week!

[Two verses will enable the reader to judge of the merits of Balloon Tytler—the remaining stanzas are rather peculiar and graphic:—

"The bonnie brucket lassie,
She's blue beneath the e'en;
She was the fairest lassie
That danced on the green:
A lad he loo'd her dearly,
She did his love return;
But he his vows has broken,
And left her for to mourn.

'My shape,' says she, 'was handsome,
My face was fair and clean;
But now I'm bonnie brucket,
And blue beneath the e'en:
My eyes were bright and sparkling,
Before that they turn'd blue;
But now they're dull with weeping,
And a', my love, for you."]

SAE MERRY AS WE TWA HA'E BEEN.

THIS song is beautiful.—The chorus in particular is truly pathetic. I never could learn any thing of its author.

CHORUS.

"Sae merry as we twa ha'e been,
Sae merry as we twa ha'e been;
My heart is like for to break,
When I think on the days we ha'e seen."

[We owe this song to the industry of Herd: the first line of the chorus gave the name to the air two hundred years ago.

"A lass that was laden with care
Sat heavily under yon thorn;
I listen'd awhile for to hear,
When thus she began for to mourn:
Whene'er my dear shepherd was there,
The birds did melodiously sing,
And cold nipping winter did wear
A face that resembled the spring.

But now he is far from my sight,
Perhaps a deceiver may prove,
Which makes me lament day and night,
That ever I granted my love.
At eve, when the rest of the folk
Were merrily seated to spin,
I sat myself under an oak,
And heavily sighed for him."]

THE BANKS OF FORTH.

THIS air is Oswald's.

"Here's anither—it's no a Scots tune, but it passes for ane—Oswald made it himsel I reckon. He has cheated mony a ane, but he canna cheat Wandering Willie."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.]

THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

THIS is another beautiful song of Mr. Crawford's composition. In the neighbourhood of Traquair, tra-

dition still shows the old "Bush;" which, when I saw it in the year 1787, was composed of eight or nine ragged birches. The Earl of Traquair has planted a clump of trees near by, which he calls "The New Bush."

[Crawford's songs were long and justly popular: "The Bush aboon Traquair" is still a favorite.

"Hear me, ye nymphs, and every swain,
I'll tell how Peggy grieves me;
Tho' thus I languish and complain,
Alas! she ne'er believes me.
My vows and sighs, like silent air,
Unheeded never move her;
The bonny bush aboon Traquair,
Was where I first did love her.

That day she smiled and made me glad,
No maid seemed ever kinder;
I thought mysel' the luckiest lad,
So sweetly there to find her.
I tried to sooth my amorous flame
In words that I thought tender;
If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,
I meant not to offend her."

"The Bush aboon Traquair;" "The Broom o' the Cowdenknowes;" "The Birks of Aberfeldy," and "The Birks of Invermay," continue to supply the curious with snuff-boxes and drinking-cups.]

CROMLET'S LILT.

THE following interesting account of this plaintive dirge was communicated to Mr. Riddel by Alexander Fraser Tytler, Esq. of Woodhouslee.

"In the latter end of the 16th century, the Chisolms were proprietors of the estate of Cromlecks (now possessed by the Drummonds). The eldest son of that family was very much attached to a daughter of Sterling of Ardoch, commonly known by the name of Fair Helen of Ardoch.

"At that time the opportunities of meeting betwixt the sexes were more rare, consequently more sought after than now; and the Scottish ladies, far from priding themselves on extensive literature, were thought sufficiently book-learned if they could make out the Scriptures in their mother tongue. Writing was entirely out of the line of female education. At that period the most of our young men of family sought a fortune, or found a grave, in France. Cromlus, when he went abroad to the war, was obliged to leave the management of his correspondence with his mistress to a lay-brother of the monastery of Dumblain, in the immediate neighbourhood of Cromleck, and near Ardoch. This man, unfortunately, was deeply sensible of Helen's charms. He artfully prepossessed her with stories to the disadvantage of Cromlus; and by misinterpreting or keeping up the letters and messages intrusted to his care, he entirely irritated both. All connexion was broken off betwixt them: Helen was inconsolable, and Cromlus has left behind him, in the ballad called 'Cromlet's Lilt,' a proof of the elegance of his genius, as well as the steadiness of his love.

"When the artful monk thought time had sufficiently softened Helen's sorrow, he proposed himself as a lover: Helen was obdurate: but at last, overcome by the persuasions of her brother with whom she lived, and who, having a family of thirty-one children, was probably very well pleased to get her off his hands—she submitted, rather than consented, to the ceremony; but there her compliance ended; and, when forcibly put into bed, she started quite frantic from it, screaming out, that after three gentle taps on the wainscot, at the bed-head, she heard Cromlus's voice, crying, 'Helen, Helen, mind me!' Cromlus soon after coming home, the treachery of the confidant was discovered,—her marriage disannulled,—and Helen became Lady Cromlecks."

N. B. Marg. Murray, mother to these thirty-one children, was daughter to Murray of Strewn, one of the seventeen sons of Tullybardine, and whose youngest son, commonly called the Tutor of Ardoch, died in the year 1715, aged 111 years.

The starting stanza of "Cromlet's Lilt" is no unfair sample of the whole strain.

CROMLET'S LILT.

"Since all thy vows, false maid,
Are blown to air,
And my poor heart betray'd
To sad despair,
Into some wilderness,
My grief I will express,
And thy hard-heartedness,
O cruel fair."]

MY DEARIE, IF THOU DIE.

ANOTHER beautiful song of Crawford's.

[Who the Peggy was of whose charms Crawford sung so sweetly, no one has told us.

"Love never more shall give me pain,
My fancy's fix'd on thee,
Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,
My Peggy, if thou die.
Thy beauty doth such pleasure give,
Thy love's so true to me,
Without thee I can never live,
My dearie, if thou die.

If fate shall tear thee from my breast,
How shall I lonely stray!
In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,
In sighs, the silent day.
I ne'er can so much virtue find,
Nor such perfection see;
Then I'll renounce all womankind,
My Peggy, after thee."]

SHE ROSE AND LOOT ME IN.

THE old set of this song, which is still to be found in printed collections, is much prettier than this; but somebody, I believe it was Ramsay, took it into his head to clear it of some seeming indelicacies, and made it at once more chaste and more dull.

[The first verse shows that the author was deep in the mystery of northern wooing.

"The night her silent sables wore,
And gloomy were the skies,
Of glittering stars appeared no more,
Save those in Nelly's eyes.
When to her father's door I came,
Where I had often been,
I begged my fair, my lovely dame,
To rise and let me in.

Fu' soon, soon I return'd again
When stars were streaming free:
Oh! slowly, slowly came she down
And stood and gazed on me:
Her lovely eyes with tears ran o'er,
Repenting her rash sin;
And aye she mourn'd the fatal hour
She rose and loot me in."]

GO TO THE EWE-BUGHTS, MARION.

I AM not sure if this old and charming air be of the South, as is commonly said, or of the North of Scotland. There is a song apparently as ancient as "Ewe-bughts Marion," which sings to the same tune, and is evidently of the North.—It begins thus:—

"The Lord o' Gordon had three dochters,
Mary, Marget, and Jean,
They wad na stay at bonnie Castle Gordon,
But awa to Aberdeen."

[The lover begins his courtship in a way very simple and effective.

"Will ye go to the ewe-bughts, Marion,
And wear in the sheep wi' me;
The sun shines sweet, my Marion,
But nae haff sae sweet as thee.

O Marion's a bonnie lass,
And the blyth blinks in her e'e;
And fain wad I marry Marion,
Gin Marion wad marry me.]

LEWIS GORDON.

THIS air is a proof how one of our Scots tunes comes to be composed out of another. I have one of the earliest copies of the song, and it has prefixed,

"Tune of Tarry Woo."—

Of which tune a different set has insensibly varied into a different air.—To a Scots critic, the pathos of the line,

"Tho' his back be at the wa,"

—must be very striking. It needs not a Jacobite prejudice to be affected with this song.

The supposed author of "Lewis Gordon" was a Mr. Geddes, priest, at Shenval, in the Ainzie.

["Oh! send Lewie Gordon hame,
And the lad I mauna name;
Tho' his back be at the wa',
Here's to him that's far awa!
Oh hon! my Highland man,
Oh, my bonnie Highland man;
Weel would I my true-love ken,
Amang ten thousand Highland men.

"Oh! to see his tartan trews,
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes;
Philabeg aboon his knee;
That's the lad that I'll gang wi'!
Oh hon! &c.

"Oh to see this Princely One,
Seated on a royal throne!
Disasters a' would disappear,
Then begins the Jub'lee year!
Oh hon! &c."

Lord Lewis Gordon, younger brother to the Duke of Gordon, commanded a detachment for the Chevalier, and acquitted himself with great gallantry and judgment. He died in 1754.]

O HONE A RIE.

Dr. Blacklock informed me that this song was composed on the infamous massacre of Glencoe.

["Oh! was not I a weary wight!
Maid, wife, and widow, in one night!
When in my soft and yielding arms,
O! when most I thought him free from harms.
Even at the dead time of the night,
They broke my bower, and slew my knight.
With ae lock of his jet black hair,
I'll tye my heart for evermair;
Nae sly-tongued youth, or flattr'ing swain,
Shall e'er untie this knot again;
Thine still, dear youth, that heart shall be,
Nor pant for aught, save heaven and thee."]

I'LL NEVER LEAVE THEE.

This is another of Crawford's songs, but I do not think in his happiest manner.—What an absurdity, to join such names as *Adonis* and *Mary* together!

"One day I heard Mary say
How shall I leave thee,
Stay, dearest Adonis, stay,
Why wilt thou grieve me."]

CORN RIGS ARE BONNIE.

All the old words that ever I could meet to this air were the following, which seem to have been an old chorus:—

" O corn rigs and rye rigs,
O corn rigs are bonnie;
And where'er you meet a bonnie lass,
Preen up her cockernony."

[Ramsay wrote this song for the Gentle Shepherd: but no one will say that the excellence of the lyrics of our great pastoral drama gave it a hold on the heart of Scotland.

" My Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy."

Scraps of curious old song are scattered over all Scotland: here is a fragment concerning Corn Rigs:—

" There was a piper had a cow
An' he had nought to gie her;
He took his pipes and play'd a tune,
And bade the cow consider.
The cow considered very well,
And gae the piper a penny
To play the same tune owre again,
Corn riggs are bonnie."]

THE MUCKING OF GEORDIE'S BYRE.

THE chorus of this song is old; the rest is the work of Balloon Tytler.

BIDE YE YET.

THERE is a beautiful song to this tune, beginning,

" Alas, my son, you little know"—

which is the composition of Miss Jenny Graham, of Dumfries.

[The song which Burns commended commences thus:—

" Alas, my son, ye little know
The sorrows that from wedlock flow;
Farewell to every day of ease,
When you have got a wife to please.

Sae bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,
Ye little ken what's to betide ye yet;
The half of that will gane ye yet,
Gif a wayward wife obtain ye yet.

Your experience is but small,
As yet you've met with little thrall;
The black cow on your foot ne'er trod,
Which gars you sing along the road."

The authoress was a maiden lady; she lived to a good old age and died of an asthma, the pain of which she alleviated in composing humorous Scottish songs. She was a fine dancer in her youth; a young nobleman was so much charmed with her graceful movements, and the music of her feet, that he inquired in what school she was taught. "In my mother's washing tub," was the answer.]

WAUKIN O' THE FAULD.

THERE are two stanzas still sung to this tune, which I take to be the original song whence Ramsay composed his beautiful song of that name in the Gentle Shepherd.—It begins

"O will ye speak at our town,
As ye come frae the fauld."

I regret that, as in many of our old songs, the delicacy of this old fragment is not equal to its wit and humor.

[Here the first volume of the Musical Museum concludes: the second volume has the following preface from the pen of Burns:—

"In the first volume of this work two or three airs, not of Scots composition, have been inadvertently inserted; which, whatever excellence they may have, was improper, as the collection is meant to be solely the music of our own country. The songs contained in this volume, both music and poetry are all of them the work of Scotsmen. Wherever the old words could be recovered they have been preferred: both as suiting better the genius of the tunes, and to preserve the productions of those earlier sons of the Scottish muses, some of whose names deserved a better fate than has befallen them,—"Buried 'midst the

wreck of things which were." Of our more modern songs, the Editor has inserted the author's names as far as he can ascertain them; and as that was neglected in the first volume, it is annexed here. If he have made any mistakes in this affair, which he possibly may, he will be very grateful at being right.

"Ignorance and prejudice may perhaps affect to sneer at the simplicity of the poetry or music of some of these poems; but their having been for ages the favorites of nature's judges—the common people—was to the Editor a sufficient test of their merit. Edin. March 1, 1788."]

TRANENT-MUIR.

"TRANENT-MUIR," was composed by a Mr. Skirving, a very worthy respectable farmer near Haddington. I have heard the anecdote often, that Lieut. Smith, whom he mentions in the ninth stanza, came to Haddington after the publication of the song, and sent a challenge to Skirving to meet at Haddington, and answer for the unworthy manner in which he had noticed him in his song. "Gang away back," said the honest farmer, "and tell Mr. Smith that I hae nae leisure to come to Haddington; but tell him to come here, and I'll tak' a look o' him, and if I think I'm fit to fecht him, I'll fecht him; and if no, I'll do as he did—*I'll rin awa.*"

[Stanza ninth, to which the anecdote refers, shows that the anger of the Lieutenant was any thing but unreasonable.

"And Major Bowle, that worthy soul,
Was brought down to the ground, man;
His horse being shot, it was his lot,
For to get mony a wound, man:
Lieutenant Smith, of Irish birth,
Frae whom he call'd for aid, man,
Being full of dread, lap o'er his head,
And wadna be gainsaid, man!"

The song and the story of the challenge went long hand in hand: the latter usually ushered in the former, and Lieutenant Smith, as Archibald Skirving, son of the author, observed to me, "Ance ill was aye waur."]

POLWARTH ON THE GREEN.

THE author of "Polwarth on the Green," is Capt. John Drummond M'Gregor, of the family of Bochaldie.

[This is one of the songs of which Sir Walter Scott says, the authorship ascribed by Burns might be questioned. In the traditions of the muse, Scott will generally be found correct: his decisions were the result of many inquiries, and as he had a memory which never deceived him, and a sagacity that rarely erred, he may be safely followed in all matters connected with song. Chalmers says, "Polwarth on the Green" was written by Allan Ramsay: and in this he is followed by all authorities of any value, with the single exception of Burns. The internal evidence of the song is in favor of Ramsay.

"At Polwarth on the green,
If you'll meet me the morn,
Where lasses do convene
To dance about the thorn,
A kindly welcome ye shall meet
Frae her wha likes to view
A lover and a lad compleat—
The lad and lover you.

Let dorty dames say na
As long as e'er they please,
Seem caulder than the snaw,
While inwardly they bleeze."

The last sentiment may remind the reader of Young's lines:—

"Zara resembles Etna crowned with snows,
Without she freezes and within she glows."

Polwarth is a pleasant village in Berwickshire, in the middle of which stand two venerable thorns, round which the Polwarth maidens, when they became brides, danced with their partners on the day of the bridal.]

STREPHON AND LYDIA.

THE following account of this song I had from Dr. Blacklock.

The Strephon and Lydia mentioned in the song

were perhaps the loveliest couple of their time. The gentleman was commonly known by the name of Beau Gibson. The lady was the "Gentle Jean," celebrated somewhere in Hamilton of Bangour's poems.—Having frequently met at public places, they had formed a reciprocal attachment, which their friends thought dangerous, as their resources were by no means adequate to their tastes and habits of life. To elude the bad consequences of such a connexion, Strephon was sent abroad with a commission, and perished in Admiral Vernon's expedition to Carthagena.

The author of the song was William Wallace, Esq of Cairnhill, in Ayrshire.

["All lonely on the sultry beach,
Expiring Strephon lay,
No hand the cordial draught to reach,
Nor cheer the gloomy way.
Ill-fated youth! no parent nigh,
To catch thy fleeting breath,
No bride to fix thy swimming eye,
Or smooth the face of death.

Far distant from the mournful scene,
Thy parents sit at ease,
Thy Lydia rifles all the plain,
And all the spring to please.
Ill-fated youth! by fault of friend,
Not force of foe depress'd,
Thou fall'st, alas! thyself, thy kind,
Thy country, unredress'd!"]

MY JO, JANET.

JOHNSON, the publisher, with a foolish delicacy, refused to insert the last stanza of this humorous ballad.

[The sly humor of Allan Ramsay is visible in this song: it is believed, however, that he only retouched an old song, communicating to the strain some of his own peculiar glee. Johnson, a devout man, shook his head at the figurative language of the last verse.

"O, sweet Sir, for your courtesie,
When ye come by the Bass then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a keeking-glass then.
Keek into the draw well,
Janet, Janet;
And there you'll see your bonnie sell,
My jo Janet.

Keeking in the draw-well clear,
What if I should fa' in then;
Syne a' my kin will say and swear,
I drowned mysell for sin, then.
Had the better by the brae,
Janet, Janet;
Had the better by the brae,
My jo Janet.

Good Sir, for your courtesie,
Coming thro' Aberdeen then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pair of sheen then.
Clout the auld, the new are dear,
Janet, Janet;
A pair may gain ye ha'f a year,
My jo Janet.

But what if dancing on the green,
An' skipping like a mawkin,
If they should see my clouted sheen,
Of me they will be tauking.
Dance ay laigh, and late at e'en,
Janet, Janet;
Syne a' their fauts will no be seen,
My jo Janet.

Kind Sir, for your courtesie,
When ye gae to the cross then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pacing horse then.
Pace upo' your spinning wheel,
Janet, Janet;
Pace upo' your spinning wheel,
My jo Janet.

My spinning wheel is auld and stiff,
The rock o't winna stand, Sir;
To keep the temper-pin in tiff,
Employs right aft my hand, Sir.
Make the best o' that ye can,
Janet, Janet;
But like it never wale a man,
My jo Janet."]

THE SHEPHERD'S COMPLAINT.

THE words by a Mr. R. Scott, from the town or neighbourhood of Biggar.

FIFE, AND A' THE LANDS ABOUT IT.

THIS song is Dr. Blacklock's. He, as well as I, often gave Johnson verses, trifling enough perhaps, but they served as a vehicle to the music.

[The poetry of the amiable Blacklock has little passion, and not much original nature: he sung such sentiments as other poets sung, nor can it be said that he has added much to the poetry of Caledonia.

"Allan by his griefs excited,
Long the victim of despair,
Thus deplored his passion slighted,
Thus addressed the scornful fair.
'Fife and all the lands about it,
Undesiring I can see;
Joy may crown my days without it,
Not my charmer without thee.

Must I then for ever languish,
Still complaining, still endure;
Can her form create an anguish,
Which her soul disdains to cure!
Who by hapless passion fated,
Must I still those eyes admire,
Whilst unheeded, unregretted,
In her presence I expire.'"

The air to which this song is written is very old: the old name is supposed to have been "Let Jamie's Lad alane."]

WERE NA MY HEART LIGHT I WAD DIE.

LORD Hailes, in the notes to his Collection of Ancient Scots Poems, says that this song was the composition of a Lady Grisel Baillie, daughter of the first

Earl of Marchmont, and wife of George Baillie, of Jerviswood.

[There are few songs superior to this—the last verse has obtained a melancholy importance from being applied by Burns to his own condition, when he found himself neglected by his country and descending to the grave.

"There was anes a May, and she loo'd na men,
She biggit her bonnie bow'r down in yon glen;
But now she cries dool! and a well-a-day!
Come down the green gate, and come here away.

When bonnie young Johnnie came o'er the sea,
He said he saw naithing sae lovely as me;
He hecht me baith rings and mony braw things;
And were na my heart light, I wad die.

He had a wee titty that loo'd na me,
Because I was twice as bonnie as she;
She raised such a pother 'twixt him and his mother,
That were na my heart light, I wad die.

The day it was set, and the bridal to be,
The wife took a dwam, and lay down to die;
She main'd and she grain'd out of dolor and pain,
Till he vow'd he never wad see me again.

His kin was for ane of a higher degree,
Said, What had he to do with the like of me?
Albeit I was bonnie, I was nae for Johnnie:
And were na my heart light, I wad die.

They said, I had neither cow nor caff,
Nor dribbles of drink rins throw the draff,
Nor pickles of meal rins throw the mill-ee;
And were na my heart light, I wad die.

His titty she was baith wylie and slee,
She spy'd me as I came o'er the lee;
And then she ran in and made a loud din,
Believe your ain een, an ye trow na me.

His bonnet stood ay fou round on his brow;
His auld ane looks ay as well as some's new:
But now he lets't wear ony gate it will hing,
And casts himself dowie upon the corn-bing.

And now he gaes dandering about the dykes,
And a' he dow do is to hund the tykes:
The live-lang night he ne'er steeks his ee,
And were na my heart light, I wad die.

Were I young for thee, as I hae been,
We shou'd hae been galloping down on yon green,
And linking it on the lily-white lee;
And wow gin I were but young for thee!"]

THE YOUNG MAN'S DREAM.

This song is the composition of Balloon Tytler.

[The original merit of Tytler's songs is not great: all that he wrote was in the haste of a man hungering for bread—he could not afford leisure to give his talents fair play.]

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

Dr. Blacklock told me that Smollet, who was at the bottom a great Jacobite, composed these beautiful and pathetic verses on the infamous depredations of the Duke of Cumberland after the battle of Culloden.

["The Tears of Scotland" was a bold strain to be written as it was in the year 1746. The picture of desolation was as true as it is moving.

"Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons for valor long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground.
Thy hospitable roofs no more,
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoaky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees, afar,
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast and curses life.
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks:
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then, in ev'ry clime,
Thro' the wide-spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze:
Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke;
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancor fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay,
No more shall cheer the happy day:
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night:
No strains, but those of sorrow, flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe;
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

Oh! baneful cause—oh! fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their father stood;
The parent shed his children's blood!
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's soul was not appeas'd:
The naked and folorn must feel
Devouring flames, and murd'ring steel.

The pious mother doom'd to death,
Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath,
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend;
And, stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

Whilst the warm blood bedews my veins
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow;
Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!"]

AH! THE POOR SHEPHERD'S MOURNFUL FATE.

Tune—"*Gallashiels.*"

THE old title, "Sour Plums o' Gallashiels," probably was the beginning of a song to this air, which is now lost.

The tune of Gallashiels was composed about the beginning of the present century by the Laird of Gallashiel's piper.

[William Hamilton, of Bangour, was an amiable and accomplished gentleman, and one of our sweetest lyric poets. "His mind is pictured," says the author of the life of Lord Kames, "in his verses. They are the easy and careless effusions of an elegant fancy and a chastened taste: and the sentiments they convey are the genuine feelings of a tender and susceptible heart, which perpetually owned the dominion of some fair mistress; but whose passion generally evaporated in song, and made no serious or permanent impression." Hamilton died in March 1754, aged fifty years. The song which follows is one of his best: it was censured by Dr. Johnson for an ill-paired rhyme—wishes and blushes—but harmony of rhyme is one thing, and true poetry another, and no one knew this better than the critic.

"Ah! the poor shepherd's mournful fate,
When doom'd to love and doom'd to languish,
To bear the scornful fair one's hate,
Nor dare disclose his anguish!
Yet eager looks and dying sighs,
My secret soul discover;
While rapture trembling through mine eyes
Reveals how much I love her.
The tender glance, the red'ning cheek,
O'erspread with rising blushes,
A thousand various ways they speak,
A thousand various wishes.

For oh! that form so heavenly fair,
Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
That artless blush and modest air,
So fatally beguiling!
The every look and every grace,
So charm whene'er I view thee;
Till death o'ertake me in the chace,
Still will my hopes pursue thee:
Then when my tedious hours are past,
Be this last blessing given,
Low at thy feet to breathe my last.
And die in sight of heaven."]

MILL, MILL O.—

THE original, or at least a song evidently prior to Ramsay's is still extant.—It runs thus,

CHORUS.

"The mill, mill O, and the kill, kill O,
And the coggin o' Peggy's wheel O,
The sack and the sieve, and a' she did leave,
And danc'd the miller's reel O.—

As I cam down yon waterside,
And by yon shellin-hill O,
There I spied a bonnie bonnie lass,
And a lass that I lov'd right weel O."—

[That Burns had the verses as well as the air of the "Mill, Mill O" in his mind when he wrote "The Poor and Honest Sodger," seems pretty evident: he has, however, mended the morality of the song, as well as heightened its poetry. The story of the original cannot well be repeated, nor can a verse be detached as a sample without bringing with it some of the original sin of the composition.]

WE RAN AND THEY RAN.

THE author of "We ran and they ran"—was a Rev. Mr. Murdoch M'Lennan, minister at Crathie, Dee-side.

["We ran and they ran," is a rough rude chaunt composed in honor of some and in derision of others who fought, or fled, or fell in the battle of Sherriffmuir. The verse on Robertson of Struan, the poet, is one of the best:—

But Clephane acted pretty,
And Strowan the witty,
A poet that pleases us a' man;
For mine is but rhyme,
In respect of what's fine,
Or what he is able to draw man."]

WALY, WALY.

In the west country I have heard a different edition of the 2d stanza.—Instead of the four lines, beginning with, "When cockle-shells, &c." the other way ran thus:—

"O wherefore need I busk my head,
Or wherefore need I kame my hair,
Sin my fause luve has me forsook,
And says, he'll never luve me mair."

[This is a very old as well as a very beautiful song: it first appeared in the "Tea Table Miscellany," and seems to have been retouched and altered by a very skilful hand. Some of the verses of the old song are not yet forgotten:—

"Hey trolly lolly, but love be jolly,
Awhile while it is new;
When it is auld it grows fu' cauld—
Wae worth all love untrue."

It is one of Sir Walter Scott's theories, that the finer and more poetic passages in our old oral verse have been injured, and oftentimes lost, as the ballads to which they belonged drifted along the stream of time:—

"O waly waly up the bank,
And waly waly down the brae,
And waly by yon burn side,
Where I and my love were wont to gae.
I leant my back unto an aik
I thought it was a trustie tree
But first it bow'd, and syne it brake,
And sae my true love did lyghtlie me.

O waly waly gin love be bonny
A little time while it is new;
But when its auld it waxeth cauld,
And fades awa' like morning-dew.
O wherefore shu'd I busk my head?
O wherefore shu'd I kame my hair?
For my true love has me forsook,
And says he'll never loe me mair.

Now Arthur-seat shall be my bed,
The sheits shall neir be fyl'd by me:
Saint Anton's well sall be my drink,
Since my true love's forsaken me

Marti'mas wind, whan wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
O gentle death, whan wilt thou cum?
For of my life I am wearie.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie;
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
Whan we came in by Glasgow town,
We were a comely sight to see;
My love was clad i' th' black velvet,
And I mysell in cramasie.

But had I wist before I kisst,
That love had been sae ill to win,
I had lockt my heart in a case of gowd,
And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.
Oh, oh! if my young babe were borne,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I mysell were dead and gone,
For a maid again I'll never be."]

DUMBARTON DRUMS.

This is the last of the West Highland airs; and from it over the whole tract of country to the confines of Tweed-side, there is hardly a tune or song that one can say has taken its origin from any place or transaction in that part of Scotland.—The oldest Ayrshire reel, is Stewarton Lasses, which was made by the father of the present Sir Walter Montgomery Cunningham, alias Lord Lysle; since which period there has indeed been local music in that country in great plenty.—Johnie Faa is the only old song which I could ever trace as belonging to the extensive country of Ayr.

[The author of this song is unknown, nor is it very distressing for the poetic merit of the ditty is but little: there is some good sense, nevertheless, in the lady's musings:—

" My love is a handsome laddie O,
Genteel but ne'er foppish nor gaudie O,
Tho' commissions are dear
Yet I'll buy him one this year,
For he shall serve no longer a cadie O;
A soldier has honor and bravery O;
Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery O,
He minds no other thing
But the ladies or the King,
For every other care is but slavery O."]

CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

This song is by the Duke of Gordon.—The old verses are,

" There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
And castocks in Strathbogie;
When ilka lad maun hae his lass,
Then fye, gie me my coggie.

Chorus.

My coggie, Sirs, my coggie, Sirs,
I cannot want my coggie:
I wadna gie my three-girr'd cap
For e'er a quene on Bogie.—

There's Johnie Smith has got a wife,
That scrimps him o' his coggie,
If she were mine, upon my life
I wad douk her in a bogie."

["The Cauld Kail" of his Grace of Gordon has long been a favorite in the north, and deservedly so, for it is full of life and manners. It is almost needless to say that kale is colewert, and much used in broth; that castocks are the stalks of the common cabbage, and that coggie is a wooden dish for holding porridge; it is also a drinking vessel.

" There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
And castocks in Stra'bogie;
Gin I but hae a bonny lass,
Ye're welcome to your coggie:
And ye may sit up a' the night,
And drink till it be braid day-light;
Gie me a lass baith clean and tight,
To dance the Reel of Bogie.

In cotillons the French excel;
John Bull loves countra-dances;
The Spaniards dance fandangos well;
Mynheer an allemande prances:
In foursome reels the Scotch delight,
The threesome maist dance wond'rous light;
But twasome's ding a' out o' sight,
Danc'd to the Reel of Bogie.

Come, lads, and view your partners well,
Wale each a blythsome rogie;
I'll tak this lassie to mysel,
She seems sae keen and vogie!
Now piper lad bang up the spring;
The countra fashion is the thing,
To pride their mou's e'er we begin
To dance the Reel of Bogie.

Now ilka lad has got a lass,
Save yon auld doited forgie,
And ta'en a fling upo' the grass,
As they do in Stra'bogie:
But a' the lasses look sae fain,
We canna think oursel's to hain,
For they maun hae their come again
To dance the Reel of Bogie.

Now a' the lads hae done their best,
Like true men of Stra'bogie;
We'll stop awhile and tak a rest,
And tripple out a coggie:
Come now, my lads, and tak your glass,
And try ilk other to surpass,
In wishing health to every lass
To dance the Reel of Bogie."]

FOR LAKE OF GOLD.

THE country girls in Ayrshire, instead of the line—

"She me forsook for a great duke,"

say,

"For Athole's duke she me forsook;"

which I take to be the original reading.

These were composed by the late Dr. Austin, physician at Edinburgh.—He had courted a lady, to whom he was shortly to have been married; but the Duke of

Athole having seen her, became so much in love with her, that he made proposals of marriage, which were accepted of, and she jilted the doctor.

[The doctor gave his woes an airing in song, and then married a very agreeable and beautiful lady, by whom he had a numerous family. Nor did Jean Drummond, of Megginch, break her heart when James, Duke of Athole, died: she dried her tears, and gave her hand to Lord Adam Gordon. The song is creditable to the author.

"For lake of gold she has left me, oh!
And of all that's dear bereft me, oh!
She me forsook for a great Duke,
  And to endless care has left me, oh!
A star and garter has more art
Than youth, a true and faithful heart,
For empty titles we must part,
  And for glitt'ring show she left me, oh!

No cruel fair shall ever move
My injured heart again to love,
Thro' distant climates I must rove,
  Since Jeanie she has left me, oh!
Ye pow'rs above, I to your care
Commit my lovely charming fair,
Your choicest blessings on her share,
  Tho' she's for ever left me, oh!"]

HERE'S A HEALTH TO MY TRUE LOVE, &c.

This song is Dr. Blacklock's. He told me that tradition gives the air to our James IV. of Scotland.

["Scottish traditions," says Joseph Ritson, "are to be received with great caution." He might have said the same of all things oral; but I see not why northern traditions are more liable to suspicion than the legends of other lands. Had the composition of an air or a song been imputed to one of his own Henrys or Edwards, he might have questioned it; but all the Stuarts were gifted men: James the First and Fifth were ac-

complished poets and musicians. The whole family were lovers of music and verse: it was not, therefore, wonderful that one of them should compose a pretty piece of music.]

HEY TUTTI TAITI.

I HAVE met the tradition universally over Scotland, and particularly about Stirling, in the neighbourhood of the scene, that this air was Robert Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn.

["It does not seem at all probable," says Ritson, "that the Scots had any martial music in the time of this monarch; it being their custom, at that period, for every man in the host to bear a little horn, with the blowing of which, as we are told by Froissart, they would make such a horrible noise as if all the devils of hell had been among them. It is not, therefore, likely that these unpolished warriors would be curious

——— 'to move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and self recorders.'

These horns, indeed, are the only music ever mentioned by Barbour, to whom any particular march would have been too important a circumstance to be passed over in silence; so that it must remain a moot point, whether Bruce's army were cheered by the sound of even a solitary bagpipe."

Of the two songs which accompany this air in the "Musical Museum," one is an ordinary tippling chaunt, while the other is a drunken Jacobite effusion, in which many valorous words are used and many brimming cups drunk. The former makes the toper address his cup.

"Cog an ye were ay fou,
Cog an ye were ay fou,
I wad sit and sing to you,
Cog an ye were ay fou."

While the latter exclaims,

"Fill up pour bumpers high
We'll drink a' yere barrels dry,
Out upon them, fy, fy,
That winna do't again.
Here's to the chieftains
Of the Scots Highland clans,
They hae done it mair than ance,
And will do't again."

It has been observed of the gentlemen who were attached to the now extinct cause of the Stuarts, that those who fought worst drank best, while those who drank best did little else well. The glorious song of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled" has made this air immortal. That animating strain is now sung wherever freedom is felt and the British language understood. The more like recitation it is sung, the effect is better; scientific ornament injures the simple vigor of the words and air.]

TAK YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

A PART of this old song, according to the English set of it, is quoted in Shakspeare.

[In the drinking scene in Othello—Iago sings:—

"King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he called the tailor lown;
He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree;
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee."

The economic spirit of Stephen has been transferred by a northern minstrel to Robert Bruce: the song, of which the following is a part, is one of our best as well as oldest.

"In winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
And frost and snow on ilka hill,
And Boreas, with his blast sae bauld,
Was threatning a' our ky to kill:
Then Bell my wife, wha loves na strife,
She said to me right hastily,
Get up, goodman, save Cromy's life,
And tak your auld cloak about ye.

My Cromie is an useful cow,
And she is come of a good kyne;
Aft has she wet the bairns' mou,
And I am laith that she shou'd tyne.
Get up, gudeman, it is fou time,
The sun shines in the lift sae hie;
Sloth never made a gracious end,
Go tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a good grey cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear;
But now it's scantly worth a groat,
For I have worn't this thirty year?
Let's spend the gear that we have won,
We little ken the day we'll die:
Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn
To have a new cloak about me.

In days when our king Robert rang,
His trews they cost but haff a crown;
He said they were a groat o'er dear,
And call'd the taylor thief and loun.
He was the king that wore a crown,
And thou the man of laigh degree,
'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
Sae tak thy auld cloak about thee."]

YE GODS, WAS STREPHON'S PICTURE BLEST?

Tune—"*Fourteenth of October.*"

THE title of this air shows that it alludes to the famous king Crispian, the patron of the honorable corporation of shoemakers.—St. Crispian's day falls on the fourteenth of October old style, as the old proverb tells:

"On the fourteenth of October
Was ne'er a sutor sober."

[William Hamilton, of Bangour, wrote this song on hearing that a young lady of birth and beauty wore his picture in her bosom. Ramsay obtained a copy from the author, and published it in the Tea Table Miscellany.

"Ye gods, was Strephon's picture blest
With the fair heaven of Chloe's breast;
Move softer, thou fond flutt'ring heart,
Oh gently throb, too fierce thou art.
Tell me, thou brightest of thy kind,
For Strephon was the bliss design'd;
For Strephon's sake, dear charming maid,
Dids't thou prefer his wand'ring shade,

And thou bless'd shade, that sweetly art
Lodged so near my Chloe's heart,
For me the tender hour improve,
And softly tell how dear I love.
Ungrateful thing! it scorns to hear
Its wretched master's ardent prayer,
Ingrossing all that beauteous heaven
That Chloe, lavish maid, has given.

I cannot blame thee: were I lord
Of all the wealth these breasts afford;
I'd be a miser too, nor give
An alms to keep a god alive.
Oh! smile not thus, my lovely fair,
On these cold looks that lifeless are:
Prize him whose bosom glows with fire,
With eager love and soft desire."

Pastoral designations were the fashion of Hamilton's day: how the ladies would have blushed and fluttered their fans to have been spoken of in song in the language of life.]

SINCE ROBB'D OF ALL THAT CHARM'D MY VIEWS.

The old name of this air is, "the Blossom o' the Raspberry." The song is Dr. Blacklock's.

[The verse is smooth, and the sentiments unobjectionable; the complaint is a common one—unrequited love.]

YOUNG DAMON.

This air is by Oswald.

[This is one of the hurried effusions of Robert Fergusson: his attempts in lyric composition were few, and not very happy.

"Amidst a rosy bank of flowers
Young Damon mourn'd his forlorn fate,
In sighs he spent his languid hours,
And breath'd his woes in lonely state;

Gay joy no more shall ease his mind,
No wanton sports can sooth his care,
Since sweet Amanda prov'd unkind,
And left him full of black despair.

His looks, that were as fresh as morn,
Can now no longer smiles impart;
His pensive soul on sadness borne,
Is rack'd and torn by Cupid's dart;
Turn, Fair Amanda, cheer your swain,
Unshroud him from this vale of woe;
Range every charm to soothe the pain,
That in his tortur'd breast doth grow."]

KIRK WAD LET ME BE.

TRADITION in the western parts of Scotland tells, that this old song, of which there are still three stanzas extant, once saved a covenanting clergyman out of a scrape. It was a little prior to the revolution, a period when being a Scots covenanter was being a felon, that one of their clergy, who was at that very time hunted by the merciless soldiery, fell in, by accident, with a party of the military. The soldiers were not exactly acquainted with the person of the reverend gentleman of whom they were in search; but, from suspicious circumstances, they fancied that they had got one of that cloth and opprobrious persuasion among them in the person of this stranger. "Mass John" to extricate himself, assumed a freedom of manners, very unlike the gloomy strictness of his sect; and among other convivial exibitions, sung (and some traditions say, composed on the spur of the occasion), "Kirk wad let me be," with such effect, that the soldiers swore he was a d———d honest fellow, and that it was impossible *he* could belong to those hellish conventicles; and so gave him his liberty.

The first stanza of this song, a little altered, is a favorite kind of dramatic interlude acted at country weddings, in the south-west parts of the kingdom.

A young fellow is dressed up like an old beggar; a peruke, commonly made of carded tow, represents hoary locks; an old bonnet; a ragged plaid, or surtout, bound with a straw rope for a girdle; a pair of old shoes, with straw ropes twisted round his ancles, as is done by shepherds in snowy weather: his face they disguise as like wretched old age as they can: in this plight he is brought into the wedding house, frequently to the astonishment of strangers, who are not in the secret, and begins to sing—

"O, I am a silly auld man,
My name it is auld Glenae,* &c."

He is asked to drink, and by and bye to dance, which after some uncouth excuses he is prevailed on to do, the fiddler playing the tune, which here is commonly called, "Auld Glenae;" in short he is all the time so plied with liquor that he is understood to get intoxicated, and with all the ridiculous gesticulations of an old drunken beggar, he dances and staggers until he falls on the floor; yet still in all his riot, nay, in his rolling and tumbling on the floor, with some or other drunken motion of his body, he beats time to the music, till at last he is supposed to be carried out dead drunk.

[There are many versions of this Nithsdale song; here is one of the least objectionable, but not the least curious.

"I am a silly puir man,
Gaun hirplin owre a tree,
For courting a lass in the dark
The kirk came haunting me.
If a' my rags were off,
And nought but hale claes on,
O I could please a young lass
As well as a richer man.

---

* Glenae, on the small river Ae, in Annandale; the seat and designation of an ancient branch, and the present representative, of the gallant and unfortunate Dalzels of Carnwarth.—This is the *Author's* note.

The parson he ca'd me a rogue,
  The session an' a thegither,
The justice he cried you dog,
  Your knavery I'll consider:
Sae I drapt down on my knee
  And thus did humbly pray
O, if ye'll let me gae free,
  My hale confession ye'se hae.

'Twas late on tysday at e'en
  When the moon was on the grass;
O, just for charity's sake,
  I was kind to a beggar lass.
She had begged down Annan side,
  Lochmaben and Hightae;
But diel an amous she got,
  Till she met wi' auld Glenae.

The song goes on to relate what passed between the sinner and the session; but we cannot lift the curtain higher from this rustic drama.]

JOHNNY FAA, OR THE GYPSIE LADDIE.

The people in Ayrshire begin this song—

"The gypsies cam to my Lord Cassili's yett."—

They have a great many more stanzas in this song than I ever yet saw in any printed copy.—The castle is still remaining at Maybole, where his lordship shut up his wayward spouse, and kept her for life.

[As tradition strongly vouched for the truth of the story upon which this ballad is founded, Mr. Finlay, with a laudable curiosity, resolved to make the necessary inquiries, the result of which, without much variation, he published in his "Scottish Ballads," and is as follows:

"That the Earl of Cassilis had married a nobleman's daughter contrary to her wishes, she having been previously engaged to another; but that the persuasion and importunity of her friends at last brought her to consent: That Sir John Faw, of Dunbar, her former lover, seizing the opportunity of the Earl's absence on a foreign embassy, disguised himself and a number of his retainers as gypsies, and carried off the lady, 'nothing

loth :' That the Earl having returned opportunely at the time of the commission of the act, and nowise inclined to participate in his consort's ideas on the subject, collected his vassals, and, pursued the lady and her paramour to the borders of England, where, having overtaken them, a battle ensued, in which Faw and his followers were all killed or taken prisoners, excepting one,

——the meanest of them all,
Who lives to weep and sing their fall.

"It is by this survivor that the ballad is supposed to have been written. The Earl, on bringing back the fair fugitive, banished her *a mensa et thoro*, and, it is said, confined her for life in a tower at the village of Maybole, in Ayrshire, built for the purpose; and, that nothing might remain about this tower unappropriated to its original destination, eight heads, carved in stone, below one of the turrets, are said to be the effigies of *so many* of the gypsies. The lady herself, as well as the survivor of Faw's followers, contributed to perpetuate the remembrance of the transaction; for if he wrote a song about it, she wrought it in tapestry; and this piece of workmanship is still preserved at Culzean Castle. It remains to be mentioned, that the ford, by which the lady and her lover crossed the river Doon from a wood near Cassilis-house, is still denominated the Gypsies' Steps.

"There seems to be no reason for identifying the hero with Johnnie Faa, who was king of the gypsies about the year 1590. The coincidence of names, and the disguise assumed by the lover, is perhaps the foundation on which popular tradition has raised the structure. Upon authority so vague, nothing can be assumed; and indeed I am inclined to adopt the opinion of a correspondent, that the whole story may have been the invention of some feudal or political rival, to injure the character and hurt the feelings of an opponent; at least, after a pretty diligent search, I have been able to discover nothing that in the slightest degree confirms the popular tale."

"The gypsies came to our good lord's gate
And wow but they sang sweetly;
They sang sae sweet, and sae very complete,
That down came the fair ladie.

And she came tripping down the stair,
And a' her maids before her;
As soon as they saw her weelfar'd face,
They coost the glamor o'er her.

'Gar tak frae me this gay mantile,
And bring to me a plaidie;
For if kith and kin and a' had sworn,
I'll follow the gypsie laddie.

'Yestreen I lay in a well-made bed,
And my good lord beside me;
This night I'll ly in a tenant's barn,
Whatever shall betide me.'

Come to your bed, says Johnny Faa,
Oh! come to your bed, my dearie;
For I vow and swear by the hilt of my sword,
That your lord shall nae mair come near ye.

'I'll go to bed to my Johnny Faa,
And I'll go to bed to my dearie;
For I vow and swear by what past yestreen,
That my lord shall nae mair come near me."

'I'll mak a hap to my Johnny Faa,
And I'll mak a hap to my dearie;
And he's get a' the coat gaes round,
And my lord shall nae mair come near me.'

And when our lord came home at e'en,
And speir'd for his fair ladie,
The tane she cry'd, and the other reply'd,
She's away wi' the gypsie laddie.

'Gae saddle to me the black, black steed,
Gae saddle and mak him ready;
Before that I either eat or sleep,
I'll gae seek my fair ladie.

And we were fifteen well-made men,
Altho' we were nae bonnie;
And we were a' put down for ane,
A fair young wanton ladie."

Many variations might be added: I shall make room for one stray verse.

"My ladie's skin, like the driven snaw,
Looked through her satin cleedin',
Her white hause, as the wine ran down,
It like a rose did redden."

My friend, John Martin, the distinguished Painter, who has all the love of a true Borderer for the strains which gladdened his ancestors, recites a Northumberland version of this strain, which calls the fortunate and unfortunate hero Gypsie Geordie.]

TO DAUNTON ME.

THE two following old stanzas to this tune have some merit:

"To daunton me, to daunton me,
O ken ye what it is that'll daunton me?—
There's eighty-eight and eighty-nine,
And a' that I hae borne sinsyne,
There's cess and press and Presbytrie,
I think it will do meikle for to daunton me.

But to wanton me, to wanton me,
O ken ye what it is that wad wanton me—
To see gude corn upon the rigs,
And banishment amang the Whigs,
And right restor'd where right sud be,
I think it would do meikle for to wanton me.

[A third verse runs thus:

"But to wanton me, to wanton me,
O ken ye what maist wad wanton me?
To see King James at Enburgh Cross
Wi' fifty thousand foot and horse;
And the usurper forc'd to flee,
O this is that maist wad wanton me."]

THE BONNIE LASS MADE THE BED TO ME.

"THE Bonnie Lass made the Bed to me," was composed on an amour of Charles II. when skulking in the North, about Aberdeen, in the time of the usurpation. He formed *une petite affaire* with a daughter of the House of Portletham, who was the "lass that made the bed to him:"—two verses of it are,

"I kiss'd her lips sae rosy red,
While the tear stood blinkin in her e'e;
I said my lassie dinna cry,
For ye ay shall make the bed to me.

She took her mither's Holland sheets,
And made them a' in sarks to me;
Blythe and merry may she be,
The lass that made the bed to me."

[A version of this old song retouched by the master hand of Burns, is printed in the 4th volume.]

ABSENCE.

A song in the manner of Shenstone.

This song and air are both by Dr. Blacklock.

[From this strain, in the manner of Shenstone, we may extract some pastoral touches,

"Ye harvests that wave in the breeze,
As far as the view can extend;
Ye mountains umbrageous with trees
Whose tops so majestic ascend.
Your landscape what joy to survey,
Were Melissa with me to admire,
Then the harvests would glitter how gay,
How majestic the mountains aspire."]

I HAD A HORSE AND I HAD NAE MAIR.

This story is founded on fact. A John Hunter, ancestor to a very respectable farming family, who live in a place in the parish, I think, of Galston, called Barmill, was the luckless hero that "had a horse and had nae mair."—For some little youthful follies he found it necessary to make a retreat to the West-Highlands, where "he feed himself to a *Highland* Laird," for that is the expression of all the oral editions of the song I ever heard.—The present Mr. Hunter, who told me the anecdote, is the great grandchild of our hero.

[David Herd found, no one knows where, these capital comic verses, and published them in his collection. Johnson added the original music.

"I had a horse, and I had nae mair,
I got him frae my daddy;
My purse was light, and my heart was sair,
But my wit it was fu' ready.
And sae I thought me on a time,
Outwittens of my daddy,
To fee mysel to a lawland laird,
Wha had a bonny ladie.

I wrote a letter, and thus began,
"Madam, be not offended,
I'm o'er the lugs in love wi' you,
And care not tho' ye kend it:
For I get little frae the laird,
And far less frae my daddy,
And I would blythely be the man
Would strive to please my ladie."

She read my letter, and she leugh,
"Ye needna been sae blate, man;
You might hae come to me yoursel,
And tauld me o' your state, man:
You might hae come to me yoursel,
Outwittens o'ny body,
And made *John Gowkston* of the laird,
And kiss'd his bonny lady."

Then she pat siller in my purse,
We drank wine in a coggie,
She feed a man to rub my horse,
And wow! but I was vogie.
But I gat ne'er sae sair a fleg,
Since I came frae my daddy,
The laird came, rap rap, to the yett,
When I was wi' his lady.

Then she pat me below a chair,
And happ'd me wi' a plaidie;
But I was like to swarf wi' fear,
And wish'd me wi' my daddy.
The laird went out, he saw na me,
I went when I was ready:
I promis'd, but I ne'er gade back
To kiss my bonie lady."]

UP AND WARN A' WILLIE.

This edition of the song I got from Tom Niel, of facetious fame, in Edinburgh. The expression "Up

and warn a' Willie," alludes to the Crantara, or warning of a Highland Clan to arms. Not understanding this, the Lowlanders in the west, and south, say, "Up and *waur* them a", &c.

[The ballad given in Johnson is a sort of Gazette account of the battle of Sherriffmuir, where both generals claimed the victory; nor has the rustic minstrel decided the question. The song no sooner made its appearance than it was parodied in a scoffing ballad, of which the following is the starting verse.

"Up an' waur them a' Willie,
Up an' waur them a',
Up and sell your sour milk,
And craw aboon them a' Willie,
Up an' waur them a' Willie,
Up an' waur them a',
Ye'se be prince o' Musselburgh,
And king in Fisherraw, Willie.

Tom Niel, who gave the song to Burns, was a carpenter in Edinburgh, and lived chiefly by making coffins. He was also Precentor, or Clerk, in one of the churches. He had a good strong voice, and was greatly distinguished by his powers of mimicry, and his humorous manner of singing the old Scottish ballads.]

AULD ROB MORRIS.

It is remark-worthy that the song of "Hooly and Fairly," in all the old editions of it, is called "The Drunken wife o' Galloway," which localizes it to that country.

[Auld Rob Morris and "The Drunken Wife o' Galloway," are two first-rate old lyrics; the former was printed as an ancient strain in Ramsay's Tea-table Miscellany: the latter was not discovered so early, yet it is equally authentic.

MOTHER.

"There's Auld Rob Morris wha wons in yon glen,
He's the king o' gude fellows, and wale o' auld men;
Has fourscore o' black sheep, and fourscore too,
And auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun loo.

DAUGHTER.

Haud your tongue mither, and let that abee,
For his eild and my eild can never agree;
They'll never agree, and that will be seen,
For he is fourscore, and I'm but fifteen.

MOTHER.

Haud your tongue daughter, and lay by your pride,
For he's be the bridegroom, and yese be the bride;
He shall lie by your side, and kiss ye too,
Auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun loo.

DAUGHTER.

Auld Rob Morris, I ken him fou weel,
His back sticks out like ony peat-creel;
He's outshinn'd, inkneed, and ringle-ied too,
Auld Rob Morris is the man I'll neer loo.

MOTHER.

Though auld Rob Morris be an elderly man,
Yet his auld brass it will buy a new pan;
Then daughter ye should na be sae ill to shoo,
For auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun loo.

DAUGHTER.

But auld Rob Morris I never will hae,
His back is so stiff, and his beard is so gray;
I had rather die than live wi' him a year,
Sae mair of Rob Morris I never will hear.

The "Drunken wife o' Gallowa" is in another strain: the idea is original, and it cannot be denied that the author, whoever he was, has followed up the conception with great spirit. A verse or two will prove this.

"Down in yon valley a couple did tarry,
The wife she drank naithing but sack and canary;
The man to her friends complained right early,
O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

First she drank cromie, and syne she drank garie,
Then she has drunken my bonnie gray mearie,
That carried me through the dub and the lairie,
O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

The very grey mittens that gade on my hans,
To her ain neibour wife she has laid them in pawns,
Wi' my bane-headed staff that I loe'd sae dearly,
O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

An when she gets drink she aye lays on the lads,
And ca's a' lasses baith limmers and jads;
And I my ain sell an auld cuckold carlie,
O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!"]

NANCY'S GHOST.

THIS song is by Dr. Blacklock.

[Burns seldom praises the songs of Blacklock; he asked him to write for the Museum, but the verses which he contributed are not his best.]

TUNE YOUR FIDDLES, &c.

THIS song was composed by the Rev. John Skinner, nonjuror clergyman at Linshart, near Peterhead. He is likewise author of "Tullochgorum," "Ewie wi' the Crooked Horn," "John o' Badenyond," &c., and what is of still more consequence, he is one of the worthiest of mankind. He is the author of an ecclesiastical history of Scotland. The air is by Mr. Marshall, butler to the Duke of Gordon; the first composer of strathspeys of the age. I have been told by somebody, who had it of Marshall himself, that he took the idea of his three most celebrated pieces, The Marquis of Huntley's Reel, His Farewell, and Miss Admiral Gordon's Reel, from the old air, "The German Lairdie."

[Skinner seems to have written these verses as a sort of task; there is generally a dance of words in his lyric compositions, which shows that his heart was in harmony with the music: though this is not wanting here, the sentiments are not so happy as those of his "John of Badenyond."

"Lay aside your sour grimmaces
Clouded brows, and drumlie faces;
Look about and see their graces,
How they smile delighted.
Now's the season to be merry,
Hang the thoughts of Charon's ferry;
Time enough to turn camstary,
When we're old and doited."]

GIL MORICE.

This plaintive ballad ought to have been called Child Maurice, and not Gil Morice. In its present dress, it has gained immortal honor from Mr. Home's taking from it the ground-work of his fine tragedy of Douglas. But I am of opinion that the present ballad is a modern composition; perhaps not much above the age of the middle of the last century; at least I should be glad to see or hear of a copy of the present words prior to 1650. That it was taken from an old ballad, called "Child Maurice," now lost, I am inclined to believe; but the present one may be classed with "Hardyknute," "Kenneth," "Duncan, the Laird of Woodhouselie," "Lord Livingston," "Binnorie," "The Death of Monteith," and many other modern productions, which have been swallowed by many readers as ancient fragments of old poems. This beautiful plaintive tune was composed by Mr. M'Gibbon, the selector of a collection of Scots tunes. R. B.

In addition to the observations on Gil Morice, I add, that of the songs which Capt. Riddle mentions, "Kenneth" and "Duncan" are juvenile compositions of Mr. Mackenzie. "The Man of Feeling."—Mackenzie's father showed them in MSS. to Dr. Blacklock, as the productions of his son, from which the Doctor rightly prognosticated that the young poet would make, in his more advanced years, a respectable figure in the world of letters.

This I had from Blacklock.

[From a ballad so well known, it is needless to make any extracts: for pathetic simplicity it is all but unrivalled.]

WHEN I UPON THY BOSOM LEAN.

This song was the work of a very worthy facetious old fellow, John Lapraik, late of Dalfram, near Muir-

kirk; which little property he was obliged to sell in consequence of some connexion as security for some persons concerned in that villanous bubble, THE AYR BANK. He has often told me that he composed this song one day when his wife had been fretting o'er their misfortunes.

[This is the very song "that some kind husband had addrest to some sweet wife," alluded to with such exquisite delicacy in the "Epistle to J. Lapraik."

"There was ae *sang* amang the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best,
That some kind husband had addrest
To some sweet wife;
It thrill'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
A' to the life."

WHEN I UPON THY BOSOM LEAN.

'When I upon thy bosom lean,
And fondly clasp thee a' my ain,
I glory in the sacred ties
That made us ane, wha ance were twain:
A mutual flame inspires us baith,
The tender look, the melting kiss:
Even years shall ne'er destroy our love
But only gie us change o' bliss.

'Hae I a wish? it's a for thee;
I ken thy wish is me to please;
Our moments pass sae smooth away,
That numbers on us look and gaze,
Weel pleas'd they see our happy days,
Nor envy's sel' find aught to blame;
And ay when weary cares arise,
Thy bosom still shall be my hame.

'I'll lay me there, and take my rest,
And if that aught disturb my dear,
I'll bid her laugh her cares away,
And beg her nót to drap a tear:
Hae I a joy! its a' her ain;
United still her heart and mine;
They're like the woodbine round the tree,
That's twin'd till death shall them disjoin.']

THE HIGHLAND CHARACTER.

THIS tune was the composition of Gen. Reid, and called by him "The Highland, or 42d Regiment's March." The words are by Sir Harry Erskine.

[Sir Harry Erskine was a wit, an orator, and something of a poet: his song on the Highland character was once very popular: the commencement is indeed agreeable to national vanity as well as suitable to the music.

"In the garb of old Gaul, with the fire of old Rome,
From the heath-covered mountains of Scotia we come,
Where the Romans endeavored our country to gain;
But our ancestors fought, and they fought not in vain.

No effeminate customs our sinews unbrace,
No luxurious tables enervate our race,
Our loud-sounding pipe bears the true martial strain,
So do we the old Scottish valor retain.

We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale
As swift as the roe which the hound doth assail,
As the full moon in autumn our shields do appear,
Minerva would dread to encounter our spear.

As a storm in the ocean when Boreas blows,
So are we enrag'd when we rush on our foes;
We sons of the mountains, tremendous as rocks,
Dash the force of our foes with our thundering strokes."]

LEADER HAUGHS AND YARROW.

THERE is in several collections, the old song of "Leader Haughs and Yarrow." It seems to have been the work of one of our itinerant minstrels, as he calls himself, at the conclusion of his song, "Minstrel Burn."

[Who Minstrel Burn was, is a question which antiquaries are unable to solve: that he was a borderer seems probable from the subject of his song, and that he had not a little of the poet's spirit, his song survives to prove. The first and last verses are very beautiful.

" When Phœbus bright, the azure skies
With golden rays enlight'neth,
He makes all Nature's beauties rise,
Herbs, trees, and flow'rs, he quick'neth:
Amongst all those he makes his choice,
And with delight goes thorough,
With radiant beams and silver streams
O'er Leader-Haughs and Yarrow.

But Minstrel Burn cannot assuage
His grief, while life endureth,
To see the changes of this age,
That fleeting time procureth:
For mony a place stands in hard case,
Where blyth fowk kend nae sorrow,
With Homes that dwelt on Leaderside,
And Scots that dwelt on Yarrow."]

THIS IS NO MINE AIN HOUSE.

The first half stanza is old, the rest is Ramsay's. The old words are—

" O this is no mine ain house,
My ain house, my ain house;
This is no my ain house,
I ken by the biggin o't.

Bread and cheese are my door-cheeks,
My door-cheeks, my door-cheeks;
Bread and cheese are my door-cheeks,
And pancakes the riggin o't.

This is no my ain wean,
My ain wean, my ain wean;
This is no my ain wean,
I ken by the greetie o't.

I'll tak the curchie aff my head,
Aff my head, aff my head;
I'll tak the curchie aff my head,
And row't about the feetie o't."

The tune is an old Highland air, called " Shuan truish willighan."

[The verses which Allan Ramsay added are not at all happy: they want even the liquid ease which lyrical compositions require.]

LADDIE, LIE NEAR ME.

This song is by Blacklock.

[The chief fault of the lyric compositions of this poet is want of simplicity: with how much ease Burns and the old minstrels commenced their strains, compared to the starting stanza of "Laddie, lie near me."

"Hark the loud tempest shakes the earth to its centre,
How mad were the task on a journey to venture;
How dismal's my prospect, of life I am weary,
O! listen, my love, I beseech thee to hear me,
Hear me, hear me, in tenderness hear me;
All the long winter night, laddie, lie near me.

Nights though protracted, tho' piercing the weather,
Yet summer was endless when we were together;
Now since thy absence I feel most severely,
Joy is extinguished and being is dreary,
Dreary, dreary, painful and dreary;
All the long winter night, laddie, lie near me."

With far more natural ease the author of the old verses glides into his subject.

"Lang hae we parted been, lassie, my dearie,
Now we are met again, lassie, lie near me,
Near me, near me, lassie, lie near me;
Lang hast thou lien thy lane lassie lie near me.

A' that I hae endured, lassie, my dearie,
Here in thy arms is cured, lassie, lie near me,
Near me, near me, lassie, lie near me;
Lang hast thou lien thy lane lassie lie near me."

These words have a Jacobite hue: the song was composed, it is said, by one of the Scottish exiles on returning to his family after the act of oblivion.]

THE GABERLUNZIE MAN.

The Gaberlunzie Man is supposed to commemorate an intrigue of James the Vth. Mr. Callender of Craigforth, published some years ago, an edition of "Christ's Kirk on the Green," and the "Gaberlunzie Man," with

notes critical and historical. James the Vth. is said to have been fond of Gosford, in Aberlady Parish, and that it was suspected by his cotemporaries, that in his frequent excursions to that part of the country, he had other purposes in view besides golfing and archery. Three favorite ladies, Sandilands, Weir, and Oliphant (one of them resided at Gosford, and the others in the neighbourhood), were occasionally visited by their royal and gallant admirer, which gave rise to the following advice to his Majesty, from Sir David Lindsay, of the Mount, Lord Lyon.

"Sow not your seed on Sandilands,
Spend not your strength in Weir,
And ride not on yere Oliphants,
For gawing o' your gear."

[Of the nature of his majesty's nocturnal excursions this, and the ballad beginning

"There was a jolly beggar, and a begging he was boune."

will fully inform the reader, he indulged too in other rambles of a martial nature, of which the border still carries the tokens. James was at once a poet, a warrior, and a musician. Of his skill in ballad making, "The Gaberlunzie Man" will be a lasting record.

"The pawky auld carle came o'er the lea,
Wi' many good e'ens and days to me,
Saying, Goodwife, for your courtesie,
Will ye lodge a silly poor man?
The night was cauld, the carle was wat,
And down ayont the ingle he sat;
My daughter's shoulders he 'gan to clap,
And cadgily ranted and sang.

O wow! quo' he, were I as free
As first when I saw this country,
How blyth and merry wad I be!
And I wad never think lang.
He grew canty, and she grew fain;
But little did her auld minny ken
What thir slee twa togither were say'n,
When wooing they were sae thrang.

And O! quo' he, ann ye were as black
As e'er the crown of my dady's hat,
'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
And awa' wi' me thou should gang.
And O! quo' she, an I were as white,
As e'er the snaw lay on the dike,
I'd cleed me braw, and lady like,
And awa' with thee I'd gang.

Between the twa was made a plot;
They raise awee before the cock,
And wilily they shot the lock,
And fast to the bent are they gane.
Up the morn the auld wife raise,
And at her leisure pat on her claise;
Syne to the servant's bed she gaes,
To speer for the silly puir man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay,
The strae was cauld, he was away,
She clapt her hand, cry'd Waladay,
For some of our gear will be gane.
Some ran to coffer, and some to kist,
But nought was stown that could be mist,
She danc'd her lane, cry'd, Praise be blest,
I have lodg'd a leal poor man.

Since naething's awa', as we can learn,
The kirn's to kirn, and the milk to earn,
Gae butt the house, lass, and waken my bairn,
And bid her come quickly ben.
The servant gaed where the daughter lay,
The sheets were cauld, she was away,
And fast to her goodwife gan say,
She's aff with the Gaberlunzie-man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
And haste ye find these traitors again;
For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,
The wearifu' Gaberlunzie-man.
Some rade upo' horse, some ran a foot,
The wife was wud, and out o' her wit,
She cou'd na gang, nor yet could she sit,
But ay she cursed, and ay she banned.

Meantime far hind out o'er the lea,
Fu' snug in a glen where nane could see,
The twa with kindly sport and glee,
Cut frae a new cheese a whang.
The priving was good, it pleased them baith;
To lo'e for ay, he gae her his aith:
Quo' she, to leave thee I will be laith,
My winsome Gaberlunzie-man.

O kend, my minnie, I were wi' you,
Ill-fardly wad she crook her mou',
Sic a poor man she'd never trow,
After the Gaberlunzie-man.
My dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
And ha' nae learned the beggar's tongue,
To follow me frae town to town,
And carry the gaberlunzie on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,
And spindles and whorles for them wha need,
Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,
To carry the gaberlunzie on.
I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
And draw a black clout o'er my ee;
A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
While we shall be merry and sing."]

THE BLACK EAGLE.

THIS song is by Dr. Fordyce, whose merits as a prose writer are well known.

[The talents of Dr. Fordyce as a philosophical writer are generally acknowledged: he perished at sea in the year 1755.

"Hark! yonder eagle lonely wails;
His faithful bosom grief assails;
Last night I heard him in my dream,
When death and woe were all the theme.
Like that poor bird I make thy moan,
I grieve for dearest Delia gone;
With him to gloomy rocks I fly,
He mourns for love and so do I.

'Twas mighty love that tamed his breast,
'Tis tender grief that breaks his rest;
He droops his wings, he hangs his head,
Since she he fondly loved was dead.
With Delia's breath my joy expired
'Twas Delia's smiles my fancy fired;
Like that poor bird I pine and prove,
Nought can supply the place of love.

Dark as his feathers was the fate,
That robb'd him of his darling mate;
Dimm'd is the lustre of his eye,
That wont to gaze the sun-bright sky,

To him is now forever lost,
The heart-felt bliss he once could boast;
Thy sorrows hapless bird display,
An image of my soul's dismay."]

JOHNIE COPE.

THIS satirical song was composed to commemorate General Cope's defeat at Preston Pans in 1745, when he marched against the Clans.

The air was the tune of an old song, of which I have heard some verses, but now only remember the title, which was

"Will ye go the coals in the morning."

[This satiric song has long been a favorite in the north: the variations are numerous: I once heard a peasant boast, among other acquirements, that he could sing Johnie Cope with all the nineteen variations. The earliest is the rudest.

"Cope sent a challenge from Dunbar,
Saying, Charlie, fight me if you dare,
If it be not by the chance of war,
I'll catch you all in the morning.

Charlie look'd the letter upon,
He drew his sword his scabbard from,
Saying, come follow me, my merry men,
And we'll visit Cope in the morning.

'Tis John Cope, are you wakin yet?
Or are you sleeping? I would wit:
'Tis a wonder to me when your drums beat,
It does not waken you in the morning.

The highland men came down the loan,
With sword and target in their hand,
They took the dawning by the end,
And they visited Cope in the morning."

A second version takes up the song at this place with a better spirit—

"Hey, Johnie Cope, get up an' rin,
The Highland bagpipes mak a din,
It's best to sleep in a hale skin,
It will be a bloody morning.

Yon's no the took o' England's drum,
But its the war-pipe's deadly strum;
And pours the claymore on the gun,
It will be a bloody morning."

When Cope fled, the fleetness of his horse carried him foremost, upon which a Scotsman sarcastically complimented him, "God, Sir, but ye ha'e won the race, win the battle wha like!"]

CEASE, CEASE, MY DEAR FRIEND TO EXPLORE.

THE song is by Dr. Blacklock; I believe, but am not quite certain, that the air is his too.

[There are some pretty lines and agreeable thoughts in this song.]

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

THIS air was formerly called, "The Bridegroom greets when the Sun gangs down." The words are by Lady Ann Lindsay, of the Balcarras family.

["When the sheep are in the fauld, and the ky at hame,
And a' the warld to sleep are gane:
The waes of my heart fa' in show'rs frae my ee,
When my gudeman lyes sound by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and he sought me for his bride,
But saving a crown he had naething beside;
To make that crown a pound, my Jamie gade to sea,
And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

He had nae been awa a week but only twa,
When my mother she fell sick, and the cow was stown awa;
My father brak his arm, and my Jamie at the sea,
And auld Robin Gray came a courting me.

My father coudna work, and my mother coudna spin,
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I coudna win;
Old Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his ee,
Said "Jenny, *for their sakes*, O marry me."

My heart it said nae, I look'd for Jamie back,
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack;
The ship it was a wrack, why didna Jenny die,
And why do I live to say, wae's me?

My father argued sair, tho' my mither didna speak,
She look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;
So they gi'ed him my hand, tho' my heart was in the sea,
And auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When sitting sae mournfully at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I coudna think it he,
'Till he said, "I'm come back for to marry thee."

O sair did we greet, and mickle did we say,
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away;
I wish I were dead! but I'm no like to die,
And why do I live to say, wae's me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin,
I daresna think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin;
But I'll do my best a gudewife to be,
For auld Robin Gray is kind unto me."

"Mr Pinkerton," says Cromek, after observing that none of the "Scotch amatory ballads," as he remembers "are written by ladies;" and that "the profligacy of manners which always reigns before women can so utterly forget all sense of decency and propriety as to commence authors, is yet almost unknown in Scotland," adds, in a note, that "there is indeed, of very late years, one insignificant exception to this rule: 'Auld Robin Gray,' having got his silly psalm set to soporific music, is, to the credit of our taste, popular for the day. But after lulling some good-natured audiences asleep, he will soon fall asleep himself." Little Ritson, with a becoming boldness and indignation at the author of these ungracious and ungallant remarks, steps forward with his accustomed bantam-cock courage, and thus strikes at the hard forehead of Pinkerton. "Alas! this 'silly psalm' will continue to be sung 'to the credit of our taste,' long after the author of this equally ridiculous and malignant paragraph shall be as completely forgotten as yesterday's Ephemeron, and his printed trash be only occasionally discernible at the bottom of a pie. Of the twenty-four Scottish song-writers whose names are preserved, four, if not five, are females; and, as poetesses, two more might be added to the number.

"At the time Mr. Pinkerton made this unmanly remark, he must have been aware that an examination of the characters of our principal female authors would have convinced him of its fallacy."]

DONALD AND FLORA.

THIS is one of those fine Gaelic tunes, preserved from time immemorial in the Hebrides; they seem to be the ground-work of many of our finest Scots pastoral tunes. The words of this song were written to commemorate the unfortunate expedition of General Burgoyne in America, in 1777.

[Hector Macneill was looked up to as Scotland's hope in song when Burns died: his poems flew over the north like wild-fire, and half a dozen editions were bought up in a year. There is some sweetness in his verse, and some nature in his sentiments, but he wants the passion and vigor of the bard of Kyle: "Donald and Flora" is one of his best songs, but it is weak and wire-drawn compared with the pith and concentrated vehemence of the lyrics of Burns. The Donald of the song was Captain Stewart, who fell at the battle of Saratoga, and Flora was a young lady of Athole, to whom he was betrothed.

"When merry hearts were gay,
Careless of aught but play,
Poor Flora slipt away,
Sad'ning to Mora;
Loose flow'd her yellow hair,
Quick heav'd her bosom bare,
As to the troubled air
She vented her sorrow.

Loud howls the stormy west,
Cold, cold is winter's blast;
Haste then, O! Donald, haste,
Haste to thy Flora!
Twice twelve long months are o'er
Since, on a foreign shore,
You promis'd to fight no more,
But meet me in Mora.

'Where now is Donald dear?'
Maids cry with taunting sneer;
'Say is he still sincere
To his loved Flora?
Parents upbraid my moan,
Each heart is turn'd to stone;
Ah! Flora, thou'rt now alone,
Friendless in Mora!

Come then, O come away!
Donald, no longer stay;
Where can my rover stray
From his lov'd Flora?
Ah! sure he ne'er can be
False to his vows and me:
O, Heaven! is not yonder he
Bounding o'er Mora?

Never, ah! wretched fair!
(Sigh'd the sad messenger,)
Never shall Donald mair
Meet his loved Flora!
Cold as yon mountain snow,
Donald, thy love, lies low;
He sent me to sooth thy woe
Weeping in Mora.

Mute stood the trembling fair,
Speechless with wild despair,
Then striking her bosom bare,
Sigh'd out, 'poor Flora!'
Ah! Donald! ah, well a day!
Was all the fond heart could say;
At length the sound died away
Feebly in Mora."]

THE CAPTIVE RIBBON.

THIS air is called "Robie donna Gorach."

[Though more like the strains of Macneill than of Burns, the song of "The Captive Ribbon" has been generally imputed to the latter. Here are the words—the reader may judge for himself.

"Dear Myra, the captive ribbon's mine,
'Twas all my faithful love could gain;
And would you ask me to resign
The sole reward that crowns my pain.

Go bid the hero who has run
Thro' fields of death to gather fame,
Go, bid him lay his laurels down,
And all his well-earn'd praise disclaim.

The ribbon shall its freedom lose,
Lose all the bliss it had with you,
And share the fate I would impose
On thee wert thou my captive too.

It shall upon my bosom live,
Or clasp me in a close embrace;
And at its fortune if you grieve,
Retrieve its doom and take its place."]

THE BRIDAL O'T.

THIS song is the work of a Mr. Alexander Ross, late schoolmaster at Lochlee; and author of a beautiful Scots poem, called "The Fortunate Shepherdess."

["The reader will be pleased to find," says Cromek, "from the following communication to the editor, by Mrs. Murray, of Bath (authoress of 'Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch'), that Mr. Ross was one of the very few writers that practised what they taught.

"'I knew a good deal of Mr. Ross, author of 'The Fortunate Shepherdess,' but it was many years ago:—I still remember him with respect, as a man of most amiable character. His genius and talents speak for themselves in the above-mentioned beautiful little poem, and one cannot help regretting that such abilities were only born to 'blush unseen, and waste their sweetness on the desert air;' for in truth his humble abode was little better than a desert, though not inhabited by savages; nothing on earth being less savage than a mere uncultivated Highlander. I speak from the experience of many years of the early part of my life, which I had the happiness of spending in the North Highlands of Scotland, the country of 'Honest men and bonny lasses.'"

"Mr. Ross was also author of two excellent songs, called 'What ails the Lasses at me?' and 'The Rock and the wee pickle tow.' They are printed in this collection immediately after 'The Bridal o't.' He was born about the year 1700. His father was a farmer in the parish of Kincardine O'Neil, Aberdeenshire. His first settlement was at Birs, as parochial schoolmaster, about the year 1733. He removed to Lochlee, Forfarshire, where he died in May, 1783, after residing fifty years in the centre of the Grampians, almost secluded from the converse of men and books. Mr. Ross's grandson, the Rev. Alexander Thomson, gives the following account of him in a letter to Mr. Campbell, author of 'An Introduction to the History of Poetry in Scotland,' dated Lintrethen, 14th June, 1798.—"He (Ross)

was a plain man, had the character of being a good schoolmaster, was very religious, which appeared by his behavior as much as by his profession. He was an excellent Latin scholar, and wrote with considerable accuracy, till the days of old age and infirmity, when he wrote a poem, entitled 'The Orphan,' and attempted to publish it at Aberdeen, with some other little performances, which, on account of their inaccuracy, of which the worthy author was not so sensible as he would have formerly been, he was advised by Dr. Beattie, one of his best friends, not to publish.' "

"They say that Jockey'll speed weel o't,
They say that Jockey'll speed weel o't,
For he grows brawer ilka day,
I hope we'll hae a bridal o't:
For yesternight, nae farder gane,
The backhouse at the side wa' o't,
He there wi' meg was mirden seen,
I hope we'll hae a bridal o't.

An we had but a bridal o't,
An we had but a bridal o't,
We'd leave the rest unto gude luck,
Altho' there should betide ill o't:
For bridal days are merry times,
And young folks like the coming o't,
And scribblers they bang up their rhymes,
And pipers they the bumming o't.

The lasses like a bridal o't,
The lasses like a bridal o't,
Their braws maun be in rank and file,
Altho' that they should guide ill o't:
The boddom o' the kist is then
Turn'd up unto the inmost o't,
The end that held the kecks sae clean,
Is now become the teemest o't.

The bangster at the threshing o't.
The bangster at the threshing o't,
Afore it comes is fidgin fain,
And ilka day's a clashing o't:
He'll sell his jerkin for a groat,
His linder for anither o't,
And e'er he want to clear his shot,
His sark'l pay the thegither o't.

The pipers and the fiddlers o't,
The pipers and the fiddlers o't,
Can smell a bridal unco' far,
And like to be the middlers o't:

Fan * thick and threefold they convene,
Ilk ane envies the tither o't,
And wishes nane but him alane
May ever see anither o't.

Fan they hae done wi' eating o't,
Fan they hae done wi' eating o't,
For dancing they gae to the green,
And aiblins to the beating o't:
He dances best that dances fast,
And loups at ilka reesing o't,
And clasps his hands frae hough to hough,
And furls about the feezings o't."]

TODLEN HAME.

THIS is perhaps the first bottle song that ever was composed. The author's name is unknown.

["When I've a saxpence under my thumb,
Then I'll get credit in ilka town:
But ay when I'm poor they bid me gae by;
O! poverty parts good company.
Todlen hame, todlen hame,
Coudna my loove come todlen hame?

Fair fa' the goodwife, and send her good sale,
She gi'es us white bannocks to drink her ale,
Syne if her tippeny chance be sma',
We'll tak a good scour o't, and ca't awa'.
Todlen hame, todlen hame,
As round as a neep come todlen hame.

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep,
And twa pintsoups at our bed-feet;
And ay when we waken'd, we drank them dry:
What think ye of wee kimmer and I?
Todlen but, and todlen ben,
Sae round as my loove comes todlen hame.

Lees me on liquor, my todlen dow,
Ye're ay sae good humor'd when weeting your mou;
When sober sae sour, ye'll fight wi' a flee,
That 'tis a blyth sight to the bairns and me,
When todlen hame, todlen hame.
When round as a neep ye come todlen hame."]

* *Fan*, when—the dialect of Angus.

THE SHEPHERD'S PREFERENCE.

THIS song is Dr. Blacklock's.—I don't know how it came by the name, but the oldest appellation of the air was, "Whistle and I'll come to you my lad."

It has little affinity to the tune commonly known by that name.

["In May, when the daisies appear on the green,
And flow'rs in the field and the forest are seen;
Where lilies bloom'd bonnie, and hawthorns up sprung,
A pensive young shepherd oft whistled and sung.
But neither the shades nor the sweets of the flow'rs,
Nor the blackbirds that warbled in blossoming bow'rs;
Could pleasures his eye or his ear entertain,
For love was his pleasure and love was his pain.

The shepherd thus sung, while his flocks all around,
Drew nearer and nearer, and sigh'd to the sound;
Around, as in chains, lay the beasts of the wood,
With pity disarm'd, and with music subdued.
Young Jessy is fair as the spring's early flow'r,
And Mary sings sweet as the bird in her bow'r;
But Peggy is fairer and sweeter than they,
With looks like the morning—with smiles like the day."

The blind bard continues the strain through three other verses: he had a fine ear, but external nature had begun to fade and grow dim in his remembrance.]

JOHN O' BADENYON.

THIS excellent song is the composition of my worthy friend, old Skinner, at Linshart.

[The songs of Skinner of Linshart have not the merit of being brief: they are nevertheless very good, and deserve to the full the eulogiums of Burns. Our ancestors tolerated strains of a length that would weary out the patience of their descendants in singing. But then amusements in those days were few, and he who could sing a long song, or recite a long story, was of some account: at present we have so multiplied our enjoyments that he who would sing John of Badenyon, or one of Robin Hood's Ballads, would be looked upon as one who desired to rob us of variety in pleasure.

"When first I cam to be a man
Of twenty years or so,
I thought myself a handsome youth,
And fain the world would know;
In best attire I stept abroad,
With spirits brisk and gay,
And here and there and every where,
Was like a morn in May;
No care had I nor fear of want,
But rambled up and down,
And for a beau I might have pass'd
In country or in town;
I still was pleas'd where'er I went
And when I was alone,
I tun'd my pipe and pleas'd myself
Wi' John o' Badenyon.

Now in the days of youthful prime
A mistress I must find,
For *love*, I heard, gave one an air,
And ev'en improved the mind:
On Phillis fair above the rest
Kind fortune fixt my eyes,
Her piercing beauty struck my heart,
And she became my choice;
To Cupid now with hearty prayer
I offer'd many a vow;
And danc'd and sung, and sigh'd and swore,
As other lovers do;
But, when at last I breath'd my flame,
I found her cold as stone;
I left the jilt, and tun'd my pipe
To John o' Badenyon.

When *love* had thus my heart beguil'd
With foolish hopes and vain;
To *friendship's* port I steer'd my course,
And laugh'd at lover's pain;
A friend I got by lucky chance,
'Twas something like divine,
An honest friend's a precious gift,
And such a gift was mine;
And now whatever might betide,
A happy man was I,
In any strait I knew to whom
I freely might apply;
A strait soon came: my friend I try'd;
He heard, and spurn'd my moan;
I hy'd me home, and turn'd my pipe
To John o' Badenyon.

Methought I should be wiser next
And would a *patriot* turn,
Began to doat on Johnny Wilks,
And cry up Parson Horne.
Their manly spirit I admir'd,
And prais'd their noble zeal,
Who had with flaming tongue and pen
Maintain'd the public weal;
But e'er a month or two had past,
I found myself betray'd,
'Twas *self* and *party* after all,
For a' the stir they made;
At last I saw the factious knaves
Insult the very throne,
I curs'd them a', and tun'd my pipe
To John o' Badenyon."]

A WAUKRIFE MINNIE.

I PICKED up this old song and tune from a country girl in Nithsdale.—I never met with it elsewhere in Scotland.

"Where are you gaun, my bonie lass,
Whare are you gaun, my hinnie,
She answer'd me right saucilie,
An errand for my minnie.

O whare live ye my bonie lass,
O whare live ye, my hinnie,
By yon burn-side, gin ye maun ken,
In a wee house wi' my minnie.

But I foor up the glen at e'en,
To see my bonie lassie;
And lang before the gray morn cam,
She was na hauf sae sacie.

O weary fa' the waukrife cock,
And the foumart lay his crawin!
He wauken'd the auld wife frae her sleep,
A wee blink or the dawin.

An angry wife I wat she raise,
And o'er the bed she brought her;
And wi' a mickle hazle rung
She made her a weel pay'd dochter.

O fare thee weel, my bonie lass!
O fare thee weel, my hinnie!
Thou art a gay and a bonie lass,
But thou hast a waukrife minnie."

[I have frequently heard this song sung in Nithsdale—and sung too with many variations. I am of opinion, nevertheless, that a large portion of it is the work of Burns himself. That several of the verses have been amended by him I have not the least doubt. It may gratify some to know that he lessened the indelicacy without imparing the wit of the song: his omissions too are on the same side: the concluding verse may be quoted —I have no wish to restore it—

"O though thy hair were hanks o' gowd,
And thy lips o' drappin, hinnie;
Thou hast gotten the clod that winna cling,
For a' thy waukrife minnie."]

TULLOCHGORUM.

This first of songs, is the master-piece of my old friend Skinner. He was passing the day, at the town of Cullen, I think it was, in a friend's house whose name was Montgomery. Mrs. Montgomery observing *en passant*, that the beautiful reel of Tullochgorum wanted words, she begged them of Mr. Skinner, who gratifed her wishes, and the wishes of every lover of Scottish song, in this most excellent ballad

These particulars I had from the author's son, Bishop Skinner, at Aberdeen.

["Come gie's a sang, Montgomery cried,
And lay your disputes all aside,
What signifies't for folks to chide
For what was done before them:
Let Whig and Tory all agree
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
Whig and Tory all agree,
To drop their Whig-mig-morum.

Let Whig and Tory all agree
To spend the night wi' mirth and glee,
And cheerful sing alang wi' me,
The reel o' Tullochgorum.

O, Tullochgorum's my delight,
It gars us a' in ane unite,
And ony sumph that keeps up spite,
In conscience I abhor him:
For blythe and cheerie we'll be a',
Blythe and cheerie, blythe and cheerie,
Blythe and cheerie we'll be a',
And make a happy quorum,
For blythe and cheerie we'll be a',
And lang as we hae breath to draw,
And dance till we be like to fa',
The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

What needs there be sae great a fraise,
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,
I wadna gie our ain Strathspeys
For half a hunder score o' them.
Their dowf and dowie at the best,
Dowf and dowie, dowf and dowie,
Dowf and dowie at the best,
Wi' a' their variorum;
They're dowf and dowie at the best,
Their *allegros* and a' the rest,
They canna' please a Scottish taste,
Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldly worms their minds oppress
Wi fears o' want and double cess,
And sullen sots themsells distress
Wi' keeping up decorum:
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
Sour and sulky shall we sit,
Like old philosophorum!
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
Nor ever try to shake a fit
To the Reel o' Tullochgorum.]

AULD LANG SINE.

RAMSAY here, as usual with him, has taken the idea of the song, and the first line, from the old fragment which may be seen in the "Museum," Vol. V.

THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKED HORN.

ANOTHER excellent song of old Skinner's.

[The "Poor Maillie" of Burns is said to have been suggested by "The Ewie wi' the crooked horn" of Skinner—with what truth the poem itself will show. The simplicity, tenderness, pathos, and humor of the verses of the bard of Kyle far exceed those of the poet of Linshart.

"Were I but able to rehearse
My Ewie's praise in proper verse,
I'd sound it forth as loud and fierce
As ever piper's drone could blaw.
The Ewie wi' the crookit horn,
Wha had kent her might hae sworn
Sic a Ewe was never born,
Hereabout nor far awa'.
Sic a Ewe was never born,
Hereabout nor far awa'.

I never needed tar nor keil
To mark her upo' hip or heel,
Her crookit horn did just as weel
To ken her by amo' them a';
She never threaten'd scab nor rot,
But keepit aye her ain jog trot,
Baith to the fauld and to the cot,
Was never sweir to lead nor caw,
Baith to the fauld and to the cot, &c.

Cauld nor hunger never dang her,
Wind nor weet could never wrang her,
Anes she lay an ouk and langer,
Furth aneath a wreath o' snaw:
Whan ither Ewies lap the dike,
And ate the kail for a the tyke,
My Ewie never play'd the like,
But tyc'd about the barn wa';
My Ewie never play'd the like, &c.

I lookit aye at even' for her,
Lest mishanter should come o'er her,
Or the fowmart might devour her,
Gin the beastie bade awa';
My Ewie wi' the crookit horn,
Well deserv'd baith girse and corn,
Sic a Ewe was never born
Hereabout nor far awa'.
Sic a Ewe was never born, &c.

Yet last ouk, for a' my keeping,
(Wha can speak it without weeping?)
A villain eam when I was sleeping,
Sta' my Ewie, horn and a';
I sought her sair upo' the morn,
And down aneath a buss o' thorn
I got my Ewie's crookit horn,
But my Ewie was awa'.
I got my Ewie's crookit horn, &c.

O! gin I had the loon that did it,
Sworn I have as weel as said it,
Tho' a' the warld should forbid it,
I wad gie his neck a thra':
I never met wi' sic a turn,
As this sin ever I was born,
My Ewie wi' the crookit horn,
Silly Ewie stown awa'.
My Ewie wi the crookit horn, &c."]

HUGHIE GRAHAM.

THERE are several editions of this ballad.—This, here inserted, is from oral tradition in Ayrshire, where, when I was a boy, it was a popular song.—It, originally, had a simple old tune, which I have forgotten.

"Our Lords are to the mountains gane,
A hunting o' the fallow deer,
And they have gripet Hughie Graham,
For stealing o' the bishop's mare.

And they have tied him hand and foot,
And led him up thro' Stirling town;
The lads and lasses met him there,
Cried, Hughie Graham thou art a loun.

O lowse my right hand free, he says,
And put my braid sword in the same;
He's no in Stirling town this day,
Dare tell the tale to Hughie Graham.

Up then bespake the brave Whitefoord,
As he sat by the bishop's knee,
Five hundred white stots I 'll gie you,
If ye'll let Hughie Graham gae free.

O haud your tongue, the bishop says,
And wi' your pleading let me be;
For tho' ten Grahams were in his coat,
Hughie Graham this day shall die.

Up then bespake the fair Whitefoord,
As she sat by the bishop's knee;
Five hundred white pence I'll gie you,
If ye'll gie Hughie Graham to me.

O haud your tongue now, lady fair,
And wi' your pleading let it be;
Altho' ten Grahams were in his coat,
It's for my honor he maun die.

They've ta'en him to the gallows knowe,
He looked to the gallows tree,
Yet never color left his cheek,
Nor ever did he blink his e'e.

At length he looked round about
To see whatever he could spy:
And there he saw his auld father,
And he was weeping bitterly.

O haud your tongue, my father dear,
And wi' your weeping let it be;
Thy weeping's sairer on my heart.
Than a' that they can do to me.

And ye may gie my brother John,
My sword that's bent in the middle clear;
And let him come at twelve o'clock,
And see me pay the bishop's mare.

And ye may gie my brother James,
My sword that's bent in the middle brown;
And bid him come at four o'clock,
And see his brother Hugh cut down.

Remember me to Maggy my wife,
The neist time ye gang o'er the moor,
Tell her she staw the bishop's mare,
She was the bishop's whore.

And ye may tell my kith and kin,
I never did disgrace their blood;
And when they meet the bishop's cloak
To make it shorter by the hood."

[Burns did not choose to be quite correct in stating that this copy of the ballad of "Hughie Graham" is printed from oral tradition in Ayrshire. The fact is, that four of the stanzas are either altered or superadded by himself.

Of this number the third and eighth are original: the ninth and tenth have received his corrections. Perhaps pathos was never more touching than in the picture of the hero singling out his poor aged father from the crowd of spectators; and the simple grandeur of preparation for this afflicting circumstance in the verse that immediately precedes it, is matchless.

That the reader may probably appreciate the value of Burns's touches, I here subjoin two verses from the most correct copy of the ballad, as it is printed in the "Border Minstrelsy," Vol. II. p. 324.

"He looked over his left shoulder
And for to see what he might see;
There was he aware of his auld father,
Came tearing his hair most piteouslie.

O hald your tongue, my father, he says,
And see that ye dinna weep for me!
For they may ravish me o' my life,
But they canna banish me from heaven hie!"

CROMEK.]

A SOUTHLAND JENNY.

THIS is a popular Ayrshire song, though the notes were never taken down before. It, as well as many of the ballad tunes in this collection, was written from Mrs. Burns's voice.

["Southland Jenny" is older than the days of Allan Ramsay, for it is inserted in his "Tea Table Miscellany," with the letter *Z* annexed to intimate its antiquity. It seems to be of southern manufacture, and probably owes its origin to one of those very ingenious persons who, in London, imitated the voice and manner of the northern muse, with the same happiness that Wallenstein's follower imitated the general.

"I grant that in trifles you hit it off,
You can spit like the Friedlander—ape his cough."

The first verse will be sample sufficient of this compounded strain.

"A Southland Jenny that was right bonnie,
She had for a suitor a Norlan' Johnnie;
But he was sicken a bashfu' wooer,
That he could scarcely speak unto her.
But blinks o' her beauty, and hopes o' her siller,
Forced him at last to tell his mind till 'er;
My dear, quo' he, we'll nae longer tarry,
Gin ye can love me let's o'er the muir and marry."]

THE SOGER LADDIE.

THE first verse of this is old; the rest is by Ramsay. The tune seems to be the same with a slow air, called "Jacky Hume's Lament"—or, "The Hollin Buss"—or, "Ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?"

[In Thomson's "Orpheus Caledonius," printed in 1725, both the music and words of "The Soger Laddie" may be found. The first four lines of the song have the true echo of the ancient minstrelsy. Ramsay has not entered rightly into their spirit when he supplied the other twelve lines.

"My soger laddie is over the sea,
And he'll bring gold and silver to me,
And when he comes home he will make me his lady;
My blessings gang wi' him, my soger laddie.

My doughty laddie is handsome and brave,
And can as a soger and lover behave,
He's true to his country, to love he is steady;
There's few to compare wi' my soger laddie."]

WHERE WAD BONNIE ANNIE LIE.

THE old name of this tune is,—

"Whare'll our gudeman lie."

A silly old stanza of it runs thus--

"O whare'll our gudeman lie,
Gudeman lie, gudeman lie,
O whare'll our gudeman lie,
Till he shute o'er the simmer?

Up amang the hen-bawks,
The hen-bawks, the hen-bawks,
Up amang the hen-bawks,
Amang the rotten timmer."

[Ramsay's song cannot be regarded as any improvement on the old verses, which please at least by their oddity. There is little ease of language or force of expression in the following verse.

"O where wad bonnie Annie lie?
Alane na mair ye mauna lie;
Wad ye a gudeman try,
Is that the thing ye're lacking?
O can a lass sae young as I
Venture on the bridal tye?
Syne down wi' a gudeman lie,
I'm fley'd he'd keep me waukin."]

GALLOWAY TAM.

I HAVE seen an interlude (acted at a wedding) to this tune, called "The Wooing of the Maiden." These entertainments are now much worn out in this part of Scotland. Two are still retained in Nithsdale, viz. "Silly Pure Auld Glenae," and this one, "The Wooing of the Maiden."

[Galloway Tam is a fellow of merit in his way, as the song in his honor will show.

"O Galloway Tam came here to woo;
I'd rather we'd gien him the brawnit cow;
For our lass Bess may curse an' ban
The wanton wit o' Galloway Tam.

O Galloway Tam came here to shear;
I'd rather we'd gien him that gude gray mare;
He kissed the gudewife, and dang the gudeman,
And that's the tricks o' Galloway Tam."

There are many more verses; but it is difficult to make a prudent selection where all are free of thought and language.

"He ow'd the kirk a twalmonth's score,
And doffed his bonnet at the door,
Whan the loon cried out, Wha sang the psalm?
Room on the stool for Galloway Tam.

Sir, quoth the priest, the carnal deil
Has put his mark 'boon gospel keil
And kinch'd yere cloots in hell's black ban:
For mercy loos't, quo' Galloway Tam.

In our kirk fauld we maun ye bar,
And smear yere tail wi' Calvin's tar,
And pettle ye up a dainty lamb:
Amang the yowes, quo' Galloway Tam.

Eased o' a twelvemonth's wanton deeds,
He gaily coost his sackcloth weeds,
And louping like an unspeaned lamb,
Tak tent o' your hearts, quo' Galloway Tam."]

AS I CAM DOWN BY YON CASTLE WA'.

This is a very popular Ayrshire song.

[Though no longer popular, this song is very pretty, and I am not without suspicion that it has at least been amended by Burns. Both music and words were unknown till he sent them to the "Museum."

"As I cam down by yon castle wa',
And in by yon garden green,
O there I spied a bonnie bonnie lass,
But the flower-borders were us between.

A bonnie bonnie lassie she was,
As ever mine eyes did see;
O five hundred pounds would I give,
For to have such a pretty bride as thee.

To have such a pretty bride as me!
Young man ye are sairly mista'en;
Tho' ye were king o' fair Scotland,
I wad disdain to be your queen.

Talk not so very high, bonnie lass,
O talk not so very, very high;
The man at the fair that wad sell,
He maun learn at the man that wad buy.

I trust to climb a far higher tree,
And herry a far richer nest:
Tak this advice o' me, bonnie lass,
Humility wad set thee best."]

LORD RONALD MY SON.

THIS air, a very favorite one in Ayrshire, is evidently the original of Lochaber. In this manner most of our finest more modern airs have had their origin. Some early minstrel, or musical shepherd, composed the simple artless original air; which being picked up by the more learned musician, took the improved form it bears.

[The complete ballad of "Lord Ronald" may be found under the name of "Lord Randal," in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." The hero of the song was poisoned—he ate a dish of adders instead of eels: this is intimated in a stray verse, which should be restored to its place, as, without it, the ballad is incomplete.

"And where did they catch them, Lord Ronald my son?
And where did they catch them, my handsome young man?
Beneath the braken-bush, mother; make my bed soon,
For I'm wearied wi' hunting, and fain wad lie down."]

O'ER THE MOOR AMANG THE HEATHER.

THIS song is the composition of a Jean Glover, a girl who was not only a whore, but also a thief; and in one or other character has visited most of the Correction Houses in the West. She was born I believe in Kilmarnock.—I took the song down from her singing as she was strolling through the country, with a slight-of-hand blackguard.

["Comin thro' the craigs o' Kyle,
Amang the bonnie blooming heather,
There I met a bonnie lassie,
Keeping a' her yowes thegither,

O'er the moor amang the heather,
O'er the moor amang the heather,
There I met a bonnie lassie,
Keeping a' her yowes thegither.

Says I my dearie where is thy hame,
In moor or dale pray tell me whether?
She says, I tent the fleecy flocks
That feed amang the blooming heather.
O'er the moor, &c.

We laid us down upon a bank,
Sae warm and sunny was the weather,
She left her flocks at large to rove
Amang the bonnie blooming heather.
O'er the moor, &c.

While thus we lay she sang a sang,
Till echo rang a mile and farther,
And ay the burden o' the sang
Was o'er the moor amang the heather.
O'er the moor, &c.

She charm'd my heart, and aye sinsyne,
I could na think on any ither;
By sea and sky she shall be mine!
The bonnie lass amang the heather.
O'er the moor, &c."]

TO THE ROSE BUD.

THIS song is the composition of a ——— Johnson, a joiner in the neighbourhood of Belfast. The tune is by Oswald, altered, evidently, from "Jockie's Gray Breeks."

["All hail to thee thou bawmy bud,
Thou charming child o' simmer, hail;
Ilk fragrant thorn and lofty wood
Does nod thy welcome to the vale.

See on thy lovely faulded form,
Glad Phœbus smiles wi' chearing eye,
While on thy head the dewy morn
Has shed the tears o' silent joy.

The tuneful tribes frae yonder bower,
Wi' sangs of joy thy presence hail;
Then haste, thou bawmy fragrant flowez,
And gie thy bosom to the gale.

And see the fair industrious bee,
With airy wheel and soothing hum,
Flies ceaseless round thy parent tree,
While gentle breezes trembling come.

If ruthless Liza pass this way,
She'll pou thee frae thy thorny stem ;
Awhile thou'lt grace her virgin breast,
But soon thou'lt fade, my bonny gem.

Ah, short, too short, thy rural reign,
And yield to fate, alas! thou must:
Bright emblem of the virgin train,
Thou blooms alas! to mix wi' dust.

Sae bonny Liza hence may learn,
Wi' every youthfu' maiden gay,
That beauty, like the simmer's rose,
In time shall wither and decay."]

YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS.

THIS tune is by Oswald. The song alludes to a part of my private history, which it is of no consequence to the world to know.

"Yon wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,
That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde,
Where the grouse lead their coveys thro' the heather to feed,
And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed :
Where the grouse, &c.

Not Gowrie's rich valley, nor Forth's sunny shores,
To me hae the charms o' you wild, mossy moors;
For there, by a lanely, and sequester'd stream,
Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.

Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path,
Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow strath;
For there, wi' my lassie, the day lang I rove,
While o'er us unheeded, flie the swift hours o' love.

She is not the fairest, altho' she is fair;
O' nice education but sma' is her share;
Her parentage humble as humble can be;
But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me.*

* "I love my love because I know my love loves me."
MAID IN BEDLAM.

To beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,
In her armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs;
And when wit and refinement hae polished her darts,
They dazzle our een, as they flie to our hearts.

But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond sparkling e'e,
Has lustre outshining the diamond to me;
And the heart-beating love, as I'm clasp'd in her arms,
O, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms!"]

THOU ART GANE AWA.

THIS tune is the same with "Haud awa frae me, Donald."

[Both tune and words of "Thou art gane awa" have been modernized, and not unskilfully: the last verse is the best.

"Tho' you've been false, yet while I live
I'll lo'e nae maid but thee, Mary;
Let friends forget as I forgive
Thy wrangs to them and me, Mary.
So then farewell!—of this be sure,
Since you've been false to me, Mary,
For a' the world I'll not endure
Half what I've done for thee, Mary."]

THE TEARS I SHED MUST EVER FALL.

THIS song of genius was composed by a Miss Cranston. It wanted four lines, to make all the stanzas suit the music, which I added, and are the four first of the last stanza.

"No cold approach, no alter'd mien,
Just what would make supicion start;
No pause the dire extremes between,
He made me blest—and broke my heart!"

[Miss Cranston became the wife of one as accomplished as herself, Professor Dugald Stewart: of her poetic genius this

exquisite song will long continue a proof: its history has never been related—perhaps it has no reference to personal feelings, but is one of the happy speculations of the muse.

"The tears I shed must ever fall;
I weep not for an absent swain,
For time can past delights recall,
And parted lovers meet again.
I weep not for the silent dead,
Their toils are past, their sorrows o'er,
And those they lov'd their steps shall tread,
And death shall join to part no more.

Though boundless oceans roll between,
If certain that his heart is near,
A conscious transport glads the scene,
Soft is the sigh and sweet the tear.
Ev'n when by death's cold hand remov'd,
We mourn the tenant of the tomb,
To think that ev'n in death he lov'd,
Can cheer the terrors of the gloom.

But bitter, bitter is the tear
Of her who slighted love bewails,
No hopes her gloomy prospect cheer,
No pleasing melanchcly hails.
Her's are the pangs of wounded pride,
Of blasted hope, and wither'd joy:
The prop she lean'd on pierc'd her side,
The flame she fed burns to destroy.

In vain does memory renew
The scenes once ting'd in transport's dye;
The sad reverse soon meets the view,
And turns the thought to agony.
Ev'n conscious virtue cannot cure
The pang to ev'ry feeling due;
Ungen'rous youth, thy boast how poor,
To steal a heart, and break it too!

No cold approach, no alter'd mien,
Just what would make suspicion start;
No pause the dire extremes between,
He made me blest—and broke my heart!
Hope from its only anchor torn,
Neglected and neglecting all,
Friendless, forsaken, and forlorn,
The tears I shed must ever fall."]

THE TITHER MORN.

THIS tune is originally from the Highlands. I have heard a Gaelic song to it, which I was told was very clever, but not by any means a lady's song.

[The air of this song resembles that of "Saw ye Johnnie coming:" the words are said to be a free translation of a still freer Gaelic song, and have been attributed to Burns himself.

"The tither morn,
When I forlorn
Aneath an aik sat moaning,
I didna trow
I'd see my jo
Besides me gain the gloaming.
But he sae trig
Lap o'er the rig,
And dautingly did chear me,
When I what reck
Did least expect,
To see my lad sae near me.

His bonnet he,
A thought ajee,
Cock'd sprush when first he clasp'd me;
And I, I wat,
Wi' fainness grat,
While in his grips he pressed me.
Deil tak the war!
I late and air
Hae wished since Jock departed;
But now as glad
I'm wi' my lad,
As shortsyne broken-hearted.

Fu' aft at e'en,
Wi' dancing keen,
When a' were blyth and merry,
I car'dna by,
Sae sad was I
In absence o' my deary.
But praise be blest,
My mind's at rest,
I'm happy wi' my Johnny,
At kirk and fair
I'se aye be there,
And be as canty's ony."

DAINTIE DAVIE.

THIS song, tradition says, and the composition itself confirms it, was composed on the Rev. David Williamson's begetting the daughter of Lady Cherrytrees with child, while a party of dragoons where searching her house to apprehend him for being an adherent to the solemn league and convenant. The pious woman had put a lady's night-cap on him, and laid him a-bed with her own daughter, and passed him to the soldiery as a lady, her daughter's bedfellow. A mutilated stanza or two are to be found in Herd's collection, but the original song consists of five or six stanzas, and were their *delicacy* equal to their *wit* and *humor*, they would merit a place in any collection. The first stanza is

"Being pursued by the dragoons,
Within my bed he was laid down;
And weel I wat he was worth his room;
For he was my daintie Davie."

Ramsay's song, "Luckie Nansy," though he calls it an old song with additions, seems to be all his own, except the chorus:

"I was a telling you,
Luckie Nansy, luckie Nansy,
Auld springs wad ding the new,
But ye wad never trow me."

Which I should conjecture to be part of a song, prior to the affair of Williamson.

[" Luckie Nansy" is one of the very happiest of all Allan Ramsay's songs—the rules which he lays down for lyric composition in the first two verses, he too seldom observed.

"While fops in soft Italian verse,
Ilk fair ane's een and breast rehearse,
While sangs abound and scene is scarce,
These lines I have indited:

But neither darts nor arrows here,
Venus nor Cupid shall appear,
And yet with these fine sounds I swear,
The maidens are delited.
I was ay telling you,
Lucky Nansy, lucky Nansy,
Auld springs wad ding the new,
But ye wad never trow me.

Nor snaw with crimson will I mix,
To spread upon my lassie's cheeks;
And syne th' unmeaning name prefix,
Miranda, Chloe, or Phillis.
I'll fetch nae simile frae Jove,
My height of extasy to prove,
Nor sighing,—thus—present my love
With roses eke and lilies.
I was ay telling you, &c.

But stay,—I had amaist forgot
My mistress and my sang to boot,
And that's an unco' faut I wot:
But Nansy, 'tis nae matter.
Ye see I clink my verse wi' rhime,
And ken ye, that atones the crime;
Forby, how sweet my numbers chime,
And slide away like water.
I was ay telling you, &c.

Now ken my reverend sonsy fair,
Thy runkled cheeks and lyart hair,
Thy haff shut een and hodling air,
Are a' my passion's fewel.
Nae skyring gowk, my dear, can see,
Or love, or grace, or heaven in thee;
Yet thou hast charms anew for me,
Then smile, and be na cruel.
Leeze me on thy snawy pow,
Lucky Nansy, Lucky Nansy,
Dryest wood will eithest low,
And Nansy sae will ye now.

Troth I have sung the sang to you,
Which ne'er anither bard wad do;
Hear then my charitable vow,
Dear venerable Nansy,
But if the warld my passion wrang,
And say ye only live in sang,
Ken I despise a sland'ring tongue,
And sing to please my fancy.
Leeze me on thy, &c."

Tytler, on very doubtful authority, says, that Duncan Forbes, of Culloden, was the author of this song.]

BOB O' DUMBLANE.

RAMSAY, as usual, has modernized this song. The original, which I learned on the spot, from my old hostess in the principal inn there, is—

"Lassie, lend me your braw hemp heckle
And I'll lend you my thripplin-kame;
My heckle is broken, it canna be gotten,
And we'll gae dance the bob o' Dumblane.

Twa gaed to the wood, to the wood, to the wood,
Twa gaed to the wood—three came hame;
An' it be na weel bobbit, weel bobbit, weel bobbit,
An' it be na weel bobbit, we'll bob it again."

I insert this song to introduce the following anecdote, which I have heard well authenticated. In the evening of the day of the battle of Dumblane (Sherriff Muir) when the action was over, a Scots officer in Argyle's army, observed to His Grace, that he was afraid the rebels would give out to the world that *they* had gotten the victory.—"Weel, weel," returned his Grace, alluding to the foregoing ballad, "if they think it be nae weel bobbit, we'll bob it again."

[The battle of Dumblane, or Sheriff-Muir, was fought the 13th of November, 1745, between the Earl of Mar, for the chevalier, and the Duke of Argyle, for the government. Both sides claimed the victory, the left wing of either army being routed. Ritson observes, it is very remarkable that the capture of Preston happened on the same day.—ED.]

THE AYRSHIRE BALLADS.

That Burns was an admirer of the olden minstrelsy of Scotland the fourth volume, and his numerous notes on northern song, sufficiently attest. He seems not however to have entered deeply into the spirit and feeling of the martial and romantic Ballads of which Scott made such a fine collection, and left such splendid imitations. His heart was most with the shorter lyric compositions: he had no visions of ancient glory: nor did his inspiration awaken at the sound of the Border trumpet. In all this he differed from Scott, and Scott from him. He however was well acquainted with ballad lore, and communicated several which he collected to Johnson's Museum: of these "Hughie Graeme," "The Gude Wallace," and the "Lochmaben Harper," are the best: when his attention was drawn to the subject by William Tytler of Woodhouselee, he recollected several snatches of old ballads, wrote them down, and sent them to his friend with the following letter:

Sir,

Inclosed I have sent you a sample of the old pieces that are still to be found among our peasantry in the west.—I once had a great many of these fragments, and some of these here entire; but as I had no idea then that any body cared for them, I have forgotten them. I invariably hold it sacrilege to add any thing of my own to help out with the shattered wrecks of these venerable old compositions; but they have many various readings. If you have not seen these before, I know they will flatter your true old-style Caledonian feelings; at any rate, I am truly happy to have an opportunity of assuring you how sincerely I am, R. B.

It is amusing to read that the poet held it sacrilege to add any thing of his own to help out the shattered remains of the olden minstrelsy; he forgot what he was at that very time (August, 1790,) doing for Johnson—of which he elsewhere says, "The songs marked Z in the "Museum," I have given to the world as old verses of their respective tunes: but, in fact, of a good many of them little more than the chorus is ancient, though there is no reason for telling every body this piece of intelligence."

The first of these Ballads is a western version of

THE DOWIE DENS OF YARROW.

Tune—"Willie's Rare."

"Nae birdies sang the mirky hour
Amang the braes o' Yarrow,
But slumber'd on the dewy boughs
To wait the waukening morrow.

Where shall I gang, my ain true love,
Where shall I gang to hide me;
For weel ye ken, i' yere father's bow'r,
It wad be death to find me.

O go you to yon tavern house,
An' there count owre your lawin,
An' if I be a woman true,
I'll meet you in the dawin'.

O he's gone to yon tavern house,
An' ay he counted his lawin,
An' ay he drank to her guid health,
Was to meet him in the dawin'.

O he's gone to yon tavern house,
An' counted owre his lawin,
When in there cam' three armed men,
To meet him in the dawin'.

O, woe be unto woman's wit,
It has beguiled many!
She promised to come hersel'
But she sent three men to slay me!

* * * *

Get up, get up, now sister Ann,
I fear we've wrought you sorrow;
Get up, ye'll find your true love slain,
Among the banks of Yarrow.

She sought him east, she sought him west,
She sought him braid and narrow,
'Till in the clintin of a craig
She found him drown'd in Yarrow.

She's ta'en three links of her yellow hair,
That hung down lang and yellow,
And she's tied it about sweet Willie's waist,
An' drawn him out of Yarrow.

* * * *

I made my love a suit of clothes,
I clad him all in tartan,
But ere the morning sun arose
He was a' bluid to the gartan."

* * * *

Cetera desunt.

[Hamilton, of Bangour, must have been acquainted with this western version of the "Dowie dens of Yarrow" when he wrote his very affecting ballad: it seems also to have been known to Logan: it appears however to have escaped the researches of that most vigilant and poetic of all antiquaries, Sir Walter Scott, whose version in the Border Minstrelsy has little in common with the fragment which the Bard of Ayr preserved. It would seem that Scott had failed in obtaining the entire ballad: his copy begins obscurely as well as abruptly.

"Late at e'en drinking the wine,
An ere they paid the lawing;
They set a combat 'tween them twa,
To fight it in the dawing.

O stay at hame, my noble lord,
O stay at hame my marrow;
My cruel brother will you betray,
On the dowin houms o' Yarrow."

Two tall grey stones stand about eighty paces distant from each other to mark out the spot where this contest took place in which both perished: but whether they are to be considered as a memorial of the "Willie" of the present ballad is uncertain. —Ed.]

ROB ROY.

Tune—"A rude set of Mill Mill O."

"Rob Roy from the Highlands cam
Unto the Lawlan' border,
To steal awa a gay ladie,
To haud his house in order:
He cam owre the loch o' Lynn,
Twenty men his arms did carry;
Himsel gaed in an' fand her out,
Protesting he would marry.

O will ye gae wi' me, he says,
Or will ye be my honey;
Or will ye be my wedded wife,
For I love you best of any:
I winna gae wi' you, she says,
Nor will I be your honey;
Nor will I be your wedded wife,
You love me for my money.

* * * *

But he set her on a coal black steed,
Himsel lap on behind her;
An' he's awa to the highland hills,
Whare her frien's they canna find her.

[The song went on to narrate the forcing her to bed; when the tune changes to something like "Jenny dang the weaver."]

* * * *

Rob Roy was my father ca'd,
Macgregor was his name, ladie;
He led a band o' heroes bauld,
An' I am here the same, ladie.
Be content, be content,
Be content to stay, ladie;
For thou art my wedded wife
Until thy dying day, ladie.

He was a hedge unto his frien's,
A heckle to his foes, ladie;
Every one that durst him wrang,
He took him by the nose, ladie.

I'm as bold, I'm as bold,
I'm as bold, an' more, ladie;
He that daurs dispute my word
Shall feel my guid claymore, ladie."

[The history of Rob Roy the reader may find at great length in Maclaurin's Criminal Trials. He was the son of the Rob Roy Macgregor who figures in the rebellion, 1715. The short account of him is this. He was outlawed by sentence of the Court of Justiciary in Scotland, in 1736, for not appearing to stand trial for the murder of a man of the name of Maclaren. In this state of outlawry, he formed the mad and desperate project of carrying off and forcibly accomplishing a marriage with Jane Key, heiress of Edinbelly, and thus getting possession of her estate. He and his brother James Macgregor, at the head of a band of armed ruffians, entered her mother's house, dragged her out, and tying her, hand and foot with ropes, laid her across a horse, and brought her in this situation to the house of one of their clan, in a wild and sequestered part of the mountains of Argyleshire; where, after some show of a marriage ceremony, she was put to bed, and forcibly compelled to submit to his embraces.

On a discovery of the place of her concealment she was rescued by her relations, and Rob Roy, and his brother James, were tried capitally for the crime. James made his escape from prison before sentence, was outlawed in consequence, and some years afterwards obtained a pardon. Rob Roy was condemned and executed, February, 1753."—CROMEK.]

YOUNG HYNDHORN.

(To its own Tune.)

"Near Edinburgh was a young son born,
Hey lilelu an a how low lan',
An' his name it was called young Hyndhorn,
An' its hae down down deedle airo

Seven long years he served the king,
An' it's a' for the sake of his daughter Jean.

The king an angry man was he,
He send young Hyndhorn to the sea.

* * * *

An' on his finger she put a ring.

* * * *

When your ring turns pale and wan,
Then I'm in love wi' another man.

* * * *

Upon a day he look'd at his ring,
It was as pale as any thing.

He's left the sea, an' he's come to the lan',
An' there he met an auld beggar man.

What news, what news, my auld beggar man,
What news, what news by sea or by lan'.

Nae news, nae news, the auld beggar said,
But the king's dochter Jean is going to be wed.

Cast aff, cast aff thy auld beggar weed,
An' I'll gie thee my gude gray steed.

* * * *

When he cam to our guid king's yett,
He sought a glass o' wine for young Hyndhorn's sake.

He drank out the wine an' he put in the ring,
An' he bade them carry to the king's dochter Jean.

* * * *

O gat ye't by sea or gat ye't by lan',
Or gat ye't aff a dead man's han' ?

I gat na't by sea, I gat na't by lan',
But I gat it out of your own han'.

* * * *

Go tak away my bridal gown,
An' I'll follow him frae town to town.

Ye need na leave your bridal gown,
For I'll make ye ladie o' mony a town.

[The story of Hynd Horn seems to have been popular with our ancient metre ballad-mongers, for it may be traced in several of the olden strains which delighted our forefathers. The present fragment might be easily made up from print and from tradition: but I have left it as I found it, with all its "looped and windowed raggedness."—ED.]

THE

BORDER AND HIGHLAND TOURS.

Burns, during the year 1787, made no less than four tours in his native land: one along the Border and three into the Highlands. The first he undertook from a desire to visit the scenes rendered famous in song on Jed, Yarrow, and Tweed: and his object in the others was to see his father-land, and muse among mountains celebrated in history and tradition. Of the first and the last of these journeys we have the poet's own memoranda. The notes, indeed, are in some instances imperfect or obscure; yet here and there we have a vivid outline of land and people; nor has he, amid all his haste, neglected sometimes to shade and tint with equal dilicacy and tact. Such as they are, they are now presented to the world for the first time. The hastiest effusion of a genius so original and rare merits preservation: we have but too little of one who thought so well, and gave such vigorous utterance to his feelings.

The Border tour was partly performed in the company of Ainslie, and the observations were written down at the time; they were preserved for the pur-

pose of being expanded when hours of leisure came: the same may be said of the Highland tour, made in the company of Nicol. Both, but more particularly the latter, must be regarded as skeletons, or as figures put rudely up by the artist, to be modelled into beauty as leisure or inclination served. In the Highland expedition the reader will see, or imagine he sees, the effects of his quarrel with his fiery and jovial companion—haste and carelessness and abrupt brevity mar much of the memoranda. Yet to these northern tours—accomplished in a sort of breathless speed—we owe many of the poet's exquisite songs, and the recovery of many fine national airs: he halted no where without enquiring after original music and noting it down.

THE BORDER TOUR.

Left Edinburgh (May 6, 1787)—Lammermuir-hills miserably dreary, but at times very picturesque. Lanton-edge, a glorious view of the Merse—Reach Berrywell—old Mr. Ainslie an uncommon character;—his hobbies, agriculture, natural philosophy, and politics.—In the first he is unexceptionably the clearest-headed, best-informed man I ever met with; in the other two, very intelligent:—As a man of business he has uncommon merit, and by fairly deserving it has made a very decent independence. Mrs. Ainslie, an excellent, sensible, cheerful, amiable old woman.—Miss Ainslie—her person a little *embonpoint*, but handsome; her face, particularly her eyes, full of sweetness and good humor—she unites three qualities rarely to be found together; keen, solid penetration, sly, witty observation and remark; and the gentlest, most unaffected female modesty—Douglas, a clever, fine promising young fellow.—The family-meeting with their brother; my *compagnon de voyage*, very charming; particularly the sister. The whole family remarkably attachad to their menials—Mrs. A. full of stories of the sagacity and sense of the little girl in the kitchen.—Mr. A. high in the praises of an African, his house servant—all his people old in his service—

Douglas's old nurse came to Berrywell yesterday to remind them of its being his birth-day.

A Mr. Dudgeon, a poet at times,* a worthy remarkable character—natural penetration, a great deal of information, some genius, and extreme modesty.

Sunday.—Went to church at Dunse†—Dr. Bowmaker a man of strong lungs and pretty judicious remark; but ill skilled in propriety, and altogether unconscious of his want of it.

Monday.—Coldstream—went over to England—Cornhill—glorious river Tweed—clear and majestic—fine bridge. Dine at Coldstream with Mr. Ainslie and Mr. Foreman—beat Mr. F——in a dispute about Voltaire. Tea at Lenel House with Mr. Brydon—Mr. Brydon a most excellent heart, kind, joyous and benevolent; but a good deal of the French indiscriminate complaisance—from his situation past and present, an admirer of every thing that bears a splended title, or that possesses a large estate—Mrs. Brydon a most elegant woman in her person and manners; the tones of her voice remarkably sweet—my reception exextremely flattering—sleep at Coldstream.

Tuesday.—Breakfast at Kelso—charming situation

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* The author of that fine Song, "The Maid that tends the Goats."

† "During the discourse Burns produced a neat impromptu, conveying an elegant compliment to Miss Ainslie. Dr. B. had selected a text of Scripture that contained a heavy denunciation against obstinate sinners. In the course of the sermon Burns observed the young lady turning over the leaves of her Bible, with much earnestness, in search of the text. He took out a slip of paper and with a pencil wrote the following lines on it, which he immediately presented to her.

'Fair maid you need not take the hint,
Nor idle texts pursue:—
'Twas *guilty sinners* that he meant,—
Not *angels* such as you!'"

CROMEK.

of Kelso—fine bridge over the Tweed—enchanting views and prospects on both sides of the river, particularly the Scotch side; introduced to Mr. Scot of the Royal Bank—an excellent modest fellow—fine situation of it—ruins of Roxburgh Castle—a holly-bush growing where James II. of Scotland was accidentally killed by the bursting of a cannon. A small old religious ruin and a fine old garden planted by the religious, rooted out and destroyed by an English hottentot, a *maitre d' hôtel* of the duke's, a Mr. Cole—climate and soil of Berwickshire, and even Roxburghshire, superior to Ayrshire—bad roads. Turnip and sheep husbandry, their great improvements—Mr. M^c^Dowal, at Caverton Mill, a friend of Mr. Ainslie's, with whom I dined to-day, sold his sheep, ewe, and lamb together, at two guineas a piece—wash their sheep before shearing—7 or 8lb. of washen wool in a fleece—low markets, consequently low rents—fine lands not above sixteen shillings a Scotch acre—magnificence of farmers and farm-houses—come up Teviot and up Jed to Jedburgh to lie, and so wish myself a good night.

Wednesday.—Breakfast with Mr. —— in Jedburgh—a squabble between Mrs. ——, a crazed, talkative slattern, and a sister of hers, an old maid, respecting a relief minister—Miss gives Madam the lie; and Madam, by way of revenge, upbraids her that she laid snares to entangle the said minister, then a widower, in the net of matrimony—go about two miles out of Jedburgh to a roup of parks—meet a polite soldierlike gentleman, a Captain Rutherford, who had been many years through the wilds of America, a prisoner among the Indians—charming, romantic situation of Jedburgh, with gardens, orchards, &c. intermingled among the houses—fine old ruins—a once magnificent cathedral, and strong castle. All the towns here have the appearance of old, rude grandeur, but the people extremely idle—Jed a fine romantic little river.

Dine with Capt. Rutherford—the captain a polite fellow, fond of money in his farming way; showed a particular respect to my bardship—his lady exactly a proper matrimonial second part for him. Miss Rutherford a beautiful girl, but too far gone woman to expose so much of a fine swelling bosom—her face very fine.

Return to Jedburgh—walk up Jed with some ladies to be shown Love-lane and Blackburn, two fairy scenes. Introduced to Mr. Potts, writer, a very clever fellow; and Mr. Somerville, the clergyman of the place, a man, and a gentleman, but sadly addicted to punning.—The walking party of ladies, Mrs. —— and Miss —— her sister, before mentioned.—N. B. These two appear still more comfortably ugly and stupid, and bore me most shockingly. Two Miss ——, tolerably agreeable. Miss Hope, tolerably pretty girl, fond of laughing and fun. Miss Lindsay a good-humored, amiable girl; rather short *et embonpoint*, but handsome, and extremely graceful—beautiful hazel eyes, full of spirit, and sparkling with delicious moisture—an engaging face *un tout ensemble* that speaks her of the first order of female minds—her sister, a bonnie, strappan, rosy, sonsie lass. Shake myself loose, after several unsuccessful efforts, of Mrs. —— and Miss ——, and somehow or other, get hold of Miss Lindsay's arm.—My heart is thawed into melting pleasure after being so long frozen up in the Greenland bay of indifference, amid the noise and nonsense of Edinburgh. Miss seems very well pleased with my bardship's distinguishing her, and after some slight qualms, which I could easily mark, she sets the titter round at defiance, and kindly allows me to keep my hold; and when parted by the ceremony of my introduction to Mr. Somerville, she met me half, to resume my situation.——Nota Bene—The poet within a point and a half of being d——ably in love—I am afraid my bosom is still nearly as much tinder as ever.

The old, cross-grained, whiggish, ugly, slanderous Miss ——, with all the poisonous spleen of a disappointed, ancient maid, stops me very unseasonably to ease her bursting breast, by falling abusively foul on the Miss Lindsays, particularly on my Dulcinea;—I hardly refrain from cursing her to her face for daring to mouth her calumnious slander on one of the finest pieces of the workmanship of Almighty Excellence! Sup at Mr. ——'s; vexed that the Miss Lindsays are not of the supper party, as they only are wanting. Mrs. —— and Miss —— still improve infernally on my hands.

Set out next morning for Wauchope, the seat of my correspondent, Mrs. Scott—breakfast by the way with Dr. Elliot, an agreeable, good-hearted, climate-beaten, old veteran, in the medical line; now retired to a romantic, but rather moorish place, on the banks of the Roole—he accompanies us almost to Wauchope—we traverse the country to the top of Bochester, the scene of an old encampment, and Woolee Hill.

Wauchope—Mr. Scott exactly the figure and face commonly given to Sancho Panca—very shrewd in his farming matters, and not unfrequently stumbles on what may be called a strong thing rather than a good thing. Mrs. Scott all the sense, taste, intrepidity of face, and bold, critical decision, which usually distinguish female authors.—Sup with Mr. Potts—agreeable party.—Breakfast next morning with Mr. Somerville—the *bruit* of Miss Lindsay and my bardship, by means of the invention and malice of Miss ——. Mr. Somerville sends to Dr. Lindsay, begging him and family to breakfast if convenient, but at all events to send Miss Lindsay; accordingly Miss Lindsay only comes.—I find Miss Lindsay would soon play the devil with me—I met with some little flattering attentions from her. Mrs. Somerville an excellent, motherly, agreeable woman, and a fine family.—Mr. Ainslie, and

Mrs. S——, junrs. with Mr. ——, Miss Lindsay, and myself, go to see *Esther*, a very remarkable woman for reciting poetry of all kinds, and sometimes making Scotch doggerel herself—she can repeat by heart almost every thing she has ever read, particularly Pope's Homer from end to end—has studied Euclid by herself, and, in short, is a woman of very extraordinary abilities.—On conversing with her I find her fully equal to the character given of her.*—She is very much flattered that I send for her, and that she sees a poet who has *put out a book*, as she says.—She is, among other things, a great florist—and is rather past the meridian of once celebrated beauty,

I walk in *Esther's* garden with Miss Lindsay, and after some little chit-chat of the tender kind, I presented her with a proof print of my Nob, which she accepted with something more tender than gratitude. She told me many little stories which Miss —— had retailed concerning her and me, with prolonging pleasure—God bless her! Was waited on by the magistrates, and presented with the freedom of the Burgh.

Took farewell of Jedburgh, with some melancholy, disagreeable sensations.—Jed, pure be thy crystal streams, and hallowed thy sylvan banks! Sweet Isabella Lindsay, may peace dwell in thy bosom, uninterrupted, except by the tumultuous throbbings of rapturous love! That love-kindling eye must beam on another, not on me: that graceful form must bless another's arms; not mine!

Kelso. Dine with the farmers' club—all gentlemen, talking of high matters—each of them keeps a hunter from 30 to £50 value, and attends the fox-huntings in

* "This extraordinary woman then moved in a very humble walk of life;—the wife of a common working gardener. She is still living; and, if I am rightly informed, her time is principally occupied in her attentions to a little day school, which not being sufficient for her subsistence, she is obliged to solicit the charity of her benevolent neighbours. 'Ah, who would love the lyre!'" CROMEK.

the country—go out with Mr. Ker, one of the club, and a friend of Mr. Ainslie's, to lie—Mr. Ker a most gentlemanly, clever, handsome fellow, a widower with some fine children—his mind and manner astonishingly like my dear old friend Robert Muir, in Kilmarnock—every thing in Mr. Ker's most elegant—he offers to accompany me in my English tour. Dine with Sir Alexander Don—a pretty clever fellow, but far from being a match for his divine lady.—A very wet day * * *—Sleep at Stodrig again ; and set out for Melrose—visit Dryburgh, a fine old ruined abbey—still bad weather—cross Leader, and come up Tweed to Melrose—dine there, and visit that far-famed, glorious ruin—come to Selkirk, up Ettrick;—the whole country hereabout, both on Tweed and Ettrick remarkably stony.

Monday.—Come to Inverleithing, a famous shaw, and in the vicinity of the palace of Traquair, where having dined, and drank some Galloway-whey, I here remain till to-morrow—saw Elibanks and Elibraes, on the other side of the Tweed.

Tuesday.—Drank tea yesternight at Pirn, with Mr. Horseburgh.—Breakfasted to-day with Mr. Ballantyne of Hollowlee—Proposal for a four-horse team to consist of Mr. Scott of Wauchope, Fittieland: Logan of Logan, Fittiefurr: Ballantyne of Hollowlee, Forewynd: Horsburgh of Horsburgh.—Dine at a country inn, kept by a miller, in Earlston, the birth-place and residence of the celebrated Thomas a Rhymer—saw the ruins of his castle—come to Berrywell.

Wednesday.—Dine at Dunse with the farmers' club-company—impossible to do them justice—Rev. Mr Smith a famous punster, and Mr. Meikle a celebrated mechanic, and inventor of the threshing mills.—*Thursday*, breakfast at Berrywell, and walk into Dunse to

see a famous knife made by a cutler there, and to be presented to an Italian prince.—A pleasant ride with my friend Mr. Robert Ainslie, and his sister, to Mr. Thomson's, a man who has newly commenced farmer, and has married a Miss Patty Grieve, formerly a flame of Mr. Robert Ainslie's.—Company—Miss Jacky Grieve, an amiable sister of Mrs. Thomson's, and Mr. Hood, an honest, worthy, facetious farmer, in the neighbourhood

Friday.—Ride to Berwick—An idle town, rudely picturesque.—Meet Lord Errol in walking round the walls.—His Lordship's flattering notice of me.—Dine with Mr. Clunzie, merchant—nothing particular in company or conversation. Come up a bold shore, and over a wild country to Eyemouth—sup and sleep at Mr. Grieve's.

Saturday.—Spend the day at Mr. Grieve's—made a royal arch mason of St. Abb's Lodge.*—Mr. Wm. Grieve, the oldest brother, a joyous, warm-hearted, jolly, clever fellow—takes a hearty glass, and sings a good song.—Mr. Robert, his brother, and partner in trade, a good fellow, but says little. Take a sail after dinner.—Fishing of all kinds pays tythes at Eyemouth.

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* The entry made on this occasion in the Lodge books of St. Abb's is honorable to

"The brethren of the mystic level."

"*Eyemouth* 19*th May*, 1787.

"At a general encampment held this day, the following brethren were made Royal Arch Masons, viz. Robert Burns, from the Lodge of St. James's, Tarbolton, Ayrshire, and Robert Ainslie, from the Lodge of St. Luke's, Edinburgh, by James Carmichael, Wm. Grieve, Daniel Dow, John Clay, Robert Grieve, &c. &c. Robert Ainslie paid one guinea admission dues; but on account of R. Burns's remarkable poetical genius, the encampment unamiously agreed to admit him gratis, and considered themselves honored by having a man of such shining abilities for one of their companions."

Extracted from the Minute Book of the Lodge by

Thos. Bowhill.

Sunday.—A Mr. Robinson, brewer at Ednam, sets out with us to Dunbar.

The Miss Grieves very good girls.—My bardship's heart got a brush from Miss Betsey.

Mr. William Grieve's attachment to the family-circle, so fond, that when he is out, which by the bye is pretty often the case, he cannot go to bed 'till he see if all his sisters are sleeping well——Pass the famous Abbey of Coldingham, and Pease-bridge.—Call at Mr. Sheriff's, where Mr. A. and I dine.—Mr. S. talkative and conceited. I talk of love to Nancy the whole evening, while her brother escorts home some companions like himself.—Sir James Hall of Dunglass, having heard of my being in the neighbourhood, comes to Mr. Sheriff's to breakfast—takes me to see his fine scenery on the stream of Dunglass—Dunglass the most romantic, sweet place I ever saw—Sir James and his lady a pleasant happy couple.—He points out a walk for which he has an uncommon respect, as it was made by an aunt of his, to whom he owes much.

Miss —— will accompany me to Dunbar, by way of making a parade of me as a sweetheart of hers, among her relations. She mounts an old cart-horse, as huge and as lean as a house; a rusty old side-saddle without girth, or stirrup, but fastened on with an old pillion girth—herself as fine as hands could make her, in cream-colored riding clothes, hat and feather, &c.—I, ashamed of my situation, ride like the devil, and almost shake her to pieces on old Jolly—get rid of her by refusing to call at her uncle's with her.

Pass through the most glorious corn country I ever saw, 'till I reach Dunbar, a neat little town.—Dine with Provost Fall, an eminent merchant, and most respectable character, but undescribable, as he exhibits no marked traits. Mrs. Fall, a genius in painting; fully more clever in the fine arts and sciences than my friend Lady Wauchope, without her consummate

assurance of her own abilities.—Call with Mr. Robinson (who, by the bye, I find to be a worthy, much respected man, very modest; warm, social heart, which with less good sense than his would be perhaps with the children of prim precision and pride, rather inimical to that respect which is man's due from man) with him I call on Miss Clarke, a maiden, in the Scotch phrase, "*Guid enough, but no brent new:*" a clever woman, with tolerable pretensions to remark and wit; while time had blown the blushing bud of bashful modesty into the flower of easy confidence. She wanted to see what sort of *raree show* an author was; and to let him know, that though Dunbar was but a little town, yet it was not destitute of people of parts.

Breakfast next morning at Skateraw, at Mr. Lee's, a farmer of great note.—Mr. Lee, an excellent, hospitable, social fellow, rather oldish; warm-hearted and chatty—a most judicious, sensible farmer. Mr. Lee detains me till next morning.—Company at dinner.—My Rev. acquaintance Dr. Bowmaker, a reverend, rattling old fellow.—Two sea lieutenants; a cousin of the landlord's, a fellow whose looks are of that kind which deceived me in a gentleman at Kelso, and has often deceived me: a goodly handsome figure and face, which incline one to give them credit for parts which they have not. Mr. Clarke, a much cleverer fellow, but whose looks a little cloudy, and his appearance rather ungainly, with an every day observer may prejudice the opinion against him.—Dr. Brown, a medical young gentleman from Dunbar, a fellow whose face and manners are open and engaging.—Leave Skateraw for Dunse next day, along with collector ——, a lad of slender abilities, and bashfully diffident to an extreme.

Found Miss Ainslie, the aimable, the sensible, the good-humored, the sweet Miss Ainslie, all alone at Berrywell.—Heavenly powers who know the weakness

of human hearts, support mine! What happiness must I see only to remind me that I cannot enjoy it!

Lammer-muir Hills, from East Lothian to Dunse very wild.—Dine with the farmers' club at Kelso. Sir John Hume and Mr. Lumsden there, but nothing worth remembrance when the following circumstance is considered—I walk into Dunse before dinner, and out to Berrywell in the evening with Miss Ainslie—how well-bred, how frank, how good she is! Charming Rachael! may thy bosom never be wrung by the evils of this life of sorrows, or by the villainy of this world's sons!

Thursday.—Mr. Ker and I set out to dine at Mr. Hood's on our way to England.

I am taken extremely ill with strong feverish symptoms, and take a servant of Mr. Hood's to watch me all night—embittering remorse scares my fancy at the gloomy forebodings of death.—I am determined to live for the future in such a manner as not to be scared at the approach of death—I am sure I could meet him with indifference, but for "The something beyond the grave."—Mr. Hood agrees to accompany us to England if we will wait till Sunday.

Friday.—I go with Mr. Hood to see a roup of an unfortunate farmer's stock—rigid economy, and decent industry, do you preserve me from being the principal *dramatis persona* in such a scene of horror!

Meet my good old friend Mr. Ainslie, who calls on Mr. Hood in the evening to take farewell of my bardship. This day I feel myself warm with sentiments of gratitude to the Great Preserver of men, who has kindly restored me to health and strength once more.

A pleasant walk with my young friend Douglas Ainslie, a sweet, modest, clever young fellow.

Sunday, 27th May.—Cross Tweed, and traverse the moors through a wild country 'till I reach Alnwick—Alnwick Castle, a seat of the Duke of Northumberland, furnished in a most princely manner.—A Mr. Wilkin, agent of His Grace's, shows us the house and policies. Mr. Wilkin, a discreet, sensible, ingenious man.

Monday.—Come, still through by-ways, to Warkworth, where we dine. Hermitage and old castle. Warkworth situated very picturesque, with Coquet Island, a small rocky spot, the seat of an old monastery, facing it a little in the sea; and the small but romantic river Coquet, running through it.—Sleep at Morpeth, a pleasant enough little town, and on next day to Newcastle.—Meet with a very agreeable, sensible fellow, a Mr. Chattox, who shows us a great many civilities, and who dines and sups with us.

Wednesday.—Left Newcastle early in the morning, and rode over a fine country to Hexham to breakfast—from Hexham to Wardrue, the celebrated Spa, where we slept.—*Thursday*—reach Longtown to dine, and part there with my good friends Messrs. Hood and Ker—A hiring day in Longtown—I am uncommonly happy to see so many young folks enjoying life.—I come to Carlisle.—(Meet a strange enough romantic adventure by the way in falling in with a girl and her married sister—the girl, after some overtures of gallantry on my side, sees me a little cut with the bottle, and offers to take me in for a Gretna-green affair.—I, not being quite such a gull as she imagines, make an appointment with her, by way of *vive la bagatelle*, to hold a conference on it when we reach town.—I meet her in town and give her a brush of caressing, and a bottle of cyder; but finding herself *un peu trompé* in her man, she sheers off.) Next day I meet my good

friend, Mr. Mitchel, and walk with him round the town and its environs, and through his printing works, &c. —four or five hundred people employed, many of them women and children.—Dine with Mr. Mitchel, and leave Carlisle.—Come by the coast to Annan.—Overtaken on the way by a curious old fish of a shoemaker, and miner, from Cumberland mines.

[*Here the Manuscript abruptly terminates.*]

THE HIGHLAND TOUR.

25th August, 1787.

I LEAVE Edinburgh for a northern tour, in company with my good friend Mr. Nicol, whose originality of humor promises me much entertainment.—Linlithgow—a fertile improved country—West Lothian. The more elegance and luxury among the farmers, I always observe in equal proportion, the rudeness and stupidity of the peasantry. This remark I have made all over the Lothians, Merse, Roxburgh, &c. For this, among other reasons, I think that a man of romantic taste, a "Man of Feeling," will be better pleased with the poverty, but intelligent minds of the peasantry in Ayrshire (peasantry they are all below the justice of peace) than the opulence of a club of Merse farmers, when at the same time he considers the vandalism of their plough-folks, &c. I carry this idea so far, that an uninclosed, half improven country is to me actually more agreeable, and gives me more pleasure as a prospect, than a country cultivated like a garden.—Soil about Linlithgow light and thin—the town carries the appearance of rude, decayed grandeur—charmingly rural, retired situation. The old royal palace a tolerably fine, but melancholy ruin—sweetly situated on a small elevation, by the brink of a loch. Shown the room where the beautful injured

Mary Queen of Scots was born— a pretty good old Gothic church. The infamous stool of repentance standing, in the old Romish way, on a lofty situation.

What a poor, pimping business is a Presbyterian place of worship: dirty, narrow, and squalid; stuck in a corner of old popish grandeur such as Linlithgow, and much more, Melrose! Ceremony and show, if judiciously thrown in, absolutely necessary for the bulk of mankind, both in religious and civil matters.— Dine.—Go to my friend Smith's at Avon print-field— find nobody but Mrs. Miller, an agreeable, sensible, modest, good body; as useful but not so ornamental as Fielding's Miss Western—not rigidly polite *à la Français* but easy, hospitable, and housewifely.

An old lady from Paisley, a Mrs. Lawson, whom I promise to call for in Paisley—like old lady W——— and still more like Mrs. C——, her conversation is pregnant with strong sense and just remark, but like them, a certain air of self-importance and a *duresse* in the eye, seem to indicate, as the Ayrshire wife observed of her cow, that "she had a mind o' her ain."

Pleasant view of Dunfermline and the rest of the fertile coast of Fife, as we go down to that dirty, ugly place, Borrowstoness—see a horse-race and call on a friend of Mr. Nicol's, a Bailie Cowan, of whom I know too little to attempt his portrait—Come through the rich carse of Falkirk to pass the night.—Falkirk nothing remarkable except the tomb of Sir John the Graham, over which, in the succession of time, four stones have been placed.—Camelon, the ancient metropolis of the Picts, now a small village in the neighbourhood of Falkirk.—Cross the grand canal to Carron.—Come past Larbert and admire a fine monument of cast-iron erected by Mr. Bruce, the African traveller, to his wife.

Pass Dunipace, a place laid out with fine taste— a charming amphitheatre bounded by Denny village,

and pleasant seats down the way to Dunipace.—The Carron running down the bosom of the whole makes it one of the most charming little prospects I have seen.

Dine at Auchinbowie—Mr. Monro an excellent worthy old man—Miss Monro an amiable, sensible, sweet young woman, much resembling Mrs. Grierson. Come to Bannockburn.—Shown the old house where James III. finished so tragically his unfortunate life. The field of Bannockburn—the hole where glorious Bruce set his standard. Here no Scot can pass uninterested.—I fancy to myself that I see my gallant, heroic countrymen coming o'er the hill and down upon the plunderers of their country, the murderers of their fathers; noble revenge, and just hate, glowing in every vein, striding more and more eagerly as they approach the oppressive, insulting, blood-thirsty foe! I see them meet in gloriously-triumphant congratulation on the victorious field, exulting in their heroic royal leader, and rescued liberty and independence! Come to Stirling.—*Monday* go to Harvieston. Go to see Caudron linn, and Rumbling brig, and Diel's mill. Return in the evening. Supper—Messrs. Doig, the schoolmaster; Bell; and Captain Forrester of the castle—Doig a queerish figure, and something of a pedant—Bell a joyous fellow, who sings a good song.—Forrester a merry, swearing kind of man, with a dash of the sodger.

Tuesday Morning—Breakfast with Captain Forrester—Ochel Hills—Devon River—Forth and Tieth—Allan River—Strathallan, a fine country, but little improved—Cross Earn to Crieff—Dine and go to Arbruchil—cold reception at Arbruchil—a most romantically pleasant ride up Earn, by Auchtertyre and Comrie to Arbruchil—Sup at Crieff.

Wednesday Morning.—Leave Crieff—Glen Amond

—Amond river—Ossian's grave—Loch Fruoch—Glenquaich—Landlord and Landlady remarkable characters—Taymouth—described in rhyme—Meet the Hon. Charles Townshend.

Thursday.—Come down Tay to Dunkeld—Glenlyon House—Lyon River—Druid's Temple—three circles of stones—the outer-most sunk—the second has thirteen stones remaining—the inner-most has eight—two large detached ones like a gate, to the south-east—Say prayers in it—Pass Taybridge—Aberfeldy—described in rhyme—Castle Menzies—Inver—Dr. Stewart—Sup.

Friday.—Walk with Mrs. Stewart and Beard to Birnam top—fine prospect down Tay—Craigie burn hills—Hermitage on the Branwater, with a picture of Ossian—Breakfast with Dr. Stewart—Neil Gow* plays—a short, stout-built, honest Highland figure, with his grayish hair shed on his honest social brow an

* Another northern bard has sketched this eminent musician—

"The blyth Strathspey springs up, reminding some
Of nights when Gow's old arm, (nor old the tale,)
Unceasing, save when reeking cans went round,
Made heart and heel leap light as bounding roe.
Alas! no more shall we behold that look
So venerable, yet so blent with mirth,
And festive joy sedate; that ancient garb
Unvaried,—tartan hose, and bonnet blue!
No more shall Beauty's partial eye draw forth
The full intoxication of his strain,
Mellifluous, strong, exuberantly rich!
No more, amid the pauses of the dance,
Shall he repeat those measures, that in days
Of other years, could soothe a falling prince,
And light his visage with a transient smile
Of melancholy joy,—like autumn sun
Gilding a sear tree with a passing beam!
Or play to sportive children on the green
Dancing at gloamin hour; on willing cheer
With strains unbought, the shepherd's bridal day.

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interesting face, marking strong sense, kind open-heartedness, mixed with unmistrusting simplicity—visit his house—Marget Gow.

—Ride up Tummel River to Blair—Fascally a beauful romantic nest—wild grandeur of the pass of Gillicrankie—visit the gallant Lord Dundee's stone.

Blair—Sup with the Duchess—easy and happy from the manners of the family—confirmed in my good opinion of my friend Walker.

Saturday.—Visit the scenes round Blair—fine, but spoiled with bad taste—Tilt and Gairie rivers—Falls on the Tilt—Heather seat—Ride in company with Sir William Murray, and Mr. Walker, to Loch Tummel—meandrings of the Rannach, which runs through quondam Struan Robertson's estate from Loch Rannach to Loch Tummel—Dine at Blair—Company—General Murray———Captain Murray, an honest Tar—Sir William Murray, an honest, worthy man, but tormented with the hypochondria—Mrs. Graham, *belle et aimable*—Miss Cathcart—Mrs. Murray, a painter—Mrs. King—Duchess and fine family, the Marquis, Lords James, Edward and Robert—Ladies Charlotte, Emilia, and children dance—Sup—Mr. Graham of Fintray.

Come up the Garrie—Falls of Bruar—Daldecairoch—Dalwhinnie—Dine—Snow on the hills 17 feet deep—No corn from Loch-gairie to Dalwhinnie—Cross the Spey, and come down the stream to Pitnin—Straths rich—*les environs* picturesque—Craigow hill—Ruthven of Badenoch—Barracks—wild and magnificent—Rothemurche on the other side, and Glenmore—Grant of Rothemurche's poetry—told me by the Duke of Gordon—Strathspey, rich and romantic—breakfast at Aviemore, a wild spot—dine at Sir James Grant's—Lady Grant, a sweet pleasant body—come through mist and darkness to Dulsie, to lie.

Tuesday.—Findhorn river—rocky banks—come on to Castle Cawdor, where Macbeth murdered King Duncan—saw the bed in which King Duncan was stabbed—dine at Kilravock—Mrs. Rose, sen. a true chieftain's wife—Fort George—Inverness.

Wednesday.—Loch Ness—Braes of Ness—General's hut—Falls of Fyers—Urquhart Castle and Strath.

Thursday.—Come over Culloden Muir—reflections on the field of battle—breakfast at Kilravock—old Mrs. Rose, sterling sense, warm heart, strong passions and honest pride, all in an uncommon degree—Mrs. Rose, jun. a little milder than the mother—this perhaps owing to her being younger—Mr. Grant, minister at Calder, resembles Mr. Scott at Inverleithing—Mrs. Rose and Mrs. Grant accompany us to Kildrummie—two young ladies—Miss Rose, who sung two Gaelic songs, beautiful and lovely—Miss Sophia Brodie, most agreeable and amiable—both of them gentle, mild; the sweetest creatures on earth, and happiness be with them! Dine at Nairn—fall in with a pleasant enough gentleman, Dr. Stewart, who had been long abroad with his father in the forty-five; and Mr. Falconer, a spare, irascible, warm-hearted Norland and a Nonjuror—Brodie-house to lie.

Friday.—Forres—famous stone at Forres—Mr. Brodie tells me that the muir where Shakspeare lays Macbeth's witch-meeting is still haunted—that the country folks won't pass it by night.

* * * *

Venerable ruins of Elgin Abbey—a grander effect at first glance than Melrose, but not near so beautiful—Cross Spey to Fochabers—fine palace, worthy of the generous proprietor—Dine—company, Duke and Duchess, Ladies Charlotte and Magdeline, Col. Aber-

crombie and Lady, Mr. Gordon, and Mr. ———, a clergyman, a venerable aged figure—the Duke makes me happier than ever great man did—noble, princely; yet mild, condescending, and affable; gay and kind—the Duchess witty and sensible---God bless them!—

Come to Cullen to lie—hitherto the country is sadly poor and unimproven.

Come to Aberdeen—meet with Mr. Chalmers, printer, a facetious fellow—Mr. Ross, a fine fellow, like Professor Tytler—Mr. Marshal one of the *poetæ minores*—Mr. Sheriffs, author of "Jamie and Bess," a little decrepid body, with some abilities—Bishop Skinner, a nonjuror, son of the author of "Tullochgorum," a man whose mild, venerable manner, is the most marked of any in so young a man—Professor Gordon, a good-natured, jolly-looking professor—Aberdeen, a lazy town—near Stonhive, the coast a good deal romantic—meet my relations—Robert Burns, writer in Stonhive, one of those who love fun, a gill, and a punning joke, and have not a bad heart—his wife a sweet hospitable body, without any affectation of what is called town-breeding.

Tuesday—.Breakfast with Mr. Burns—lie at Lawrence Kirk—Album library—Mrs. ——— a jolly, frank, sensible, love-inspiring widow—Howe of the Mearns, a rich, cultivated, but still uninclosed country.

Wednesday.—Cross North Esk river and a rich country to Craigow.

* * * *

Go to Montrose, that finely situated handsome town—breakfast at Muthie, and sail along that wild rocky coast, and see the famous caverns, particularly the Gairiepot—land and dine at Arbroath—stately ruins of Arbroath Abbey—come to Dundee, through a fertile country—Dundee a low-lying, but pleasant town—old Steeple—Tayfrith—Broughty Castle, a finely situated ruin, jutting into the Tay.

Friday.—Breakfast with the Miss Scotts—Miss Bess Scott like Mrs. Greenfield—my bardship almost in love with her—come through the rich harvests and fine hedge-rows of the Carse of Gowrie, along the romantic margin of the Grampian hills, to Perth—fine, fruitful, hilly, woody country round Perth.

Saturday Morning—Leave Perth—come up Strathearn to Endermay—fine, fruitful, cultivated Strath—the scene of "Bessy Bell and Mary Gray," near Perth—fine scenery on the banks of the May—Mrs. Belcher, gawcie, frank, affable, fond of rural sports, hunting, &c.—Lie at Kinross—reflections in a fit of the colic.

Sunday.—Pass through a cold barren country to Queensferry—dine—cross the ferry, and on to Edinburgh.

COMMON PLACE BOOK,

FRAGMENTS OF LETTERS,

MISCELLANEOUS

OBSERVATIONS, &c.

The following memoranda formed a part of the rough materials out of which Burns composed a more extended and elaborate journal, commenced in the spring of the year 1787, in which he recorded his observations on men and manners, literary anecdotes, scraps of verse, favorite passages from his letters, and not a little searching criticism. Of that valuable volume, nothing it is believed now exists, save the fragments contained in the following pages: Cromek announces its probable fate in these words: "On his arrival in Edinburgh, Burns took lodgings with a Mrs. Carfrae, in the Lawn-market, where a person, a carpenter, then working at Leith, often called to see him. This man, in the latter part of the year 1787, or beginning of 1788, enlisted into the Company of Artificers then raising to go to Gibraltar. Just before he set off he got access to Burns's room, in his absence, and stole the book, which contained a faithful record

of every thing interesting that happened to him at Edinburgh, with characteristic sketches of the different literary gentlemen to whom he had been introduced. He was written to repeatedly to restore the book, a clasped quarto, but in vain. He had even the audacity to acknowledge the theft, but he refused to part with the journal. It is supposed that he died in the year 1798, as he has not been heard of since."

Of the value of the work, we have thus I fear lost, some estimate may be formed from what Currie says of the opportunities which Burns enjoyed of making observations on Edinburgh society—his tact and talent for making them cannot be questioned.

"Burns entered into several parties of this description, with the usual vehemence of his character. His generous affections, his ardent eloquence, his brilliant and daring imagination, fitted him to be the idol of such associations; and accustoming himself to conversation of unlimited range, and to festive indulgences that scorned restraint, he gradually lost some portion of his relish for the more pure, but less poignant pleasures, to be found in the circles of taste, elegance, and literature. The sudden alteration in his habits of life operated on him physically as well as morally. The humble fare of an Ayrshire peasant he had exhanged for the luxuries of the Scottish metropolis, and the effects of this change on his ardent constitution could not be inconsiderable. But whatever influence might be produced on his conduct, his excellent understanding suffered no corresponding debasement. He estimated his friends and associates of every description at their proper value, and appreciated his own conduct with a precision that might give scope to much curious and melancholy reflection. He saw his danger, and at times formed resolutions to guard against it; but he had embarked on the tide of dissipation, and was borne along its stream."

The prose portion of the succeeding pages is copied from Currie and from Cromek, with some slight additions: the verse is from another source. In several places small, but necessary, liberties have been taken with the language: it would have been unwise to omit verses so characteristic, and they would have offended many had they appeared as they stand in the original. Ed.

COMMON PLACE BOOK,
&c. &c.

As I have seen a good deal of human life in Edinburgh, a great many characters which are new, to one bred up in the shades of life as I have been, I am determined to take down my remarks on the spot. Gray observes in a letter to Mr. Palgrave, that "half a word fixed upon, or near the spot, is worth a cart load of recollection." I don't know how it is with the world in general, but with me, making my remarks, is by no means a solitary pleasure. I want some one to laugh with me, some one to be grave with me, some one to please me and help my discrimination with his or her own remark; and at times, no doubt, to admire my acuteness and penetration. The world are so busied with selfish pursuits, ambition, vanity, interest, or pleasure that very few think it worth their while to make any observation on what passes around them, except where that observation is a sucker, or branch of the darling plant they are rearing in their fancy. Nor am I sure, notwithstanding all the sentimental flights of novel-writers, and the sage philosophy of moralists, whether we are capable of so intimate and cordial a coalition of friendship, as that one man may pour out his bosom, his every thought and floating fancy, his very inmost soul, with unreserved confidence to another, without hazard of losing part of that respect which man deserves from man; or, from the unavoidable imperfections attending human nature, of one day repenting his confidence.

For these reasons, I am determined to make these pages my confidant. I will sketch every character that any way strikes me, to the best of my power, with unshrinking justice. I will insert anecdotes, and take down remarks, in the old law phrase, *without feud or favour.* Where I hit on any thing clever, my own applause will in some measure feast my vanity; and, begging Patroclus' and Achates' pardon, I think a lock and key a security at least equal to the bosom of any friend whatever.

My own private story likewise, my love-adventures, my rambles; the frowns and smiles of fortune on my bardship; my poems and fragments that must never see the light, shall be occasionally inserted.—In short, never did four shillings purchase so much friendship, since confidence went first to market, or honesty was set up to sale.

To these seemingly invidious, but too just ideas of human friendship, I would cheerfully make one exception—the connection between two persons of different sexes, when their interests are united and absorbed by the tie of love—

> "When thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
> And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart."

There, confidence, confidence that exalts them the more in one another's opinion, that endears them the more to each other's hearts, unreservedly "reigns and revels." But this is not my lot, and in my situation, if I am wise (which by the bye I have no great chance of being), my fate should be cast with the Psalmist's sparrow, "to watch alone on the house-tops"—Oh, the pity!

There are few of the sore evils under the sun, give me more uneasiness and chagrin, than the comparison how a man of genius, nay, of avowed worth, is received

every where, with the reception which a mere ordinary character, decorated with the trappings and futile distinctions of fortune meets. I imagine a man of abilities, his breast glowing with honest pride, conscious that men are born equal, still giving *honor to whom honor is due;* he meets at a great man's table a Squire something, or a Sir somebody; he knows the *noble* landlord, at heart, gives the bard, or whatever he is, a share of his good wishes beyond perhaps any one at table; yet how will it mortify him to see a fellow, whose abilities would scarcely have made an *eightpenny tailor*, and whose heart is not worth three farthings, meet with attention and notice, that are withheld from the son of genius and poverty?

The noble Glencairn has wounded me to the soul here, because I dearly esteem, respect, and love him. He showed so much attention, engrossing attention, one day, to the only blockhead at table (the whole company consisted of his lordship, dunderpate, and myself) that I was within half a point of throwing down my gage of contemptuous defiance; but he shook my hand, and looked so benevolently good at parting. God bless him! though I should never see him more, I shall love him until my dying day! I am pleased to think I am so capable of the throes of gratitude, as I am miserably deficient in some other virtues.

With Dr. Blair I am more at ease. I never respect him with humble veneration; but when he kindly interests himself in my welfare, or still more, when he descends from his pinnacle, and meets me on equal ground in conversation, my heart overflows with what is called *liking*. When he neglects me for the mere carcase of greatness, or when his eye measures the difference of our points of elevation, I say to myself with scarcely any emotion, what do I care for him, or his pomp either?

It is not easy forming an exact judgment of any one; but, in my opinion, Dr. Blair is merely an astonishing proof of what industry and application can do. Natural parts, like his, are frequently to be met with; his vanity is proverbially known among his acquaintance; but he is justly at the head of what may be called fine writing; and a critic of the first, the very first, rank in prose; even in poetry, a bard of Nature's making, can only take the *pas* of him. He has a heart, not of the very finest water, but far from being an ordinary one. In short, he is truly a worthy, and most respectable character.

Lass, when your mither is frae hame,
Might I but be sae bauld
As come to your bower-window,
And creep in frae the cauld,
As come to your bower-window,
And when it's cauld and wat,
Warm me in thy sweet bosom;
Fair lass, wilt thou do that?

Young man, gif ye should be sae kind,
When our gudewife's frae hame,
As come to my bower-widow,
Whare I am laid my lane,
And warm thee in my bosom—
But I will tell thee what,
The way to me lies through the kirk;
Young man, do ye hear that?

I like to have quotations for every occasion: they give one's ideas so pat, and save one the trouble of finding expression adequate to one's feelings. I think it is one of the greatest pleasures attending a poetic genius, that we can give our woes, cares, joys, loves,

&c. an embodied form in verse: which, to me, is ever immediate ease. Goldsmith says finely of his muse—

"Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe;
That found'st me poor at first and keep'st me so."

What a creature is man! A little alarm last night, and to-day, that I am mortal, has made such a revolution in my spirits! There is no philosophy, no divinity, that comes half so much home to the mind. I have no idea of courage that braves Heaven: 'tis the wild ravings of an imaginary hero in Bedlam.

My favorite feature in Milton's Satan is, his manly fortitude in supporting what cannot be remedied—in short, the wild, broken fragments of a noble, exalted mind in ruins. I meant no more by saying he was a favorite hero of mine.

I am just risen from a two-hours' bout after supper, with silly or sordid souls, who could relish nothing in common with me—but the port. "One"—'tis now "witching time of night;" and whatever is out of joint in the foregoing scrawl, impute it to enchantments and spells; for I can't look over it, but will seal it up directly, as I don't care for to-morrow's criticisms on it

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We ought, when we wish to be economists in happiness; we ought, in the first place, to fix the standard of our own character; and when, on full examination, we know where we stand, and how much ground we occupy, let us contend for it as property; and those who seem to doubt, or deny us what is justly ours, let us either pity their prejudices, or despise their judgment.

I know you will say this is self-conceit; but I call it self-knowledge: the one is the overweening opinion of a fool, who fancies himself to be, what he wishes himself to be thought; the other is the honest justice

that a man of sense, who has thoroughly examined the subject, owes to himself. Without this standard, this column in our mind, we are perpetually at the mercy of the petulance, the mistakes, the prejudices, nay the very weakness and wickedness of our fellow-creatures.

Away, then, with disquietudes! Let us pray with the honest weaver of Kilbarchan "L—d, send us a gude conceit o' oursel!" Or in the words of the auld sang:

> "Who does me disdain I can scorn them again,
> And I'll never mind any such foes."

Your thoughts on religion shall be welcome. You may perhaps distrust me when I say 'tis also *my* favorite topic; but mine is the religion of the bosom. I hate the very idea of a controversial divinity; as I firmly believe that every honest, upright man, of whatever sect, will be accepted of the Deity. I despise the supersition of a fanatic, but I love the religion of a man.

Why have I not heard from you? To-day I well expected it; and before supper, when a letter to me was announced, my heart danced with rapture: but behold! 'twas some fool who had taken it into his head to turn poet; and made me an offering of the first fruits of his nonsense.

I believe there is no holding converse, or carrying on correspondence, with an amiable fine woman, without some mixture of that delicious passion, whose most devoted slave I have more than once had the honor of being: but why be hurt or offended on that account? Can no honest man have a prepossession for a fine woman, but he must run his head against an intrigue? Take a little of the tender witchcraft of love, and add to it the generous, the honorable sentiments

of manly friendship; and I know but *one* more delightful morsel, which few, few in any rank ever taste. Such a composition is like adding cream to strawberries—it not only gives the fruit a more elegant richness, but has a peculiar deliciousness of its own.

Ye hae lien a' wrang, lassie,
  Ye've lien a' wrang;
Ye've lien in an unco bed,
  And wi' a fremit man.
O ance ye danced upon the knowes
  And ance ye lightly sang—
But in herrying o' a bee byke,
  I'm rad ye've got a stang.

Nothing astonishes me more, when a little sickness clogs the wheel of life, than the thoughtless career we run in the hour of health. "None saith, where is God, my maker, that giveth songs in the night: who teacheth us more knowledge than the beasts of the field, and more understanding than the fowls of the air?"

I had a letter from an old friend a while ago, but it was so dry, so distant, so like a card to one of his clients, that I could scarce bear to read it. He is a good, honest fellow; and can write a friendly letter, which would do equal honor to his head and his heart, as a whole sheaf of his letters I have by me will witness; and though fame does not blow her trumpet at my approach *now*, as she did *then*, when he first honored me with his friendship, yet I am as proud as ever; and when I am laid in my grave, I wish to be stretched at my full length, that I may occupy every inch of ground which I have a right to.

O gie my love brose, brose,
Gie my love brose and butter;
For nane in Carrick or Kyle
Can please a lassie better.
The lav'rock lo'es the grass,
The muir hen lo'es the heather;
But gie me a braw moonlight,
And me and my love together.

You would laugh were you to see me where I am just now:—Here am I set, a solitary hermit in the solitary room of a solitary inn, with a solitary bottle of wine by me—as grave and as stupid as an owl—but like that owl, still faithful to my old song: in confirmation of which, my dear Nancy, here is your good health! May the hand-wal'd bennisons o' heaven bless your bonnie face; and the wretch wha skellies at your weelfare, may the auld tinkler deil get him to clout his rotten heart! Amen!

I mentioned to you my letter to Dr. Moore, giving an account of my life: it is truth, every word of it; and will give you the just idea of a man whom you have honored with your friendship. I wish you to see me *as I am*. I am, as most people of my trade are, a strange *Will o' Wisp* being, the victim; too frequently, of much imprudence and many follies. My great constituent elements are pride and passion. The first I have endeavoured to humanize into integrity and honor; the last makes me a devotee to the warmest degree of enthusiasm, in love, religion, or friendship; either of them, or all together, as I happen to be inspired.

What trifling silliness is the childish fondness of the every-day children of the world! 'Tis the unmeaning toying of the younglings of the fields and forests;

but where sentiment and fancy unite their sweets; where taste and delicacy refine; where wit adds the flavor, and good sense gives strength and spirit to all, what a delicious draught is the hour of tender endearment!—beauty and grace in the arms of truth and honor, in all the luxury of mutual love!

——Innocence
Looks gaily smiling on; while rosy Pleasure
Hides young Desire amid her flowery wreath,
And pours her cup luxuriant; mantling high
The sparkling heavenly vintage, LOVE and BLISS!

Those of either sex, but particularly the female, who are lukewarm in that most important of all things, religion—"O my soul, come not thou into their secret!" I will lay before you the outlines of my belief. He, who is our Author and Preserver, and will one day be our Judge, must be (not for his sake in the way of duty, but from the native impulse of our hearts), the object of our reverential awe, and grateful adoration: He is almighty and all-bounteous; we are weak and dependent: hence, prayer and every other sort of devotion.——"He is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to everlasting life;" consequently it must be in every one's power to embrace his offer of "everlasting life;" otherwise he could not, in justice, condemn those who did not. A mind pervaded, actuated, and governed by purity, truth and charity, though it does not *merit* heaven, yet is an absolutely necessary pre-requisite, without which heaven can neither be obtained nor enjoyed; and, by divine promise, such a mind shall never fail of attaining "everlasting life;" hence the impure, the deceiving, and the uncharitable, exclude themselves from eternal bliss, by their unfitness for enjoying it. The Supreme Being has put the immediate administration of all this for wise and good ends

known to himself, into the hands of Jesus Christ, a great personage, whose relation to him we cannot comprehend; but whose relation to us is a Guide and Saviour; and who, except for our own obstinacy and misconduct, will bring us all, through various ways, and by various means, to bliss at last.

These are my tenets, my friend. My creed is pretty nearly expressed in the last clause of *Jamie Dean's* grace, an honest weaver in Ayrshire; "Lord grant that we may lead a gude life! for a gude life makes a gude end, at least it helps weel!"

A MOTHER'S ADDRESS TO HER INFANT.

My blessins upon thy sweet, wee lippie!
My blessins upon thy bonnie e'e brie!
Thy smiles are sae like my blythe sodger laddie,
Thou's ay the dearer, and dearer to me!

I am an odd being: some yet unnamed feelings, things, not principles, but better than whims, carry me farther than boasted reason ever did a philosopher.

There's naething like the honest nappy!
Whaur'll ye e'er see men sae happy,
Or women sonsie, saft an' sappy,
'Tween morn an' morn,
As them wha like to taste the drappie
In glass or horn.

I've seen me daez't upon the time;
I scarce could wink or see a styme;
Just ae hauf muchkin does me prime,
Ought less a little,
Then back I rattle on the rhyme
As gleg's a whittle!

Coarse minds are not aware how much they injure the keenly-feeling tye of bosom friendship, when in their foolish officiousness, they mention what nobody cares for recollecting. People of nice sensibility and generous minds have a certain intrinsic dignity, that fires at being trifled with, or lowered, or even too nearly approached.

O can ye labor lea, young man,
An' can ye labor lea;
Gae back the gate ye cam' again,
Ye'se never scorn me.

I feed a man at Martinmas,
Wi' arle pennies three;
An' a' the faut I fan' wi' him,
He couldna labor lea.

The stibble rig is easy plough'd,
The fallow land is free;
But wha wad keep the handless coof,
That couldna labor lea.

Some days, some nights, nay some *hours*, like the "ten righteous persons in Sodom," save the rest of the vapid, tiresome, miserable months and years of life.

To be feelingly alive to kindness and to unkindness is a charming female character.

I have a little infirmity in my disposition, that where I fondly love or highly esteem, I cannot bear reproach.

If I have robbed you of a friend, God forgive me: but be comforted: let us raise the tone of our feelings a little higher and bolder. A fellow-creature

who leaves us, who spurns us without just cause, though once our bosom friend—up with a little honest pride—let him go!

A decent means of livelihood in the world, an approving God, a peaceful conscience, and one firm trusty friend;—can any body that has these be said to be unhappy?

The dignified and dignifying consciousness of an honest man, and the well-grounded trust in approving heaven, are two most substantial sources of happiness.

Give me, my Maker, to remember Thee! Give me to feel "another's woe;" and continue with me that dear-loved friend that feels with mine!

Your religious sentiments I revere. If you have on some suspicious evidence, from some lying oracle, learned that I despise or ridicule so sacredly important a matter as real religion, you have much misconstrued your friend. "I am not mad, most noble Festus!" Have you ever met a perfect character? Do we not sometimes rather exchange faults than get rid of them? For instance; I am perhaps tired with and shocked at a life, too much the prey of giddy inconsistencies and thoughtless follies; by degrees I grow sober, prudent, and statedly pious, I say *statedly*, because the most unaffected devotion is not at all inconsistent with my first character. I join the world in congratulating myself on the happy change. But let me pry more narrowly into this affair; have I, at bottom, any thing of a secret pride in these endowments and emendations? have I nothing of a presbyterian sourness, a hypocritical severity, when

I survey my less regular neighbours? In a word, have I missed all those nameless and numberless modifications of indistinct selfishness, which are so near our own eyes, that we can scarce bring them within our sphere of vision, and which the known spotless cambric of our character hides from the ordinary observer?

My definition of worth is short: truth and humanity respecting our fellow-creatures; reverence and humility in the presence of that Being, my Creator and Preserver, and who, I have every reason to believe,will one day be my Judge. The first part of my definition is the creature of unbiassed instinct; the last is the child of after-reflection. Where I found these two essentials, I would gently note, and slightly mention my attendant flaws—flaws, the marks, the consequences of human nature.

How wretched is the condition of one who is haunted with conscious guilt, and trembling under the idea of dreaded vengeance! and what a placid calm, what a charming secret enjoyment it gives to bosom the kind feelings of friendship and the fond throes of love! Out upon the tempest of anger, the acrimonious gall of fretful impatience, the sullen frost of lowering resentment or the corroding poison of withered envy! They eat up the immortal part of man! If they spent their fury only on the unfortunate objects of them, it would be something in their favor; but these miserable passions, like traitor Iscariot, betray their lord and master.

Thou, Almighty Author of peace and goodness, and love! do thou give me the social heart that kindly tastes of every man's cup! Is it a draught of joy?—warm and open my heart to share it with cordial, unenvying rejoicing! Is it the bitter potion of

sorrow?—melt my heart with sincerely sympathetic woe! Above all, do thou give me the manly mind that resolutely exemplifies, in life and manners, those sentiments which I would wish to be thought to possess! The friend of my soul—there may I never deviate from the firmest fidelity, and most active kindness! There may the most sacred, inviolate honor, the most faithful, kindling constancy, ever watch and animate my every thought and imagination!

Did you ever meet with the following lines spoken of religion:—

"'Tis *this*, my friend, that streaks our morning bright;
'Tis *this*, that gilds the horror of our night!
When wealth forsakes us, and when friends are few;
When friends are faithless, or when foes pursue;
'Tis *this* that wards the blow, or stills the smart,
Disarms affliction, or repels its dart;
Within the breast bids purest raptures rise,
Bids smiling conscience spread her cloudless skies."

I met with these verses very early in life, and was so delighted with them, that I have them by me, copied at school.

I have heard and read a good deal of philosophy, benevolence, and greatness of soul: and when rounded with the flourish of declamatory periods, or poured in the mellifluence of Parnassian measure, they have a tolerable effect on a musical ear; but when all these high-sounding professions are compared with the very act and deed, as it is usually performed, I do not think there is any thing in or belonging to human nature so badly disproportionate. In fact, were it not for a very few of our kind; among whom an honored friend of mine, whom to you, Sir, I will not name, is a distinguished instance, the very existence of magnanimity, generosity, and all their kindred virtues, would be as much a question with metaphysicians as the existence of witchcraft.

There is no time when the conscious, thrilling chords of love and friendship give such delight, as in the pensive hours of what Thomson calls "philosophic melancholy." The family of misfortune, a numerous group of brothers and sisters! They need a resting place to their souls. Unnoticed, often condemned by the world; in some degree, perhaps, condemned by themselves, they feel the full enjoyment of ardent love, delicate, tender endearments, mutual esteem, and mutual reliance.

In this light I have often admired religion. In proportion as we are wrung with grief, or distracted with anxiety, the ideas of a compassionate Deity, an Almighty Protector, are doubly dear.

I have been, this morning, taking a peep through, as Young finely says, "the dark postern of time long elapsed;" 'twas a rueful prospect! What a tissue of thoughtlessness, weakness, and folly! My life reminded me of a ruined temple. What strength, what proportion in some parts! what unsightly gaps, what prostrate ruins in others! I kneeled down before the Father of Mercies, and said, "Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." I rose, eased, and strengthened.

I met a lass, a bonnie lass,
  Coming o'er the braes o' Couper,
Bare her leg and bright her een,
  And handsome ilka bit about her.
Weel I wat she was a quean
  Wad made a body's mouth to water;
Our mess John, wi' his lyart pow,
  His haly lips wad lickit at her.

Come rede me, dame, come tell me, dame.
And nane can tell mair truly,
What color maun the man be of
To love a woman duly.

The carlin clew baith up and down,
And leugh and answered ready,
I learned a sang in Annerdale,
A dark man for my lady.

But for a country quean like thee,
Young lass, I tell thee fairly,
That wi' the white I've made a shift,
And brown will do fu' rarely.

There's mickle love in raven locks,
The flaxen ne'er grows yowden,
There's kiss and hause me in the brown,
And glory in the gowden.

O wat ye what my minnie did,
My minnie did, my minnie did,
O wat ye what my minnie did,
On Tysday 'teen to me, jo?
She laid me in a saft bed,
A saft bed, a saft bed,
She laid me in a saft bed,
And bade gude e'en to me, jo.

An' wat ye what the parson did,
The parson did, the parson did,
An' wat ye what the parson did,
A' for a penny fee, jo?
He loosed on me a lang man,
A mickle man, a strang man,
He loosed on me a lang man,
That might hae worried me, jo.

An' I was but a young thing,
An' I was but a young thing,
An' I was but a young thing,
Wi' nane to pity me, jo.
I wat the kirk was in the wyte,
In the wyte, in the wyte,
To pit a young thing in a fright,
An' loose a man on me, jo.

There came a piper out o' Fife,
I watna what they ca'd him ;
He play'd our cousin Kate a spring,
When fient a body bade him.
And ay the mair he hotch'd an' blew,
The mair that she forbade him.

Jenny M'Craw, she has ta'en to the heather,
Say, was it the covenant carried her thither ;
Jenny M'Craw to the mountains is gane,
Their leagues and their covenants a' she has ta'en ;
My head and my heart, now quo' she, are at rest.
And as for the lave, let the deil do his best.

The last braw bridal that I was at,
'Twas on a Hallowmass day,
And there was routh o' drink and fun,
And mickle mirth and play.
The bells they rang, and the carlins sang,
And the dames danced in the ha' ;
The bride went to bed wi' the silly bridegroom,
In the mid'st o' her kimmers a'.

The black-headed eagle
As keen as a beagle,
He hunted o'er height and owre howe ;
But fell in a trap
On the braes o' Gemappe,
E'en let him come out as he dowe.

Here's a bottle and an honest friend!
What wad ye wish for mair, man?
Wha kens, before his life may end,
What his share may be of care, man?
Then catch the moments as they fly,
And use them as ye ought, man:
Believe me, happiness is shy,
And comes not ay when sought, man.

O thou, in whom we live and move,
Who mad'st the sea and shore;
Thy goodness constantly we prove,
And grateful would adore.
And if it please thee, power above,
Still grant us with such store;
The friend we trust, the fair we love,
And we desire no more.

Lord, we thank an' thee adore,
For temp'ral gifts we little merit;
At present we will ask no more,
Let William Hyslop give the spirit.

EPITAPH ON WILLIAM NICOL.

Ye maggots feast on Nicol's brain,
For few sic feasts ye've gotten;
And fix your claws in Nicol's heart,
For de'il a bit o'ts rotten.

THE POET'S ASSIGNMENT

OF

HIS WORKS.

[The admirers of Burns are indebted to the kindness of Gilbert M'Nab, Esq. of Ayr, for the following important document, which throws light both on the actions and feelings of the poet during a period when "hungry ruin had him in the wind."]

Know all men by these presents, that I Robert Burns of Mossgiel: whereas I intend to leave Scotland and go abroad, and having acknowledged myself the father of a child named Elizabeth, begot upon Elizabeth Paton in Largieside: and whereas Gilbert Burns in Mossgiel, my brother, has become bound, and hereby binds and obliges himself to aliment, clothe and educate my said natural child in a suitable manner as if she was his own, in case her mother choose to part with her, and that until she arrive at the age of fifteen years. Therefore, and to enable the said Gilbert Burns to make good his said engagement, wit ye me to have assigned, disponed, conveyed, and made over to, and in favors of, the said Gilbert Burns, his heirs, executors, and assignees, who are always to be bound in like manner with himself, all and sundry goods,

gear, corns, cattle, horses, nolt, sheep, household furniture, and all other moveable effects of whatever kind that I shall leave behind me on my departure from this Kingdom, after allowing for my part of the conjunct debts due by the said Gilbert Burns and me as joint tacksmen of the farm of Mossgiel. And particularly, without prejudice of the foresaid generality, the profits that may arise from the publication of my poems presently in the press. And also, I hereby dispone and convey to him in trust for behoof of my said natural daughter, the copy right of said poems in so far as I can dispose of the same by law, after she arrives at the above age of fifteen years complete. Surrogating and substituting the said Gilbert Burns my brother and his foresaids in my full right, title, room and place of the whole premises, with power to him to intromit with, and dispose upon the same at pleasure, and in general to do every other thing in the premises that I could have done myself before granting hereof, but always with and under the conditions before expressed. And I oblige myself to warrand this disposition and assignation from my own proper fact and deed allenarly. Consenting to the registration hereof in the books of Council and Session, or any other Judges' books competent, therein to remain for preservation, and constitute

Proculars, &c. In witness whereof, I have wrote and signed these presents, consisting of this and the preceding page, on stamped paper, with my own hand, at the Mossgiel, the twenty-second day of July, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-six years.

(Signed) ROBERT BURNS.

Upon the twenty-fourth day of July, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-six years, I, William Chalmer, Notary Public, past to the Mercat Cross of Ayr

head Burgh of the Sheriffdome thereof, and thereat I made due and lawful intimation of the foregoing disposition and assignation to his Majesties lieges, that they might not pretend ignorance thereof by reading the same over in presence of a number of people assembled. Whereupon William Crooks, writer, in Ayr, as attorney for the before designed Gilbert Burns, protested that the same was lawfully intimated, and asked and took instruments in my hands. These things were done betwixt the hours of ten and eleven forenoon, before and in presence of William M'Cubbin, and William Eaton, apprentices to the Sheriff Clerk of Ayr, witnesses to the premises.

(Signed) WILLIAM CHALMER, N. P.

William M'Cubbin, Witness.
William Eaton, Witness.

GLOSSARY.

THE explanation of Scottish words by Burns in the brief, but valuable, glossary to the earlier editions of his poems is now extended to words and phrases contained in his songs and other posthumous pieces. All his definitions have been scrupulously retained, and to these the editor has ventured to add such illustrations from poetic and proverbial lore as he thinks will not be unacceptable even to readers intimate with the varied dialect of the north. His own definitions, the editor regrets to say, are not always so precise and clear as he could wish: the Scottish dialect, with which the English language of much of our verse is sprinkled, sometimes defies even description: these expressive northern words were only adopted because the language of the south, though rich to overflowing, had nothing to offer as an equivalent. This is peculiarly the case with Burns: his works abound with words, and phrases, and allusions, which can neither be translated nor explained in their native spirit and force. One example will suffice—hundreds might be added.

> "But, oh! for Hogarth's matchless power
> To paint Sir Bardie's willyart glower,
> And how he stared and stammer'd,
> When goavan as if led wi' branks,
> An' stumpan on his plowman shanks,
> He in the parlor hammer'd."

Yet some have thought it strange that Burns should be as popular in the south as in the north: this is not at all wondered at by those who are familiar with the very

varied and very forcible dialects of the English provinces. These six lines, inaccessible as there meaning must be to the classic scholar of an English city, are fully felt to the extent of their meaning by one half at least of the country population between the Thames and the Tweed. The truth is, that the Scottish language is essentially Saxon, colored a little with the Celtic, and as such is as well, perhaps better, understood in one half of the English counties than the scholastic language of Johnson and Gibbon. When such is the case, it is to be regretted that an English Jamieson has not yet appeared to collect together the scattered members of the ancient language, and preserve them for the examination, if not for the use, of the historian and antiquary.

Burns introduced his Glossary with these directions. "The *ch* and *gh* have always the guttural sound. The sound of the English dipthong *oo* is commonly spelled *ou*. The French *u*, a sound which often occurs in the Scottish language, is marked *oo* or *ui*. The *a*, in genuine Scottish words, except when forming a dipthong, or followed by an *e* mute after a single consonant, sounds generally like the broad English *a* in *wall*. The Scottish dipthong *ae* always, and *ea* very often, sound like the French *e* masculine. The Scottish dipthong *ey* sounds like the Latin *ei*."

A.

A'. All.
"And puts a' nature in a jovial mood." - *Ramsay.*

Aback. Away, aloof, backwards.
"Syne went abak in sonder ane far space." *G. Douglas.*

Abeigh. At a shy distance.
"Gaured puir Duncan stan' abeigh." - *Burns.*

Aboon. Above, up.
"Aboon the town upon the southwart side." *Blind Harry.*

Abread. Abroad, in sight, to publish.
"An' spread your beauties a' abread." - *Burns.*

Abreed. In breadth.
"With gold was browdered there abreed." *Burel.*

Ae. One.
"Ae man's meat's anither man's poison." *Scots Prov.*

Aff. Off.
"He lap bauk heigh an' cry'd haud aff." *Ramsay.*

Aff-loof. Off-hand, extempore, without premeditation.
To shoot aff-looff is to shoot without a rest.
"E'en wi' a canty tale he'd tell aff-loof." *Ramsay.*

Afore. Before.
"Better be afore at a burial than ahin at a bridal."
Scots Saying.

Aft. Oft.
"An' pried it aft, as ye may trow." - *Macneil.*

Aften. Often.
"Aften I have young sportive gilpies seen." *Ramsay.*

Agley. Off the right line, wrong, awry.
"The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft agley." - - - - - *Burns.*

Aiblins. Perhaps.
"The man my ablins tyne a stot." - *Montgomery.*

Ain. Own.
"This is no my ain house,
I ken by the biggin o't." - - *Scots Song.*

Airn. Iron, a tool of that metal, a mason's chisel.
"Thraw me thro' my airns, quo' the gude Gordon,
They cost the town o' Dumfries fu' dear." *Old Ballad.*

Airles. Earnest money.
"Restores the merit with grace in erles of glore." *Gaw. Douglas.*

Airl-penny. A silver penny given as erles or hiring money.
"Your proffer o' luves an' airl pennie." - *Burns.*

Airt. Quarter of the heaven, point of the compass.
"And under quhat art of the hevin so hie," *G. Douglas.*

Agee. On one side.
"Whilk pensylie he wears a thought agee." *Ramsay.*

Attour. Moreover, beyond, besides.
"Attour the king shall remain in keeping." *Pitscottie.*

Aith. An oath.
"He swore the gret aith bodily." - *Wyntown.*

Aits. Oats.
"Where aits are fine an' sald by kind." *Scottish Song.*

Aiver. An old horse.
"Suppois I were ane auld yaud aver." - *Dunbar.*

Aizle. A hot cinder, an ember of wood.
"She noticed na an aizle brunt
Her braw new worset apron." - - *Burns.*

Alake. Alas.
"O dool and alake!" an exclamation of sorrow.

Alane. Alone.
"And hald his heritage hir alane." - *Wyntown.*

Akwart. Awkward, athwart.
"As he glaid by akwart he couth him ta." *Blind Harry.*

Amaist. Almost.
"A midge is as big as a mountain a' but amaist." *Scots Saying.*

Amang. Among.
"I met four chaps yon birks amang." - *Boswell.*

An'. And, if.
"And o', quo' he, an' I were as free." *King James V.*

Ance. Once.
"Na wound nor wappin mycht him anys effere." *G. Douglas.*

Ane. One.
"But giff it war ane or twa." - - *Barbour.*

Anent. Over against, concerning, about.
"Anent thame a gret cuntré." - - *Wyntown.*

Anither. Another.
"Nature made her what she is,
And never made anither." - - - *Burns.*

Ase. Ashes of wood, remains of a hearth fire.
"Remember that thou art but ase." - - *Dunbar.*

Asteer. Abroad, stirring in a lively manner.
"My mither she's a scauldin' jaud,
Hauds a' the house asteer." - - *Old Song.*

Aqueesh. Between.
"Aqueesh twa queans I kenna how to look." *Scottish Rhyme.*

Aught. Possession, as "in a' my aught," in all my possession.
"I hae the Bible, an' there's no a better book in a' yere aught." - - - - *Scots Saying.*

Auld. Old.
"Auld gudeman, yere a drunken carle." *Tannahill.*

Auld-farran'. Auld farrant, sagacious, prudent, cunning.
"These people right auld-farran' will be laith." *Ramsay.*

Ava. At all.

"She neither kent spinning nor carding,
Nor brewing nor baking ava." - - *Ross.*

Awa. Away, begone.
"Awa, quo' she, the deil's owre grit wi' you." *Ramsay.*

Awfu'. Awful.
"An awfu' scythe out owre ae shouther." *Burns.*

Auld-shoon. Old shoes literally, a discarded lover metaphorically.
"Ye may tell the coof that gets her,
That he gets but my auld shoon." - *Scots Song.*

Aumos, or *Awmous.* Gift to a beggar; thus described in an old song:
"A handfu' o' meal, a pickle o' grotts,
Cauld parritch, or herring-bree." *Scots Song.*

Aumos-dish. A beggar's dish in which the aumos is received.
"An' she held up her greedy gab,
Just like an awmous-dish." - - - *Burns.*

Awn. The beard of barley, oats, &c.

Awnie. Bearded.
"And aits set up their awnie horn." - *Burns.*

Ayont. Beyond.
"The auld wife ayont the fire
She died for lack o' sneeshing." - *Ross.*

B.

Ba'. Ball.
"She saw three bonnie boys playing at the ba'." *Scots Song.*

Babie-clouts. Child's first clothes.
"O wha my babie-clouts will buy." - *Burns.*

Backets. Ash-boards, as pieces of backet for removing ashes.

Backlins. Comin', coming back, returning.
"And backlins frae the bull to shift." - *A. Scott.*

Back-yett. Private gate.
"An' thro' the back-yett an' let naebody see." *Old Song.*

Baide. Endured, did stay.
"But teuchley doure it baide an unco' bang." *Burns.*

Baggie. The belly.
"Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld baggie." *Burns.*

Bairn. A child.
"As glad tythings unto my child and bairn." *G. Douglas.*

Bairntime. A family of children, a brood.
"Hail, blessed mot thou be for thy bairntime." *Houlate.*

Baith. Both.
"Baith scepter, sword, crown, and ring." *Wyntown.*

Ballets, ballants. Ballads.
"An' it were about Robin Hood, or some o' Davie
Lyndsay's ballants." - - - - *Scott.*

Ban. To swear.
"Our lass Bess may curse and ban." . *Old Song.*

Bane. Bone.
"What's bred in the bane's ill to come out o' the flesh."
Scots Proverb.

Bang. To beat, to strive, to excel.
"E'en ony rose her cheeks did bang." *Davidson.*

Bannock. Flat, round, soft cake.
"Bannocks o' bear-meal, bannocks o' barley" *Old Song.*

Bardie. Diminutive of bard.
"He was your bardie monie a year." *Burns.*

Barefit. Barefooted.
"The lasses skelpin barefit thrang." - *Burns.*

Barley-bree. Barley-broo, blood of barley, malt liquor.

Barmie. Of, or like barm, yeasty.
"Quhilk boils your barmy brain." - *Montgomery.*

Batch. A crew, a gang.
"A batch o' wabster lads." - - - - *Galt.*

Batts. Botts.
"The bleiring batts an' benshaw." - *Polwart.*

Bauckie-bird. The bat.
"Or wavering like the bauckie-bird." - - *Burns.*

Baudrons. A cat.
"And whyles a voice on baudrons cried." *Old Ballad.*

Bauld. Bold.
"My een are bauld an' dwall on a place." *Scots Song.*

Baws'nt. Having a white stripe down the face.
"And sauld your crummock and her baws'nt quey." *Ramsay.*

Be. To let be, to give over, to cease.
"He's aye woo wooing, and he'll never let me be." *Scots Song.*

Beets. Boots.
"What makes yere master wear beets, man?—because he has nae sheen." - - *Aberdeen Saying.*

Bear. Barley.
"Allan a maut lay on the rig,
Ane ca'd him bear, ane ca'd him big." *Old Song.*

Bearded bear. Barley with its bristly head.
"Amang the bearded barley." - - *Scots Song.*

Beastie. Diminutive of beast.
"Wee, sleekit, cowrin', timorous beastie. *Burns.*

Beet, beek. To add fuel to a fire, to bask.
"An' beek the house baith but an' ben." *Ramsay.*

Beld. Bald.
"An' tho' his brow be beld aboon." - *Burns.*

Belyve. By and by, presently, quickly.
"Belyve Eneas membris schuke for cauld." *G. Doug.*

Ben. Into the spence or parlor.
"Spredand fra thauk to thauk, baith but and ben." *G. Douglas.*

Ben Lomond. A noted mountain in Dumbartonshire.

Benmost-bore. The remotest hole, the innermost recess.
"And seek the benmost-bore." - - *Burns.*

Bethankit. Grace after meat.
"The auld gudeman just like to rive
Bethankit hums." - - - - *Burns.*

Beuk. A book.

Bicker. A kind of wooden dish, a short rapid race.
"And bang'd about the nectar bicker." *Evergreen.*

Bickering. Careering, hurrying with quarrelsome intent.
"In glittering show and the once bickering stream."
Davidson.

Birnie. Birnie ground is where thick heath has been burnt, leaving the birns, or unconsumed stalks, standing up sharp and stubley. - - - *Dumfrieshire.*

Bie, or *bield.* Shelter, a sheltered place, the sunny nook of a wood.
"Better a wee bush than nae bield." *Scots Proverb.*

Bien. Wealthy, plentiful.
"And thou in berne and byre so bene and big." *Henrysone.*

Big. To build.
"On Garganno was byggit a small peel." *Blind Harry.*

Biggin. Building, a house.
"I hae a house a biggin." - - - *Old Song.*
"By some auld houlat haunted biggin." - *Burns.*

Biggit. Built.
"They biggit a house on yon burn brae." *Old Song.*

Bill. A bull.
"An' like a bill amang the kye." - - *Ramsay.*

Billie. A brother, a young fellow, a companion.
"Now fear ye na my billie, quo' he." *Old Ballad.*

Bing. A heap of grain, potatoes, &c.
"Quhen they depulye the mekil bing of quhete." *G. Douglas.*

Birdie-cocks. Young cocks, still belonging to the brood.
"And our guid wife's wee birdie-cocks." *Burns.*

Birk. Birch.
"Amang the birks sae blythe an' gay." *T. Cunningham.*

Birkie. A clever, a forward, conceited fellow.
"Spoke like yoursel', auld birkie never fear." *Ramsay.*

Birring. The noise of partridges when they rise.
"Ane gret staff sloung berrand with felloune weight."
Gaw. Douglas.

Birses. Bristles.
"The rough birssis on the briest and criest." *G. Doug.*

Bit. Crisis, nick of time, place.
"Just as I was comin up the bit I saw a man afore me."
Scott.

Bizz. A bustle, to buzz.
"An' singe wi' hair-devouring bizz." *Fergusson.*

Black's the grun'. As black as the ground.
"Nae wonder he's as black's the grun'." - *Burns.*

Blastie. A shrivelled dwarf, a term of contempt, full of mischief.
"An' how the blasties did behave." - - *Train.*

Blastit. Blasted.

Blate. Bashful, sheepish.
"We Phenicians nane sae blate breistis has." *Douglas.*

Blather. Bladder.

Blaud. A flat piece of anything, to slap.
"He was like to ding the pulpit in blads." *Melvill.*

Blaudin-shower. A heavy driving rain; a blauding signifies a beating.
"For blaudin o' the tailor sae." - - *Cock.*

Blaw. To blow, to boast; "blaw i' my lug," to flatter.
"Keep your temper sweetly, an' neither brag nor blaw." - - - - - - *Duff.*

Bleerit. Bedimmed, eyes hurt with weeping.

Bleer my een. Dim my eyes.
"I bleer my een wi' greetin'." - - *Old Song.*

Bleezing, bleeze. Blazing, flame.
"An' of bleeched birns pat on a canty bleeze." *Ramsay.*

Blellum. Idle talking fellow.
"A bletherin', blust'ring, drunken blellum." *Burns.*

Blether. To talk idly.
"For an' they winna haud their blether." *Hamilton.*

Bleth'rin. Talking idly.
"Bucklit wiele up, you bladdrand baird." *Lyndsay.*

Blink. A little while, a smiling look, to look kindly, to shine by fits.
"Blink owre the burn, sweet Betty." - *Old Song.*

Blinker. A term of contempt; it means too a lively engaging girl.

Blinkin'. Smirking, smiling with the eyes, looking lovingly.
"She is a bonnie lassie wi' a blythe blinking ee." *Old Song*

Blirt and blearie. Out-burst of grief, with wet eyes.
"The lassie lost her silken snood,
Which cost her many a blirt and blearie." *Old Song.*

Blue-gown. One of those beggars who get annually, on the king's birth-day, a blue cloak or gown with a badge.

Bluid. Blood.
"Bluid is thicker than water." - *Scots Saying.*

Blype. A shred, a large piece.
"Till skin in blypes cam haurlin." - *Burns.*

Bobbit. The obeisance made by a lady.
"O when she came ben she bobbit fu' law. *Old Song.*

Bock. To vomit, to gush intermittently.
"He gat it owre
"Without a host, a bock or glow'r." - *Cleland.*

Bocked. Gushed, vomited.
"Quhill athir berne in that breth bokit in blude."
Gaw. Douglas.

Bodle. A copper coin of the value of two pennies Scots.
"I was na worth a single bodle." - *Scots Song.*

Bogie. A small morass.

Bonnie, or *bonny.* Handsome, beautiful.
"She's a very bonnie lassie, an' you be she." *Old Song.*

Bonnock. A kind of thick cake of bread, a small jannock or loaf made of oatmeal. See *Bannock.*

Boord. A board.
"The Letter-gae o' holy rhyme sat up at our boord head." - - - - - - - *Ramsay.*

Bore. A hole in a wall, a cranny.
"An' into holes and bores thaim hid." - *Burel.*

Boortree. The shrub elder, planted much of old in hedges of barnyards and gardens.
"An' sughin through the boortrees comin'." *Burns.*

Boost. Behooved, must needs, wilfulness.

Botch, blotch. An angry tumor.

Bousing. Drinking, making merry with liquor.

Bowk. Body.
"I wadna gie his wee finger for your hale buik." *Scots Saying.*

Bow-kail. Cabbage.
"A bastard may be as gude as a bowscock." *Scots Prov.*

Bow-hought. Out-kneed, crooked at the knee joint. We say bow-beaked of a hawk.
"A short hought man, but fu' o' pride." *Ramsay.*

Bowt, Bowlt. Bended, crooked.
"A runt was like a sow tail, sae bowt that night." *Burns.*

Brackens. Fern.
"It's either the tod or the bracken bush." *Scots Prov.*

Brae. A declivity, a precipice, the slope of a hill.
"Twa men I saw ayont yon brae." - - *Ross.*

Braid. Broad.
"The king has written a braid letter." *Old Ballad.*

Braik. An instrument for rough-dressing flax.
"A braik for hemp that she may rub." - *Watson.*

Brainge. To run rashly forward, to churn violently.
"She gied the kirn an angry brainge an' spoilt the butter." *Scots Saying.*

Braing't. "The horse brainget," plunged and fretted in the harness.

Brak. Broke, became insolvent.
"He brak wi' the fou' hand"—spoken of a dishonest debtor.

Branks. A kind of wooden curb for horses.
"Gif the beast be to the fore and the branks bide hale."

Brankie. Gaudy.
"Whare hae ye been sae brankie o'." - *Scots Song.*

Brash. A sudden illness.
"A brash, a slight fit of sickness." - *Sinclair.*

Brats. Coarse clothes, rags, &c.
"He desires no more in the world but a bit and a brat." *Scots Saying.*

Brattle. A short race, hurry, fury.
"Giff our twa herds come brattling down the brae." *Ramsay.*

Braw. Fine, handsome.
"Braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes." - *Old Song.*

Brawlys or *brawlie.* Very well, finely, heartily, bravely.
"I win but sixpenie a' the day lang,
An' I spent at night fu' brawlie." *Old Song.*

Braxies. Diseased sheep.
"While moorland herds like gude fat braxies." *Burns.*

Breastie. Diminutive of breast.

Breastit. Did spring up or forward; the act of mounting a horse. "She breasts the billows" men say of a ship when she has a fair wind.

Brechame. A horse-collar.

"Ane brechame and two brochis fyne." *Bannatyne Poems.*

Breef. An invulnerable or irresistible spell.

"The breef was out, 'twas him it doomed
The mermaid's face to see." *Finlay.*

Breeks. Breeches.

Brent. Bright, clear; "a brent brow," a brow high and smooth.

"For his blyth brow is brent and athir ane." *G. Douglas.*

Brewin'. Brewing, gathering.

"He saw mischief a brewin'." - - *Burns.*

Bree. Juice, liquid.

"An' plyed their cutties at the smervy bree." *Ramsay.*

Brig. A bridge.

"Brig o' Balgounie, black be yere fa'." *Scots Saying.*

Brunstane. Brimstone.

"He stole his whig-spunks tipt wi' brunstane."
Jacobite Reliques.

Brisket. The breast, the bosom.

"White legs an' briskets bare." - *Morison.*

Brither. A brother.

"My brither Jock an' anither gentleman." *Scots Saying.*

Brock. A badger.

"Whan ye have done tak hame the brok." *Bannatyne.*

Brogue. A hum, a trick.

"And played on man a cursed brogue." . *Burns.*

Broo. Broth, liquid, water.

"What's no i' the bag will be i' the broo," said the Highlandman when he dirked the haggis.

Broose. Broth; a race at country weddings; he who first reaches the bridegroom's house on returning from church wins the broose.

Browst. Ale, as much malt liquor as is brewed at a time.

"Ye drink o' yere ain browst," ye suffer for your own mischief.

Brugh. A burgh.

"A royal brugh, 'a royal borough.

Bruilsie. A broil, combustion.

"For drinking an' dancing an' brulyies." - *Ross.*

Brunt. Did burn, burnt.

"Turn out the brunt side o' my shin." - *Ramsay.*

Brust. To burst, burst.

"The fiery sparkes brusting from his ene." *G. Douglas.*

Buchan-bullers. The boiling of the sea among the rocks on the coast of Buchan.

Buckskin. An inhabitant of Virginia.

Buff our beef. Thrash us soundly, give us a beating behind and before.

Buff and blue. The colors of the Whigs.

Buirdly. Stout made, broad built.
"He's mair boordly i' the back than i' the brain." *Scots Say.*
Bum-clock. The humming beetle that flies in the summer evenings.
"The bum-clock humm'd wi' lazy drone." - *Burns.*
Bummin. Humming as bees, buzzing.
"The cucking of cuckoos, the bumbling of bees." *Urquhart.*
Bummle. To blunder, a drone, an idle fellow.
"He's a' bummil like a drone-bee." *Scots Saying.*
Bummler. A blunderer, one whose noise is greater than his work.
"The loudest bummler's no the best bee." *Scots Saying.*
Bunker. A window seat.
"Ithers frae aff the bunkers sank,
"Wi' een like collops scored." - - *Ramsay.*
Bure. Did bear.
Burn, burnie. Water, a rivulet, a small stream which is heard as it runs.
"A flowrie brae by which a burnie trotted." *Scots Song.*
Burnewin'. Burn the wind, the blacksmith.
The bellows blow wind into the fire—hence burn the wind.
Burr-thistle. The thistle of Scotland.
"The rough burr-thistle spreading wide." . *Burns.*
Buskit. Dressed.
"A bonnie bride is soon busket." - *Scots Proverb.*
Buskit-nest. An ornamented residence.
"Clothed and adorned with the busk and the bravery of beautiful and big words." - - *M'Ward.*
Busle. A bustle.
"A bustling bodie's aft behint." *Scots Saying.*
But, bot. Without.
"Touch not a cat but a glove." *Scots Proverb.*
But and ben. The country kitchen and parlor.
"Mony blenkis ben our the but fall far sittis." *Dunbar.*
By himself. Lunatic, distracted, beside himself.
Byke. A bee hive, a wild bee nest.
"In herrying o' a bee byke I hae got a stang." *Old Song.*
Byre. A cow-house, a sheep-pen.
"He etled the bairn in at the breast;
The bolt flew owre the bire." - *King James I.*

C.

Ca'. To call, to name, to drive.
"Ca' the yowes to the knowes." - *Scots Song.*
Ca't. Called, driven, calved.
"While new ca't kye rowte at the stake." - *Burns.*
Cadger. A carrier.
"Here ride cadgers, creels, an' a'." *Nursery Song.*
Cadie, or caddie. A person, a young fellow, a public messenger.
"Where will I get a little foot page?
Where will I get a caddie?" *Old Song.*

Caff. Chaff.
"King's caff is better than other folks corn. *Scots Prov.*

Caird. A tinker, a maker of horn spoons and teller of fortunes.
"Hegh, Sirs, what cairds an' tinklers." *Furgusson.*

Cairn. A loose heap of stones, a rustic monument.
"I will add a stone to your cairn." - *Scots Saying.*

Calf-ward. A small enclosure for calves.

Calimanco. A certain kind of cotton cloth worn by ladies.
"Her wat o' callimanco." - - - *Forbes.*

Callan. A boy.
"Far-famed and celebrated Allan,
Renowned Ramsay cantie callan." - *Hamilton.*

Caller. Fresh.
"The callour air penetrative and pure." *G. Douglas.*

Callet. A loose woman, a follower of a camp.
"Here's to ragged brats and callets." - *Burns.*

Cannie. Gentle, mild, dexterous.
"Ca', cannie lad, yere but the new-come cooper."
Scots Saying.

Cannilie. Dexterously, gently.
"She wad a reined in as cannilie as a cadger's pony." *Scott.*

Cantie, or *canty.* Cheerful, merry.
"I'll be mair canty wi't, an' neer cry dool." *Ramsay.*

Cantraip. A charm, a spell.
——— "a witch that for sma' price
Can cast her cantraips and gie me advice." *Ramsay.*

Cap-stane. Cape-stone, topmost stone of the building.
"Has laid the cape stane o' them a'." - *A. Wilson.*

Car. A rustic cart with or without wheels.
"Tumbler-cars, so called to distinguish them from trail-cars, both of which were in common use." *Lockhart.*

Careerin'. Moving cheerfully.

Castock. The stalk of a cabbage.
"An' there will be langcale and castocks." *Scots Song.*

Carl. An old man.
"A pawkie auld carle cam' owre the lea." *K. James V.*

Carl-hemp. The male stalk of hemp, easily known by its superior strength and stature, and being without seed.
"Thou stalk o' carle-hemp in man." - *Burns.*

Carlin A stout old woman.
"Carlin, will your dochter marry?" - *Scots Song.*

Cartes. Cards.

Caudron. A cauldron.
"Gar tell the lady o' the place
I'm come to clout her caudron." - *Scots Song.*

Cauk and keel. Chalk and red clay.
"Wi' cauk an' keel I win my bread." *King James V.*

Cauld. Cold.
"Cauld winter is awa', my luve." - *Scots Song.*

Caup. A wooden drinking vessel, a cup.

"We drank out o' luggies, noggies, goans, caups, bickers, quaighs, an' stoups." - *Scots Story.*

Cavie. A hen-coop.
"Croose as a cock in his ain cavie." - *Mayne.*

Chanter. Drone of a bagpipe.
"From their loud chanters down and sweep." *Scott.*

Chap. A person, a fellow.
"I met four chaps yon birks amang." - *Boswell.*

Chaup. A stroke, a blow.
"Wad neither chaup nor ca'." - - *Gil Morice.*

Cheek for chow. Close and united, brotherly, side by side.
"Gang cheek for chow whare'er we stray." *Macauley.*

Cheekit. Cheeked.
"An' twa red cheekit apples." - - *Burns.*

Cheep. A chirp, to chirp.
"I wad rather hear the lark sing than the mouse cheep." *Scots Saying.*

Chiel, or *cheal.* A young fellow.
"The chiels may a' knit up themselves for me." *Ramsay.*

Chimla, or *chimlie.* A fire-grate, fire-place.
"And ilka chimla o' the house." - - *Jamieson.*

Chimla-lug. The fire-side.
"Ben to the chimla lug." - - - *Burns.*

Chirps. Cries of a young bird.

Chittering. Shivering trembling.
"To let the chittering infant in." - - *Ramsay.*

Chockin. Choking.

Chow. To chew; a quid of tobacco.
"He took aff his bannet and spat in his chow." *Old Song.*

Chuckie. A brood-hen.
"Wi' hook an' line he baited chuckie." - *Pennycuik.*

Chuffie. Fat-faced.
"How Bessie Fretocks chuffie cheekit wean." *Ramsay.*

Clachan. A small village about a church, a hamlet.
"The first time that he met wi' me
Was at a clachan in the west." - - *Watson.*

Claise, or *claes.* Clothes.
"Quhill that my claes grew threadbare on my back." *Scots Rhyme.*

Claith. Cloth.
"Ane tailyeour can nocht make ane garment but of clayth." - - - - - *Hamilton.*

Claithing. Clothing.
"And my claething e'er sae mean." - *Scots Song.*

Clavers and havers. Agreeable nonsense, to talk foolishly.
"They frae a skelf began to claver." - *Morison.*

Clapper-claps. The clapper of a mill; it is now silenced.
"When clack, clack, clack, he heard a mill." *Ramsay.*

Clap-clack. Clapper of a mill.

"Whisky gill like clap o' mill,
Inspired his tongue wi' endless clatter."

Clartie. Dirty, filthy.
"With clarty silk about their tails." - *Maitland.*

Clarkit. Wrote.
"Twa lines o' Davie Lyndsay wad ding a' he ever clarkit." - - - - - - - *Scott.*

Clash. An idle tale.
"The auld wives were making game,
An' roun' the clash did ca' man." *Scots Song.*

Clatter. To tell little idle stories, an idle story.
"Some playes the fule and all out clatters." *Dunbar.*

Claught. Snatched at, laid hold of.
"Auld Satan claught him by the spaul." *Jac. Reliques.*

Claut. To clean, to scrape.
"May it do nae gude to him who clauts it out o' the widow's house." - - - - - *Wilson.*

Clauted. Scraped.
"Wi' clautit kit an' empty bowie." - - *Tarras.*

Claw. To scratch.
"An' claw owre soon an auld man's pow." *Picken.*

Cleed. To clothe.
"And leaves to cleed the lichen bowers." *Fergusson.*

Cleek. Hook, snatch.
"Syne up their leglins cleek." - - *Ramsay.*

Cleckin. A brood of chickens, or ducks.
"Scared frae its minnie an' the cleckin." - *Burns.*

Clegs. The gadflies.
"Of flyes, grasshoppers, hornets, clegs, an' clocks." *Hudson.*

Clinkin. "Clinking down," sitting down hastily.

Clinkum-bell. The church bell; he who rings it; a sort of beadle.
"Auld Clinkum at the inner port cries three times Robin." *Burns.*

Clips. Wool-shears.
"A bonnier fleece ne'er cross'd the clips." *Burns.*

Clishmaclaver. Idle conversation.
"It's no right o' you, sir, to keep me clishmaclavering." *Galt.*

Clock. To hatch, a beetle.
"Ye're sae keen o' clockin ye'll die on the eggs." *Scots Proverb.*

Clockin. Hatching.
"Gie her a doukin, an' put the clockin frae her." *Scots Saying.*

Cloot. The hoof of a cow, sheep, &c.
"When a hundred sheep rin how mony cloots clatter." *Scots Saying.*

Clootie. A familiar name for the devil.
"Auld Satan, Hornie, Nick, or Clootie." - *Burns.*

Clour. A bump, or swelling, after a blow.
"Tho' mony had cloured pows." - - *Ramsay.*

Cloutin. Repairing with cloth.

Cluds. Clouds.
"The flaes they flew awa in cluds. - *Old Song.*

Clunk. The sound in setting down an empty bottle.
"And made the bottle clunk
To their health that night." - *Burns.*

Coaxin. Wheedling.

Coble. A fishing-boat.
"A litel kobil there they met." - - *Wyntown.*

Cod. A pillow.
"Twa heads may lie on ae cod, and naebody ken where the luck lies." - - - - *Scots Proverb.*

Coft. Bought.
"He that all mankind coft frae care." *Wyntown.*

Cog, and Coggie. A wooden dish.
"I wadna gie my three-girred cog
For a' the queans in Bogie." - - *Old Song.*

Coila. From Kyle, a district in Ayrshire, so called, saith tradition, from Coil, or Coilus, a Pictish monarch.

Collie. A general and sometimes a particular name for country curs.
"Or hounded collie owre the mossy bent." *Ramsay.*

Collie-shangie. A quarrel among dogs, an Irish row.
"The collyshangy raise to sic a height." - *Ross.*

Commaun. Command.
"I tald them I had seen the day they had nae sic comman." - - - - - *Scots Song.*

Convoyed. Accompanied lovingly.
"A Kelso convoye—a stride an' a half owre the door-stane." - - - - - *Scots Proverb.*

Cool'd in her linens. Cool'd in her death-shift.
"Blessed be the day that she cooled in her linens." *Burns.*

Cood. The cud.

Coof. A blockhead, a ninny.
"The rest seem coofs compared wi' my dear Pate." *Ramsay.*

Cookit. Appeared and disappeared by fits.
"All closs under the cloud of night thou coukis." *Kennedy.*

Cooser. A stallion.
"Ye ken a fey man an' a cusser fears na the deil." *Scott.*

Coost. Did cast.
"We coost the cavels us amang." - *Old Ballad.*

Coot. The ancle, a species of water-fowl.
"Stand there and cool ye're coots." - *Scots Saying.*

Corbies. Blood crows.

Cootie. A wooden dish, rough-legged.
"Spairges about the brunstane cootie." - *Burns.*

Core. Corps, party, clan.
"He was the king o' a' the core." - - *Burns*

Corn't. Fed with oats.
"Thai were better cornyt than they were fornyer."
Acts James II.

Cotter. The inhabitant of a cot-house, or cottage.
"A cotter is kept for each plough on the farm." *Sinclair.*

Couthie. Kind, loving.
"Fu' weel they can ding dool away
Wi' comrades couthie." - - *Fergusson.*

Cove. A cave.
"King Constantine was ta'en and brought to ane cove." - - - - - - - *Bellenden.*

Cowe. To terrify, to keep under, to lop.
"Ye wad gar me trow my head's cowed, though there's no a hair wrang on't yet." *Scots Proverb.*

Cowp. To barter, to tumble over.
"I mon run fast in drede I get a cowp." *Lyndsay.*

Cowp the cran. To tumble a full bucket or basket.

Cowpit. Tumbled.
"First coupit up his heels, so that his head went down." - - - - - - - *Knox.*

Cowrin. Cowering.

Cowte. A colt.
"Mony a ragged cowtes been known
To make a noble aiver." - - - *Burns.*

Cosie. Snug.
"To keep you cosie in a hoord." - - *Ramsay.*

Crabbit. Crabbed, fretful.

Creuks. A disease of horses.
"She had the cleeks, the cauld, the crooks." *Old Song.*

Crack. Conversation, to converse, to boast.
"When ye hae done it's time to crack." *Montgomery.*

Crackin'. Cracked, conversing, conversed.
"The priest stood close, the miller cracked." *Ramsay.*

Craft, or *croft.* A field near a house, in old husbandry.
"The carle he came owre the craft." *Old Song.*

Craig, craigie. Neck.
"He stretched out his craig to the sword." *Pitscottie.*

Craiks. Cries or calls incessantly, a bird, the corn-rail.
"That geese and gaisling cryis and craikis." *Polworth.*

Crambo-clink, or *crambo-jingle.* Rhymes, doggrel verses.

Crank. The noise of an ungreased wheel—metaphorically inharmonious verse.

Crankous. Fretful, captious.
"This while she's been in crankous mood." *Burns.*

Cranreuch. The hoar-frost, called in Nithsdale "frost-rhyne."
"No frost, excepting some cranreuch, or small frost."

Crap. A crop, to crop.
"That sword it crapped the bonniest flower." *Old Song.*

Craw. A crow of a cock, a rook.
"As the auld cock craws the young ane learns."
Scots Proverb.

Creel. A basket, to have one's wits in a creel, to be crazed, to be fascinated.
"Here come cadgers, creels an' a'." *Nursery Rhyme.*

Creshie. Greasy.
"I ken by his greischy mou,
He has been at ane feast." - - *Lyndsay.*

Crood, or *Croud.* To coo as a dove.
"Where hae ye been a' day,
My wee wee crooding dow." - *Old Ballad.*

Croon. A hollow and continued moan; to make a noise like the low roar of a bull; to hum a tune.
"Ruschand together with croones and fearful granes."
Gaw. Douglas.

Crooning. Humming.
"A crooning cow, a crowing hen, and a whistling maiden, bode nae gude to a house." *Scots Proverb.*

Crouchie. Crook-backed.
"He swore 'twas hilchin Jean Macraw,
Or crouchie Merran Humphie." - *Burns.*

Crouse. Cheerful, courageous.
"They craw crouse that craw last." *Scots Proverb.*

Crousely. Cheerfully, courageously

Crowdie. A composition of oatmeal, boiled water, and butter; sometimes made from the broth of beef, mutton, &c.

Crowdie time. Breakfast time.
"Crowdie ance, crowdie twice,
Crowdie three times in a day." - *Old Song.*

Crowlin. Crawling, a deformed creeping thing.

Crummie's nicks. Marks on the horns of a cow.
"My crummie is ane useful cow." - *Scots Song.*

Crummock, Crummet. A cow with crooked horns.
"Spying an unco crummit beast." - *Davidson.*

Crummock driddle. Walk slowly, leaning on a staff with a crooked head.

Crump-crumpin. Hard and brittle, spoken of bread; frozen snow yielding to the foot.
"Lest his crumpin tread should her untimely rouse."
Davidson.

Crunt. A blow on the head with a cudgel.
"Though I had got a fell crunt ahint the haffet."
Scots Story.

Cuddle. To clasp and caress.
"She cuddled in wi' Johnnie." - - *Ramsay.*

Cummock. A short staff, with a crooked head.
"To tremble under fortune's cummock. *Burns.*

Curch. A covering for the head, a kerchief.
"A soudley courche o'er head and neck let fall."
Blind Harry.

Curchie. A curtsey, female obeisance.
"An' wi' a curchie low did stoop." *Burns.*

Curler. A player at a game on the ice, practised in Scotland, called curling.
"To curle on the ice does greatly please." *Pennecuik*

Curlie. Curled, whose hair falls naturally in ringlets.
"Green curlie kale." - - - - *Scots Story.*

Curling. A well-known game on the ice.
'As cauld's a curling stane." - - *Scots Saying.*
"He was playing at curling with Riddel of Staining." *Fountainhall.*

Curmurring. Murmuring, a slight rumbling noise.

Curpin. The crupper, the rump.
"And were a man I'd gar their curpons crack." *Hamilton.*

Curple. The rear.

Cushat. The dove or wood pigeon.
"The cushat croods, the corbie cryes. *Montgomery.*

Cutty. Short, a spoon broken in the middle.
"He gae to me a cuttie knife." - *Old Ballad.*

Cutty Stool, or *Creepie chair.* The seat of shame, stool of repentance.
"The cutty-stool is a kind pillory in the church." *Sinclair.*

D.

Daddie. A father.
"Her daddie forbad, her minnie forbad." *Scots Song*

Daffin. Merriment, foolishness.
"Quhat kind of daffin is this all day." *Lyndsay.*

Daft. Merry, giddy, foolish; *Daft-buckie*, mad fish.
"Thou art the daftest fule that evir I saw." *Lyndsay.*

Daimen. Rare, now and then: *daimen icker*, an ear of corn occasionally.
"Paste and Yule, and daimen times." *Scots Saying.*

Dainty. Pleasant, good-humored, agreeable, rare.
"A dainty whistle, with a pleasant sound." *Ramsay.*

Dandered. Wandered.
"Nae mair through flowery howes I'll dander. *Ramsay.*

Darklins. Darkling, without light.
"An' darklin grub this earthly hole. - *Burns.*

David. To thrash, to abuse, *Daudin-showers*, rain urged by wind.
"Then took his bonnet to the bent,
And daudit aff the glar." - - *Ramsay.*

Daur. To dare, *Daurt*, dared.
"Ye daur weel but ye downa." - *Scots Saying.*

Daurg or *Daurk.* A day's labor.
"He never wrought a gude darg that began grumbling." *Scots Proverb.*

Daur, daurna. Dare, dare not.
"And the lad I daurna name." - *Scots Saying.*

Davoc. Diminutive of Davie, as Davie is of David.

Dawd. A large piece.
"Raw dauds make fat lads." - *Scots Saying.*
"A dawd o' a bannock, or fadge to prie." *Old ballad.*

Dawin. Dawning of the day.
"Be this the dawin' gan at morn wax rede." *G. Douglas.*

Dawtit, dawtet. Fondled, caressed.
"Or has some dauted wedder broke his leg." *Ramsay*

Dearies. Diminutive of dears, sweethearts.
"I'll rowe thee owre the lea rig, my ain kind dearie O." *Old Song.*

Dearthfu'. Dear, expensive.
"Wi' bitter dearthfu' wines to mell." - *Burns.*

Deave. To deafen.
"Wha tear their lungs and deave your ears." *Ramsay.*

Deil-ma-care. No matter for all that.

Deleerit. Delirious.
"And lived and diet deleerit." - - *Burns.*

Descrive. To describe, to perceive.
"How pleased he was I scarcely can descrive." *Hamilton.*

Deuks. Ducks.
"Mony a time he wad slip to see me wi' a brace o' wild deuks on his pouch, when my gudeman was at Falkirk tryste." - - - - - *Scott.*

Dight. To wipe, to clean corn from chaff.
"They canna dight their tears now, sae fast as they fa'." *Old Song.*

Ding. To worst, to push, to surpass, to excel.
"Ye may ding the diel into a wife, but ye'll never ding him out o' her." - - - - *Scots Proverb.*

Dink. Neat, lady-like.
"A dink damsel makes aften a dirty wife." *Scots Proverb.*

Dinna. Do not.
"Dinna be chappit back, or cast down wi' the first rough answer." - - - - - *Scott.*

Dirl. A slight tremulous stroke or pain, a tremulous motion.
"Gart Lawrie's heart-strings dirle." *Ramsay.*

Distain. Stain.
"May coward shame distain his name." *Burns.*

Dizzen. A dozen.
"Man's twal' is no sae gude as the deil's dizzen." *Scots Prov.*

Dochter. Daughter.
"He repudit Agasia, the king of Britonis dochter." *Bellenden.*

Doited. Stupified, silly from age.
"Full doited was his heid." - - - *Dunbar.*

Dolt. Stupified, crazed; also a fool.

Donsie. Unlucky, affectedly neat and trim, pettish.
"For fear o' donsie whirl into the stream." *Davidson.*

Doodle. To dandle.
"I have an auld wife to my mither,
Will doodle it on her knee." - *Scots Song.*

Dool. Sorrow, to lament, to mourn.

"O dool for the order, sent our lads to the border." *Scots Song.*

Doos. Doves, pigeons.
"Thou wee wee crooding doo." *Nursery Song.*

Dorty. Saucy, nice.
"Your well-seen love, and dorty Jenny's pride." *Ramsay.*

Douce, or *douse.* Sober, wise, prudent.
"I've given a douse advice and plain." *Ramsay.*

Doucely. Soberly, prudently.
"So ye may doucely fill a throne." - *Burns.*

Dought. Was or were able.
"And never dought a doit afford." - *Ramsay.*

Doup. Backside.
"But a' the skaith that chanced indeed
Was only on their doups." - - *Ramsay.*

Doup skelper. One that strikes the tail.
"An' dirl the bairns's doups and loofs." *Scots Poem.*

Dour and din. Sullen and sallow.
"He had a wife was dour and din." - *Burns.*

Douse. Sober, wise, prudent.
"O ye douse pepill discend from Dardanus." *G. Douglas.*

Douser. More prudent.
"A doucer man never brak warld's bread." *Scots Saying.*

Dow. Am or are able, can.
"Though he dow not to leid a tyke." - *Dunbar.*

Dowff. Pithless, wanting force.
"Void of curage, and dowff as ony stane." *G. Douglas.*

Dowie. Worn with grief, fatigue, &c. half asleep.
"The dowie tones and lays lamentabil." *G. Douglas.*

Downa. Am or are not able, cannot.
"But downa do's come owre me now." *Burns.*

Doylt. Wearied, exhausted.
"Sair doylt wi' driving o' his hirsel hame." *T. Cunningham.*

Dozen. Stupified, the effects of age, to dozen, to benumb.
"The birds of clay
Dozen in silence on the bending spray." *Fergusson.*

Drab. A young female beggar; to spot, to stain.
"She drabbled them owre wi' a black tade's blude." *Scots Song.*

Drap. A drop, to drop.
"She's a drap o' my dearest blude." *Scots Saying.*

Drapping. Dropping.
"Auld folk are drapping silently awa' and young anes coming skirling in." *Scots Saying.*

Draunting. Drawling, speaking with a sectarian tone.
"He drinks wi' Clavers and draunts wi' Cameron." *Scots Say.*

Dreep. To ooze, to drop.
"And fuish me out an' laid me down to dreep." *Ross.*

Dreigh. Tedious, long about it, lingering.
"A dreigh drink is better than a dry sermon." *Scots Saying.*

Dribble. Drizzling, trickling.
"An' dribbles o' drink coming through the draff." *Scots Song.*

Driddle. The motion of one who tries to dance but moves the middle only.
"Wha used at trystes an' fairs, to driddle." *Burns.*

Drift. A drove, a flight of fowls, snow moved by the wind.
"Better an even down snaw than a driving drift." *Scots Prov.*

Droddum. The breech.
"Wad dress yere droddum." - - - *Burns.*

Drone. Part of a bagpipe, the chanter.

Droop-rumpl't. That droops at the crupper.
"The sma' droop-rumpl't hunter cattle." *Burns.*

Droukit. Wet.
"All droukit and forewrocht." - *G. Douglas.*

Drouth. Thirst, drought.
"The balmy dewe thro' burning drouth he dries." *K. Jas. VI.*

Drucken. Drunken.
"Some drucken, wi' drouth does burn." *Har'st Rig.*

Drumly. Muddy.
"Drumly of mud and skaldand as it were wode." *G. Doug.*

Drummock, or *Drammock.* Meal and water mixed, raw.
"For to refresh my stamoch,
I was received and fed with drammock." *Watson's Col.*

Drunt. Pet, sour humor.
"And Maillie nae doubt took the drunt." *Burns.*

Dub. A small pond, a hollow filled with rain water.
"There lay a deuk-dub at my daddies door." *Old Song.*

Duds. Rags, clothes.
"A hair-brained wee ane wagging a' wi' duds." *Ross.*

Duddie. Ragged.
"Frae duddie doublets and a pantry toom." *Ramsay.*

Dung-Dang. Worsted, pushed, stricken.
"Jenny dang the weaver." - - *Old Song.*

Dunted. Throbbed, beaten.
"He dunted the kist and the boards did flee. *Old Song.*

Dush-dunsh. To push or butt as a ram.
"The unco brute much dunching dreed." *Davidson.*

Dusht. Overcome with superstitious fear, to drop down suddenly.
"Down duschis he in dede thraw all forloist."
Gaw. Douglas.

Dyvor. Bankrupt, or about to become one.
"A dyvour buys your butter, woo' and cheese,
But or the day of payment breaks and flees." *Ramsay.*

E.

Ee'. The eye.
"And the blythe blinks in her ee'." - *Old Song.*

Een. The eyes, the evening.
"A winding sheet drawn o'er my een." *Old Song.*

Eebree. The eyebrow.

"Her bonnie ee'bree's a holy arch." *Scots Song.*

Eenin'. The evening.

Eerie. Frighted, haunted, dreading spirits.

"Gloomy, gloomy was the night,
And eerie was the way." - - *Old Ballad.*

Eild. Old age.

"Ane hundreth maidens had sche young and eild."
Gaw. Douglas.

Elbuck. The elbow.

"Hab fidg'd and leugh, his elbuck clew." *Ramsay.*

Eldritch. Ghastly, frightful, elvish.

"Thair was Pluto the elrick incubus." *Scots Poem.*

En'. End.

"O haste ye an' come to our gate en'." *Scots Song.*

Enbrugh. Edinburgh.

"As I came in by Enbrugh town." - *Old Song.*

Eneugh and *aneuch.* Enough.

"Bot thai war glad eneugh." - - - *Dunbar.*

Especial. Especially.

Ether-stone. Stone formed by adders, an adder bead.

Ettle. To try, attempt, aim.

"If I but ettle at a sang." - - - *Ramsay.*

Eydent. Diligent.

"Them that's slack in gude are eydent in ill." *Scots Say.*

F.

Fa'. Fall, lot, to fall, fate.

"Brig of Balgonie black be your fa'." *Scots Saying.*

Fa' that. To enjoy, to try, to inherit.

"How Marstig's daughter I may fa'." *Jamieson.*

Faddom't. Fathomed, measured with the extended arms.

Faes. Foes.

"Now my dear lad maun face his faes." *Mayne.*

Faem. Foam of the sea.

"Amang the white sea faem." - *Scots Ballad.*

Faiket. Forgiven or excused, abated, a demand.

"I'll no faik a farden o' my right." - - *Galt.*

Fainness. Gladness, overcome with joy.

Fairin'. Fairing, a present brought from a fair.

"He'll gie him his fairin' I'll be caution for't." *Scott.*

Fallow. Fellow.

"It is full fair to be fallow and feir." *Scots Poem.*

Fand. Did find.

"For a while their dwelling good they fand." *Hudson.*

Farl. A cake of bread; third part of a cake.

"O'er a weel tostit girdle farl." - *Fergusson.*

Fash. Trouble, care, to trouble, to care for.

Fasheous. Troublesome.

"Fairfaront fowk are less fause than fasheous." *Scots Prov.*

Fasht. Troubled.
"They're fenyiet freens that canna be fasht." *Scots Prov.*

Fasten e'en. Fasten's even.

Faught. Fight.
"Man is a sodger and life is a faught." - *Burns.*

Faugh. A single furrow, out of lea, fallow.
"Farmers faugh gars lairds laugh." *Scots Proverb.*

Fauld and *Fald.* A fold for sheep, to fold.
"Will ye ca' in by our town as ye gang to the fauld." *Scots Song.*

Faut. Fault.
"Wha will own he did the faut." - - *Burns.*

Fawsont. Decent, seemly.

Feal. Loyal, stedfast.
"Farewell, my leal, feal friend." - - *Scott.*

Fearfu'. Fearful, frightful.

Fear't. Affrighted.

Feat. Neat, spruce, clever.
"The naturally neat will aye be feat." *Scots Saying.*

Fecht. To fight.
"That thai might fecht. - - - *Wyntown.*

Fechtin'. Fighting.
"Then up gat fechtin' Jamie Fleck." - *Burns.*

Feck and *fek.* Number, quantity.
"My words they were na mony feck." *Scots Song.*

Fecket. An under waistcoat.

Feckfu'. Large, brawny, stout.
"Till mony a feckfull chiel that day was slain." *Hamilton.*

Feckless. Puny, weak, silly.
"Breathless and feckless there she sits her down." *Ross.*

Feckly. Mostly.
"Three carts and twa are feckly new." *Burns.*

Feg. A fig.

Fegs. Faith, an exclamation.
"By my fegs
Ye've set auld Scota on her legs." - - *Beattie.*

Feide. Feud, enmity.
"Quhar Wilyham micht be bettir frae thair feide." *Blind Harry.*

Fell. Keen, biting; the flesh immediately under the skin; level moor.

Felly. Relentless.
"Fortune's felly spite." - - - - *Burns.*

Fend, Fen. To make a shift, contrive to live.
"For poortith I might make a fen." - *Burns.*

Ferlie, or *ferley.* To wonder, a wonder, a term of contempt.
"Nane ferlies mair than fulis." - *Montgomery.*

Fetch. To pull by fits.

Fetch't. Pulled intermittently.

Fey. Strange; one marked for death, predestined.
"The folk was fey that he before him fand."
Blind Harry.

Fidge. To fidget, fidgeting.
"No ane gies e'er a fidge or fyke." . *Macaulay.*

Fidgin-fain. Tickled with pleasure.
"I'm fidgin-fain to see you." - - *Scots Song.*

Fient. Fiend, a petty oath.
"Fient a crum o' thee she fa's." - - *Old Song.*

Fien ma care. The devil may care.
"I'm the diel, quo he, fien ma'-care, quo' I."
Scots Story.

Fier. Sound, healthy; a brother, a friend.
"There's Jenny comely, fier and tight." *A. Douglas.*

Fierrie. Bustle, activity.

Fissle. To make a rustling noise, to fidget, bustle, fuss.
"The oddest fike and fissle that e'er was seen." *Ross.*

Fit. Foot.
"O think that eild wi' wyly fit." - *Fergusson.*

Fittie-lan. The nearer horse of the hindmost pair in the plough.

Fizz. To make a hissing noise, fuss, disturbance.
"What fizzes in the mou winna feed the wame."
Scots Saying.

Flaffen. The motion of rags in the wind; of wings.
"There was rustlin o' silks an' flaffin o' feathers."
Scots Story.

Flainen. Flannel.

Flandrekins. Foreign generals, soldiers of Flanders.
"But Flandrekins they have no skill." - *Old Song.*

Flang. Threw with violence.

Fleech. To supplicate in a flattering manner.
"Except yee mend I will not flech." *Godly Ballads.*

Fleechin'. Supplicating.
"At fairs or at preaching, nae wooing nae fleeching."
Old Song.

Fleesh. A fleece.
"As fox in ane lambes flesche feinge I my cheir."
Dunbar.

Fleg. A kick, a random blow, a fight.
"Syne at the lown a fearful fleg let flee." *Hamilton.*

Flether. To decoy by fair words.
"Aye flether away; since I'll no do wi' foul play try me wi' fair." - - - - - *Scots Saying.*

Flethrin, flethers. Flattering—smooth wheedling words.
"The foulest fiend's the fairest fletherer." *Scots Prov.*

Fley. To scare, to frighten.
"Them that's ill fleyed are seldom sair hurt." *Scots Prov.*

Flichter, flichtering. To flutter as young nestlings do when their dam approaches.

"I trow my heart was flichtering fain." *Scots Song.*

Flinders. Shreds, broken pieces.
"Into a thousand flinders flew." - - - *Scott.*

Flingin-tree. A piece of timber hung by way of partition between two horses in a stable; a flail.

Flisk, flisky. To fret at the yoke.
"But never ane will be sae daft as tent auld Johnie's flisky dame." - - - - *Hogg.*

Fliskit. Fretted.
"Fasheous fools are easiest flisket." *Scots Prov.*

Flitter. To vibrate like the wings of small birds.
"She's a bad sitter that's ay in a flitter." *Scots Prov.*

Flittering. Fluttering, vibrating, moving tremulously from place to place.

Flunkie. A servant in livery.
"So flunky braw when drest in Maister's claise."
Fergusson.

Flyte, flyting. Scold; flyting, scolding.
"Quha cannot hald their peace are free to flyte."
Gaw. Douglas.

Foor. Hastened.
"As owre the moor the foor O." - *Old Song*

Foord. A ford.
"I aye roose the foord as I ride it. - *Scots Prov.*

Forbears. Forefathers.
"Thare our forebearis in their credillis lay." *G. Douglas.*

Forbye. Besides.
"Forbye the ghaist, the green room does na vent weel in a high wind." - - - *Scott.*

Forfairn. Distressed, worn out, jaded, forlorn, destitute.
"So sadly forfairn were we." - - *Ross.*

Forgather. To meet, to encounter with.
"Fools are fond o' a' they forgather wi'."
Scots Proverb.

Forgie. To forgive.
"It's easier to forgie than forget." - *Scots Prov.*

Forjawed. Worn out.
"Forjidged, forjesket, forjawed." *Scots Rhymes.*

Forjesket. Jaded with fatigue.
"Forejidged, fourfoughten an' forjesket." *Scots Saying.*

Fou. Full, drunk.
"I persaive him well fow." - - *Lyndsay.*

Foughten, forfoughten. Troubled, fatigued.
"Or gif I wes forfochten faynt." *King James.*

Foul-thief. The devil, the arch-fiend.
"The foul fiend bites my back." *Shakspeare.*

Fouth. Plenty, enough, or more than enough—
"Thy copious fouth or plenitude." *G. Douglas.*

Fow. A measure, a bushel: also a pitchfork.
"Some fork low but ye fow owre the mou." *Scots Saying.*

Frae. From.
"Far far frae me and Logan braes." - *Mayne.*

Freath. Froth; the frothing of ale in the tankard.
"O rare to see thee fizz an' freath." - *Burns.*

Frien'. Friend.
"A firm frien' may be found in the fremit." *Scots Saying.*

Frosty-calker. The heels and front of a horse-shoe, turned sharply up for riding on an icy road.

Fu'. Full.
"I'm no just fou, but I'm gayley yet." *Old Song.*

Fud. The scut or tail of the hare, coney, &c.
"An' scarcely left to co'er their fuds." *Burns.*

Fuff. To blow intermittently.
"The breath o' a fause frien's waur nor the fuff o' a weasel." - - - - - *Scots Proverb.*

Fu-hant. Full-handed; said of one well to live in the world.
"He canna fail fair that breaks wi' the fu' han."
Scots Proverb.

Funnie. Full of merriment.
"When he has his grog aboard he's so d—d funny wi' his cranks and his jests." - - *Scott.*

Fur-ahin. The hindmost horse on the right hand when ploughing.
"My fur-ahin's a wordy beast." - - *Burns.*

Furder. Further, succeed.
"Weel, my babie, may ye furder." - *Scots Song.*

Furm. A form, a bench.

Fusionless. Spiritless, without sap or soul.
"Some are only sumphs, but ye're fizzenless."
Scots Saying.

Fyke. Trifling cares, to be in a fuss about trifles.
"And made the carles strangely fidge and fyke."
Hamilton.

Fyle. To soil, to dirty.
"Her face wad' fyle the Logan water." - *Burns.*

Fylt. Soiled, dirted.

G.

Gab. The mouth, to speak boldly or pertly.
"I'll thraw my gab and gloom." - - *Ramsay.*

Gaberlunzie. Wallet-man, or tinker.
"She's aff wi' the gaberlunzie man." *King James V.*

Gae. To go; gaed, went; gane or gaen, gone; gaun, going.
"Fy gae rub her owre wi' strae." - *Scots Song.*

Gaet, or *gate.* Way, manner, road.
"I'll ne'er advise my niece sae gray a gate." *Ramsay*

Gairs. Parts of a lady's gown.
"My lady's gown there's gairs upon't." - *Burns.*

Gang. To go, to walk.
"Full tenderlie till thou beyonth to gang." *Dunbar.*

Gangrel. A wandering person.
"An' lyke a gangarel on to graep." - *Dunbar.*

Gar. To make, to force to; *gar't*, forced to.
"Fye gar ride and fye gar rin." - - *K. James V.*

Garten. A garter.
"Bot of ane auld red gartane." - *Scots Poem.*

Gash. Wise, sagacious, talkative, to converse.
"The cheering supper gars them glibly gash." *Fergusson.*

Gatty. Failing in body.
"She's grown gattie that was ance a dautie." *Scots Saying.*

Gaucy. Jolly, large, plump.
"Whan pacing wi' a gawsy air." - *Fergusson.*

Gaud and *gad.* A rod or goad.
"A red het gad o' airn." - - - *Old Ballad.*

Gaudsman. One who drives the horses at the plough.
"A gaudsman ane, a thrasher t'other." - *Burns.*

Gaun. Going.
"She's gaun gear, gaun gear." - *Scots Saying.*

Gaunted. Yawned, longed.
"When he list gant or blaw the fyre is bet." *G. Douglas.*

Gawkie. A thoughtless person and something weak.
"Wert thou a giglet gawky like the lave." *Ramsay.*

Gaylies, gaylie. Pretty well.
"I'm no that fou' but I'm gaylie yet." *Scots Song.*

Gear. Riches, goods of any kind.
"Which made the laird take up more gear." *Watson.*

Geck. To toss the head in wantonness or scorn.
"She gecks at me and says I smell o' tar." *Ramsay.*

Ged. A pike.
"Ged of that ilk had three geds, or pykis argent." *Mackenzie.*

Gentles. Great folks.
"Here ride gentles, spurs an' a'." *Nursery Rhyme.*

Genty. Elegant.
"Her waist and feets fu' genty." - *Ramsay.*

Geordie. George, a guinea, called Geordie from the head of King George.
"And they hae slain Sir Charley Hay,
An' laid the wyte on Geordie." *Old Ballad.*

Get and *geat.* A child, a young one.
"Then Cupid that ill-deedy get." - *Ramsay.*

Ghaist, ghaistis. A ghost.
"All is but gaistis and elrische fantasayes." *G. Douglas.*

Gie. To give; gied, gave; gien, given.
"Gie her a kiss an' let her gae." - *Scots Song.*

Giftie. Diminutive of gift.
"Wad but some power the giftie gie us." *Burns.*

Giglets. Laughing maidens.

"But what if some young giglet on the green." *Ramsay.*

Gillie, gilloc. Diminutive of gill.

"He gangs frae the jilt to the jilloc." *Scots Saying.*

Gilpey. A half-grown, half-informed boy or girl, a romping lad, a hoyden.

"A gilpey that had seen the faught." *Ramsay.*

Gimmer. An ewe two years old, contemptuous term for a woman.

"The mim-moud gimmers them misca'd." *Galloway.*

Gin. If, against.

"Gin a body meet a body coming thro' the rye." *Scots Song.*

Gipsey. A young girl.

"Gipsey, a young girl, a term of reproach." *Sibbald.*

Girdle. A round iron plate on which oat-cake is fried.

"Or Culross girdles on it hammer." - *Meston.*

Girn. To grin, to twist the features in rage, agony. &c,; grinning.

"At hame to girn, and whinge, and pine." *Fergusson.*

Gizz. A perriwig, the face.

"Set up a frightfu' gizz." - - - *Tarras.*

Glaikit. Inattentive, foolish.

"Quhattane ane glaikit fule am I." - *Scottish Chron.*

Glaive. A sword.

"O wae be to the hand whilk drew na' the glaive." *Scots Song.*

Glaizie. Glittering, smooth, like glass.

"I've seen thee dapplit sleek an' glaizie." *Burns.*

Glaumed. Grasped, snatched at eagerly.

"Few get what they glaum at.' - *Scots Prov.*

Girran. A poutherie girran, a little vigorous animal; a horse rather old, but yet active when heated.

Gled. A hawk.

"And by them cam the greedy gled." *Scots Proverb.*

Gleg. Sharp ready.

"To Berwick Law make gleg retreat." *Fergusson.*

Gley. A squint, to squint; agley, off at a side, wrong.

"Sum scornit him, sum gleyd carl called him thair." *Blind Harry.*

Gleyde. An old horse.

"Ane crukit gleyde fell owre ane heugh." *Bannatyne.*

Glib-gabbit. That speaks smoothly and readily.

"An' that glib-gabbit Highland baron." - *Burns.*

Glieb o' lan'. A portion of ground. The ground belonging to a manse is called "the glieb," or portion.

Glint, glintin'. To peep.

"The sun was glinting owre the scene." *Mayne.*

Glinted by. Went brightly past.

"It was nae sae ye glinted by." - - *Burns.*

Gloamin. The twilight.

"At e'en in the gloamin nae swankies are roamin." *Scots Song.*

Gloamin-shot. Twilight-musing; a shot in the twilight.

"A gloamin shot it was, I trow." - *Burns.*

Glow'r. To stare, to look; a stare, a look.
"He girn't, he glowr'd." - - *Dunbar.*

Glowran. Amazed, looking suspiciously, gazing.
"My mither's ay glowran owre me." - *Ramsay.*

Glum. Displeased.
"Glum fowk's no easily guided." - *Scots Prov.*

Gor-cocks. The red game, red cock, or moor-cock.

Gowan. The flower of the daisy, dandelion, hawkweed, &c.
"Where the gowan heads hang pearly." *Scots Song.*

Gowany. Covered with daisies.
"Sweeter than gowany glens, or new mown hay." *Ramsay.*

Goavan. Walking as if blind, or without an aim.
"Some show a gliff o' the gowk, but yere aye goavan."
Scots Proverb.

Gowd. Gold.
"And gowd amang her hair." - *Scots Song.*

Gowl. To howl.
"The ravening pack are gowling led." *Davidson.*

Gowff. A fool; the game of golf, to strike, as the bat does the ball at golf.
"A gowff at Yule will no be bright at Beltane." *Scots Proverb.*

Gowk. Term of contempt, the cuckoo.
"The gowk, the gormaw, and the gled." *Dunbar.*
"Daft gowk leave off that silly whinging way." *Ramsay.*

Grane, or *Grain.* A groan, to groan; *graining*, groaning.
"He graned like ony ghaist." *K. James I.*

Graip. A pronged instrument for cleaning cow-houses.
"The graip he for a harrow tak's." - *Burns.*

Graith. Accoutrements, furniture, dress.
"The irne graith, the werkmen and the wrichtis." *Douglas.*

Grannie. Grandmother.
"The gladness which dwells in their auld grannie's ee."
Scots Song.

Grape. To grope, *grapet*, groped.
"Quhilk ye shall see and grape." - *Lyndsay.*

Great, grit. Intimate, familiar.
"Awa, awa, the deil's owre grit wi' you." *Ramsay.*

Gree. To agree, *to bear the gree*, to be decidedly victor; *gree't*, agreed.
"Allan bears
The gree himself, and the green laurel wears." *Ross.*

Green-graff. Green grave.
"They howkit his graff in the dukit kirkyard." *Scots Song.*

Gruesome. Loathsomely, grim.
"Thy gruesome grips were never skaithly." *Hogg.*

Greet. To shed tears, to weep; *greetin'*, weeping.
"For sorrowe he 'gan grete." - *Sir Tristrem.*

Grey-neck-quill. A quill unfit for a pen.
"He's frae the tap o' the wing but yere a grey-neck-quill."
Scots Proverb.

Griens. Longs, desires.
"And fowk wad threep that she did grien." *Ramsay.*

Grieves. Stewards.
"A gude grieve is better than an ill worker." *Scots Prov.*

Grippit. Seized.
"And they hae grippit Hughie Graham." *Old Ballad.*

Groanin-Maut. Drink for the cummers at a lying-in.
"Wha will buy my groanin-maut." - *Burns.*

Groat. To get the whistle of one's groat; to play a losing game, to feel the consequences of one's folly.

Groset. A gooseberry.
"He lap at me like a cock at a grozet." *Scots Saying.*

Grumph. A grunt, to grunt.
"What can ye get of a sow but a grumph." *Scots Prov.*

Grumphie, Grumphin. A sow; the snorting of an angry pig.
"Better speak bauldly out than ay be grumphin." *Scots Prov.*

Grun'. Ground.
"He's sometimes in the air, but ye're ay on the grun'." *Scots Saying.*

Grunstane. A grindstone.
"Be to the poor like ony whunstane,
An' haud their noses to the grunstane." *Burns.*

Gruntle. The phiz, the snout, a grunting noise.
"The gruntill of Santt Antonis sow." - *Lyndsay.*

Grunzie. A mouth which pokes out like that of a pig.
"Dights her grunzie wi' a hushion." - *Burns.*

Grushie. Thick, of thriving growth.
"Ye're a' grease, but I'm only grushie." *Scots Saying.*

Gude, guid, guids. The Supreme Being, good, goods.
"Let us choose five of this guid companye." *Blind Harry.*

Gude-auld-has-been. Was once excellent.
"My lan'-afore's a guid-auld-has-been." *Burns.*

Guid-mornin'. Good-morrow.
"Guid-mornin' maist blythely, the auld carle said." *Scots Song.*

Guid-e'en. Good evening.
"Wi' mony guid-e'ens an' guid-days to me." *K. James V.*

Guidfather and *Guidmother.* Father-in-law, and mother-in-law.
"Caratak fled to his gude moder Cartumandia." *Bellenden.*

Guidman and *guidwife.* The master and mistress of the house *young guidman*, a man newly married.
"The auld guidman that thou talks of." *Scots Song.*

Gully, or *gullie.* A large knife.
"Yon gullie is nae mows." - - - *Ramsay.*

Gulravage. Joyous mischief.
"Watty's was a wallopping galravage." - *Galt.*

Gumlie. Muddy.
"What's this that I see jaupin gumlie?" *Torras.*

Gumption. Discernment, knowledge, talent.
"They're but unlearned clerks,
And want the gumption." - - *Hamilton.*

Gusty, gustfu'. Tasteful.
"O withered bent wi gustfu' hungry bite." *Davidson.*

Gut-scraper. A fiddler.
"As weel as puir gutscraper." - - *Burns.*

Gutcher. Grandsire.
"Ye might be my gutcher." - - *Macniell.*

H.

Ha'. Hall
"Stately stept he east the ha'." - *Scots Ballad.*

Ha' Bible. The great Bible that lies in the hall.
"The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride." *Burns.*

Haddin'. House, home, dwelling-place, a possession.
"Tho' her hauding be but sma'." - - *Train.*

Hae. To have, to accept.
"He's no sae deaf; he hears when they say hae."
Scots Proverb.

Haen. Had (the participle of hae); haven.
"Gryte was the care and tut'ry that was ha'en." *Ross.*

Haet, fient haet. A petty oath of negation; nothing.
"Diel haet has she but the gown she gangs in."
Scots Saying.

Haffet. The temple, the side of the head.
"Clinkand about his haffetis with ane din." *Douglas.*

Hafflins. Nearly half, partly, not fully grown.
"While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak." *Burns.*

Hag. A gulf in mosses and moors, moss ground.
"His honor was wi' the folk who were getting down the dark hag. . - - - - - - *Scott.*

Haggis. A kind of pudding, boiled in the stomach of a cow or sheep.
"As thou wad for a haggis, hungry gled." *Dunbar.*

Hain. To spare, to save, to lay out at interest.
"Jump't in, swam o'er, and hain'd his plack." *Ramsay.*

Hain'd. Spared, *hain'd gear*, hoarded money.
"Hain'd gear helps well." - - *Scots Proverb.*

Hairst. Harvest.
"In hairst at the shearing." - - *Scots Song.*

Haith. A petty oath.
"Haith Allan hath bright rays." - - *A. Nicol.*

Haivers. Nonsense, speaking without thought.
"Some hae haurls o' sense, but yere aye haivering."
Scots Proverb.

Hal', or *hald.* An abiding place.
"Ane gousty hald within laithlie to se." *G. Douglas.*

Hale, or *haill.* Whole, tight, healthy.
"Weyll rewlytt off tong, right haill of contenance."
Blind Harry.

Hallan. A particular partition wall in a cottage, or more properly a seat of turf at the outside.
"Hab got a kent stood by the hallan." *Ramsay.*

Hallowmass. Hallow eve, 31st October.
"When hallowmass is come and gane." *Scots Song.*

Haly. Holy; "haly pool," holy well with healing qualities.
"Thir Rapys war gud haly men." - *Wyntown.*

Hame. Home.
"Hame is ay hame be it ever sae hamely." *Scots Proverb.*

Hammered. The noise of feet like the din of hammers.
"He in the parlor hammered." *Burns.*

Han's breed. Hand's breadth.
"A limpin leg a han's breed shorter." - *Burns.*

Hanks. Thread as it comes from the measuring reel, quantities, &c.
"Her hair in hanks o' gowden thread." *Scots Song.*

Hansel-throne. Throne when first occupied by a king.
"To hansel a new coat is to put a coin in the pocket."

Hap. An outer garment, mantle, plaid, &c.; to wrap, to cover, to hap.
"I'll mak a hap for my Johnny Faa." *Scots Song.*

Harigals. Heart, liver, and lights of an animal.
"He that never eats flesh thinks harigals a feast."
Scots Proverb.

Hap-shackled. When a fore and hind foot of a ram are fastened together to prevent leaping, he is said to be hap-shackled. A wife is called "the kirk's hap-shackle."

Happer. A hopper, the hopper of a mill.
"An' heapet high the happer." - *Scots Song.*

Happing. Hopping.
"Ilk happing bird wee hapless thing." . *Burns.*

Hap-step-an'-loup. Hop, step, and leap.
"The best gie whiles a jump, but ye're aye at hap-step-an'-loup." - - - - *Scots Saying.*

Harkit. Hearkened.
"Had I to guid advice but harkit." - *Burns.*

Harn. A very coarse linen.
"As coarse as Nancie's harn sark—three threads out o' the pund." *Scots Saying.*

Hash. A fellow who knows not how to act with propriety.
"I canna thole the clash
Of this impertinent old hash." - - *Ramsay.*

Hastit. Hastened.
"He hastit to his end like the moth to the caunle."
Scots Proverb.

Haud. To hold.
"Some can steek their neive, but ye hae nae haud o' yere han'." - - - - *Scots Proverb.*

Haughs. Low lying, rich land, valleys.
"Amid the haughs and every lusty vale." *G. Doug.*

Haurl. To drag, to pull violently.
"Achilles haurlet Hector's body thrys." *G. Douglas.*

Haurlin'. Tearing off, pulling roughly.
"He haurled auld Luckie out o' her bed." *Scots Song.*

Haver-meal. Oatmeal.
"Whare gat ye that haver-meal bannock." *Scots Song.*

Haveril. A half-witted person, half-witted, one who habitually talks in a foolish or incoherent manner.
"Ye've learned to crack sae crouse, ye haveril Scot." *Ferg.*

Havins. Good manners, decorum, good sense.
"For me to speer wad nae gude havins been." *Ross.*

Hawkie. A cow, properly one with a white face.
"Whan han' for nieve the hawkies stan'." *Picken.*

Heapit. Heaped.
"Some strake the measure o' justice, but ye giet heapit." *Scots Prov.*

Healsome. Healthful, wholesome.
"As healsome as the waal o' Spa, an' unco' blate." *Ramsay.*

Hearse. Hoarse.
"Alas! my roupit muse is hearse." - - *Burns.*

Heather. Heath.
"As fire to heather set." - - *Scots Ballad.*

Hech. Oh, strange! an exclamation during heavy work.
"The silliest strake has the loudest hech." *Scots Prov.*

Hecht. Promised, to foretell something that is to be got or given, foretold, the thing foretold, offered.
"And thai may hecht als to fulfill." - *Barbour.*

Heckle. A board in which are fixed a number of sharp steel prongs upright for dressing hemp, flax, &c.
"I'd climb a hill o' heckle teeth
For luve o' thee, my lady O." - *Scots Song.*

Hee balou. Words used to soothe a child.
"Hee balou, my sweet wee Donald." - *Burns.*

Heels-owre-gowdie. Topsy turvy, turned the bottom upwards.
"I cowpit Mungo's ale
Clean heels o'er head, when it was ripe an' stale." *Ross.*

Heeze. To elevate, to rise, to lift.
"Towart the lift wi' mony a heeze and hale." *G. Doug.*

Hellim. The rudder or helm.
"An' did our hellim thraw, man." - *Burns.*

Herd. To tend flocks, one who tends flocks.
"When they were able now, to herd the ewes." *Ross.*

Herrin'. A herring.
"I hae laid a herrin' in saut." - - *Scots Song.*

Herry. To plunder; most properly to plunder birds' nests."
"And herryit them in sic manner." - *Barbour.*

Herryment. Plundering, devastation.
"Ha'es nae herryment." - - *Scots Proverb.*

Hersel'-hirsel. A flock of sheep, also a herd of cattle of any sort.
"Ae scabbit sheep will scau' the hale hirsel." *Scots Prov.*

Het. Hot, heated.
"Strike iron while it's het, if ye'd have it to wald."
Ramsay.

Heugh. A crag, a ravine; *coal heugh*, a coal pit; *lowin heugh*, a blazing pit.
"Sae hitch up in the heugh." - *Montgomery.*

Hilch, hilchin'. To halt, halting.
"He swore 'twas hilchin' Jean Macraw." *Burns.*

Hinny. Honey.
"For though thy hair were hanks o' gowd.
And thy lips o' drappit hinny." - *Scots Song.*

Hing. To hang.
"Gar hing him, hang him, high upon a tree." *Scots Song.*

Hirple. To walk crazily, to walk lamely, to creep.
"He, tired and weary, hirpled down the brae." *Ross.*

Histie. Dry, chapt, barren.
"With hirstis harsh of waggand windil strayis."
G. Douglas.

Hitcht. A loop, made a knot.

Hizzie. Huzzy, a young girl.
"A braw bouncing hizzie O." - - *Scots Song.*

Hoddin. The motion of a husbandman riding on a cart-horse, humble.
"Gaed hoddin by their cottars." - - *Burns.*

Hoddin-gray. Woollen cloth of a coarse quality made by mingling one black fleece with a dozen white ones.
"Maun with the shepherds stay
And tauk what God will send in hoddin-gray." *Ramsay.*

Hoggie. A two-year old sheep.
"An unco' tyke lap owre the dyke,
An' maist has killed my hoggie." - *Burns.*

Hog-score. A distance line in curling drawn across the rink. When a stone fails to cross it, a cry is raised of "A hog, a hog," and it is removed.

Hog-shouther. A kind of horse play by justling with the shoulder; to justle.
"Hog-shouther, jundie stretch an' strive." *Burns.*

Hoodie-craw. A blood-crow, corbie.
"The huddit craws cried varrok, varrok." *Scots Poem.*

Hool. Outer skin or case, a nutshell, pea husk.
"I thought my heart had coupit frae its hool." *Ross.*

Hoolie. Slowly, leisurely.
"Oh! that my wife wad drink hoolie and fairly."
Scots Song.

Hoord. A hoard, to hoard.
"He hid a bodle and thought it a hoord." *Scots Saying.*

Hoordit. Hoarded.
"It's owre weel hoordit that canna be foun'." *Scots Prov.*

Horn. A spoon made of horn.

"Ram horns a-piece, an' hae done wi't." *Tinker's Grace.*

Hornie. One of the many names of the devil.
"Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie." - *Burns.*

Host, or *hoast.* To cough.
"And with that word he gave an hoist anone."
G. Douglas.

Hostin. Coughing.
"His eyne was how his voice was herse hostand."
Henryson.

Hotch'd. Turned topsy turvy, blended, ruined, moved.
"Gude help ye to a hotch, for ye'll never get a coach."
Scots Proverb.

Houghmagandie. Loose behaviour.
"An' mony a job that day began
May end in houghmagandie." - - *Burns.*

Howlet. An owl.
"He kens nae a mavis frae a madge howlet." *Scots Prov.*

Housie. Diminutive of house.
"Thy wee bit housie too in ruin." - *Burns.*

Hove, hoved. To heave, to swell.
"Mr. Hogg says, the whole body is hoved like a loaf."
Highland Society Trans.

Howdie. A midwife.
"How Mungo's mare stood still and swat wi' fright,
When he brought cast the howdie under night."
Ramsay.

Howe. Hollow, a hollow or dell.
"Every hight has a howe behind it." *Scots Proverb.*

Howebackit. Sunk in the back, spoken of a horse.
"Ye'll ne'er grow howebackit bearing yere friens."
Scots Proverb.

Howff. A house of resort.
"Frae ilka favorite howff and bield." *Fergusson.*

Howk. To dig.
"Be there gowd where he's to beek,
He'll howk it out o' brimstone smeek." *Scots Poem.*

Howkit. Digged.
"They howkit his graff in the Duket's kirkyard."
Old Ballad.

Howkin'. Digging deep.

Hoy, hoy't. To urge, urged.
"They hoy'd him out o' Lauderdale,
Fiddle an' a' thegither." - - *Scots Song.*

Hoyse. A pull upwards. Hoyse a creel, to raise a basket; hence "hoisting creels."

Hoyte. To amble crazily.

Hughoc. Diminutive of Hughie, as Hughie is of Hugh.

Hums and *hankers.* Mumbles and seeks to do what he cannot perform.

Hunkers. Kneeling and falling back on the hams.

"A hunker doddie" on the ice, is to be pushed along in that posture.

Hurcheon. A hedgehog.
"Owre a hill o' heckle teeth,
An' down a vale o' hurcheon hides." *Old Rhyme.*

Hurdies. The loins, the crupper.
"Gaured a' their hurdies wallop." - *Ramsay.*

Hushion. A cushion, also a stocking wanting the foot.
"And sewed his saul up in a hoshen." *T. Cunningham.*

Huchyalled. To move with a hilch.
"They mounted him high on a huchyalled horse."
Scots Rhyme.

I.

Icker. An ear of corn.
"A daimen icker in a thrave." - - *Burns.*

Ieroe. A great-grandchild.

Ilk, or *ilka.* Each, every.
"For i'ka sheep ye hae I'll number ten." *Ramsay.*

Ill-deedie. Mischievous.
"Ill-deedy gets are aye darlings." *Scots Proverb.*

Ill-willie. Ill-natured, malicious, niggardly.
"An ill-willy cow should have short horns." *Scots Prov.*

Ingine. Genius, ingenuity.
"For beautie, sweetness, modestie, ingine." *Drummond.*

Ingle. Fire, fire-place.
"And some the haly ingle with them bare." *G. Doug.*

Ingle-low. Light from the fire, flame from the hearth.
"A bleezing ingle and a clean hearth stane." *Ramsay.*

I rede ye. I advise ye, I warn ye.
"I rede ye, gude people, beware o' me." *Scots Song.*

I'se. I shall or will.
"But gin't be sae, Sir, I'se be judg'd by you." *Ross.*

Ither. Other, one another.
"The deil's bairns are aye fain o' ither." *Scots Saying.*

J.

Jad. Jade; also a familiar term among country folks for a giddy young girl.
"Conscience, quo' I, ye thowless jad." *Burns.*

Jauk. To dally, to trifle.
"Get up, my muse, ye lazy jauker." - *Fisher.*

Jaukin'. Trifling, dallying.
"I wat there was nae jaukin'." - - *Burns.*

Jauner. Talking, and not always to the purpose.
"You teaze me jaunering ay of faith." *Falls of Clyde.*

Jaup. A jerk of water; to jerk, as agitated water.

"Is by the jaup of fludis couerit quite." *G. Douglas.*

Jaw. Coarse raillery, to pour out, to shut, to jerk as water.
"Quhilk as thou seis with mony jaup and jaw." *G. Douglas.*

Jillet. A jilt, a giddy girl.
"A jillet brak his heart at last." - - *Burns.*

Jimp. To jump, slender in the waist, handsome.
"And wha will lace my middle jimp." *Old Ballad.*

Jink. To dodge, to turn a corner; a sudden turning, a corner.

Jink an' diddle. Moving to music, motion of a fiddler's elbow.
Starting here and there with a tremulous movement.

Jinker. That turns quickly, a gay sprightly girl.
"Contend wi' thriftless mates or jinkers." *Ramsay.*

Jinkin'. Dodging, the quick motion of the bow on the fiddle.
"To dance wi' her where jinkin' fiddles play." *A. Scott.*

Jirt. A jerk, the emission of water, to squirt.
Thus the poet says of fortune:—
"She's gien me many a jirt an' fleg." · *Burns.*

Jocteleg. A kind of knife.
"There's thretty pennies gang and buy me a jocteleg." *Jamieson.*

Jouk. To stoop, to bow the head, to conceal.
"And joukit in under the spere." - *G. Douglas.*

Jow, to jow. A verb which includes both the swinging motion and pealing sound of a large bell; also the undulation of water.
"The bells they jow'd and rung." - *Old Ballad.*

Jundie. To justle, a push with the elbow.
"If a man's gaun down the brae ilka ane gies him a jundie." - - - - - *Scots Proverb.*

K.

Kae. A daw.
"Bark like ane dog, and kekil like ane kae." *Lyndsay.*

Kail. Colewort, a kind of broth.
"There's cauld kail in Aberdeen." - *Scots Song.*

Kailrunt. The stem of colewort.
"Fient haet o't wad hae pierced the heart
O' a kail-runt." - - - - *Burns.*

Kain. Fowls, &c. paid as rent by a farmer.
"Tho' they should dearly pay the kain." *Fergusson.*

Kebars. Rafters.
"As it had been ane kebir or ane spar." *G. Douglas.*

Kebbuck. A cheese.
"They'll stou the kebbuck to the heel." *Fergusson.*

Keckle. Joyous cry; to cackle as a hen.
"Coup her under a creel and put the keckling off her." *Scots Saying.*

Keek. A keek, to peep.

"Keek into the draw-well, Janet, Janet." *Ramsay.*

Kelpies. A sort of mischievous water-spirit, said to haunt fords and ferries at night, especially in storms.

"Gin kelpie be na there." - - *Old Ballad.*

Ken. To know, *ken'd* or *ken't*, knew.

"Ken ye whare cleekie Murray's gane." *Jac. Relics.*

Kennin. A small matter.

"Gif o' this world a kennin maer,
Some get than me." - - - - *Nicol.*

Ket-ketty. Matted, a fleece of wool.

"The soil is said to be ketty when bound together with quickgrass." - - - - *Jamieson.*

Kiaugh. Carking, anxiety; to be in a flutter.

"Sae laughing and kiaug hing,
Ye fain wad follow me." - - *Scots Song.*

Kilt. To truss up the clothes.

"I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee." *Scots Song.*

Kimmer. A young girl, a gossip.

"My kimmer an' I lay down to sleep." *Scots Song.*

Kin. Kindred.

"Began to reckon kin and rent." - - *Scott.*

Kin'. Kind.

"I'll row thee owre the lea rig
My ain kin' dearie O." - - *Old Song.*

King's-hood. A certain part of the entrails of an ox.

"Deil mak his king's-hood in a spleuchan." *Burns.*

Kintra, kintrie. Country.

"Keep the kintrie, bonnie lassie." - *Scots Song.*

Kirn. The harvest supper, a churn.

"He reserved several handfuls of the fairest corn for the harvest kirn." - - - *Scots Story.*

Kirsen. To christen, to baptize.

"The morning dew had kirsen'd the young flowers." *Scots Story.*

Kist. Chest, a shop counter.

"He dunted the kist, an' the boards did flee." *Scots Song.*

Kitchen. Anything that eats with bread, to serve for soup, gravy.

"Better hae a louse i' the pot than nae kitchen." *Scots Proverb.*

Kittle. To tickle, ticklish.

"Or dread a kittle cast." - - - *Ramsay.*

Kittling. A young cat. The ace of diamonds is called among rustics the kittlin's ee."

Knaggie. Like knags or points of rocks.

"She said, where's my necklace? I've hung it, quo' he, on a knag." - - *Scots Presb. Eloq.*

Knappin-hammer. A hammer for breaking stones; *knap*, to strike or break.

"When the lady lets a pap, the messan gets a knap." *Scots Proverb.*

Knurlin. Crooked but strong, knotty.
"A knurlin's ay a wurlin." - - *Scots Saying.*

Knowe. A small round hillock, a knoll.
"Ca' the yowes to the knowes." - *Scots Song.*

Kuittle. To cuddle. *Kuitlin*, cuddling, fondling.
"Sat kuittling wi' the maiden kimmer." *Scots Story.*

Kye. Cows.
"Tydy kye lowis valis by them rennis." *G. Douglas.*

Kyle. A district in Ayrshire.
"Cause in disdain he called him king of Kyle. *Bl. Harry.*

Kyte. The belly.
"Mony a weary day, but ne'er a fou kyte." *Scots Song.*

Kythe. To discover, to show one's self.
"His craftes gan he kythe." - *Sir Tristrem.*

L.

Labour. Thrash.
"And aften labour them completely." - *Burns.*

Laddie. Diminutive of lad.
"I lo'e ne'er a laddie but ane." - *Scots Song.*

Laggen. The angle between the side and the bottom of a wooden dish.
"And coost a laggen-gird mysel'." - *Ramsay.*

Laigh. Low.
"Thai ewyn laiche with the erde has made." *Wyntown.*

Lairing, lairie. Wading, and sinking in snow, mud, &c. miry.
"Carried me through the dub an' the lairie." *Scots Song.*

Laith. Loath, impure.
"Sic fisching to neglect they will be laith." *Lyndsay.*

Laithfu'. Bashful, sheepish, abstemious.
"A landward lad is ay laithfu'." - *Scots Proverb.*

Lallans. Scottish dialect, Lowlands.
"And scorned to own that Lallan sangs they knew."
A. Wilson.

Lambie. Diminutive of lamb.
"For 'tweesh twa hillocks the poor lambie lies." *Ross.*

Lammas moon. Harvest moon.
"Light's heartsome, quo' the thief to the lammas moon."
Scots Proverb.

Lampit. A kind of shell fish, a limpet.
"Lapstaris, lempettis, muscellis in schellis." *Scots Chron.*

Lan'. Land, estate.
"I wad gie a' my lan's an' rents,
I had that lady within my stents." *Scots Ballad.*

Lan'-afore. Foremost horse in the plough.
"My lan'-afore's a wordy beast." - - *Burns.*

Lan'-ahin. Hindmost horse in the plough.
"My lan'-ahin's a weel gaun filly." - - *Burns.*

Lane. Lone; *my lane, thy lane*, &c., myself alone.
"That none unto it adew may say but the deith lane."
Dunbar.

Lanely. Lonely.
"Lang hae I lain, my love, lanely and eerie." *Scots Song.*

Lang. Long; *to think lang*, to long, to weary.
"He lede a lang tyme of his life." - *Wyntown.*

Lap. Did leap.
"He lap quhill he lay on his lendis." *K. James I.*

Late and air. Late and early.
"They plague me air and late." - *Scots Song.*

Lave. The rest, the remainder, the others.
"And the lave syne, that dede war thar." *Barbour.*

Laverock. The lark.
"An' the lift has faun an' smoored the laverocks."
Scots Saying.

Lawlan'. Lowland.
"The lawlan' lads think they are fine." *Scots Song.*

Lay my dead. Attribute my death.
"Should she refuse I'll lay my dead
To her twa een o' bonnie blue." - *Burns.*

Leal. Loyal, true, faithful.
"Yere a lad baith true and leal,
The priest-cat ye winna steal." - *Scots Rhyme.*

Lear. Learning, lore.
"Had leuer have known the science and the lair."
Douglas.

Lee-lang. Live-long.
"A' the lee-lang night I dim my een wi' weeping."
Scots Song.

Leesome luve. Happy gladsome love.
"The tender heart o' leesome luve." - *Burns.*

Leeze me. A phrase of congratulatory endearment; I am happy in thee or proud of thee.
"Leeze me on liquor, my todlin dow." *Old Song.*

Leister. A three-pronged and barbed dart for striking fish.
"He could not conceive why a man should be put in fetters for leistering a salmon." - *Cal. Mer.*

Leugh. Did laugh.
"The lordes on the tothir side for liking thay leugh."
Gawan and Gol.

Leuk. A look, to look.
"He leukit east, he leukit west." *Scots Ballads.*

Libbet. Castrated.
"Gif libbet Italy be singing." - - - *Burns.*

Lick, licket. Beat, thrashen.
"To lend his loving wife a loundering lick." *Ramsay.*

Lift. Sky, firmament.
"High in the liftfull glaide he gan behald." *G. Douglas.*

Lightly. Sneeringly, to sneer at, to undervalue.

"His lychtly scorn he shall repent fu' sair." *Bl. Harry*

Lilt. A ballad, a tune, to sing.

"And Rosie lilts sweetly the 'Milking the ewes.'" *Ramsay.*

Limmer. A kept mistress, a strumpet.

"Syne gart the limmers tak their heels." *Scots Ballad.*

Limp't. Limped, hobbled.

"Them wha gae jumping awa aften come limpin back." *Scots Saying.*

Link. To trip along; *linkin*, tripping along.

"Linkin o'er the lea." - - - *Old Song.*

Linn. A waterfall, a cascade.

"Sen owre the linn it came." - *Montgomery.*

Lint. Flax; *lint i' the bell*, flax in flower.

"Now Bessie's hair's like a lint tap." - *Ramsay.*

Lintwhite. A linnet, flaxen.

"She lilts like ony lint-white." - *Scots Saying.*

Loan. The place of milking.

"And muckle kye stand routing i' the loans." *Ramsay.*

Loaning. Lane.

"But now there's a moaning, in ilka green loaning" *Old Song.*

Loof. The palm of the hand.

"Schaw me the lufe, sir, of your hand." *Lyndsay.*

Loot. Did let.

"Loot a' his duddies fa." - - - *James V.*

Looves. The plural of loof.

"Wi' weel spread looves an' lang wry faces." *Burns.*

Losh-man! Rustic exclamation modified from Lord man.

"Them that cry losh fain wad cry Lord." *Scots Saying.*

Loun. A fellow, a ragamuffin, a woman of easy virtue.

"Quod I loun thou leis." - - *G. Douglas.*

Loup. Leap, startled with pain.

"A loup rycht lychtly maid he than." *Barbour.*

Louper-like. Lan-louper, a stranger of a suspected character.

"A horse couper and a lan-louper." *Scots Rhyme.*

Lowe. A flame.

"Than low or rek sall it dyscower." - *Barbour.*

Lowin. Flaming; *lowin-drouth*, burning desire for drink.

"A smith's hause is aye lowin." - *Scots Prov.*

Lowrie. Abbreviation of Lawrence.

"Then Lowrie is ane lyoun lap." - *K. James.*

Lowse. To loose.

"They may bide in her window till Beltane ere I lowse them." - - - - - - - *Scott.*

Lowsed. Unbound, loosed.

"She lowsed her unhallownd tongue on me." *Scots Story.*

Lug. The ear.

"Ye canna mak a silk purse o' a sow's lug." *Scots Prov.*

Lug of the law. At the judgment seat.

"Ye live at the lug of the law." - *Scots Proverb.*

Lugget. Having a handle.
"Ye've a lang nese, an' yet yere cut lugget." *Scots Prov.*

Luggie. A small wooden dish with a handle.
"Wi' green horn spoons beech luggies mingle." *Ramsay.*

Lum. The chimney; *lum-head*, chimney top.
"An' clouds o' reek frae lum-heads do appear." *Ross.*

Lunch. A large piece of cheese, flesh, &c.
"They may dunch that gie the lunch." *Scots Proverb.*

Lunt. A column of smoke, to smoke, to walk quickly.
"Auld Simon sat luntin' his cuttie." - *A. Scott.*

Lyart. Of a mixed color, gray.
"The bandsters are runkled, lyart, and gray." *Scots Song.*

M.

Mae and *mair.* More.
"And break my pipe an' never whistle mair." *Ramsay.*

Maggot's-meat. Food for the worms.
"Wha I wish were maggots' meat." - *Burns.*

Mahoun. Satan.
"Gramercy, tailor, said Mahoun." - *Dunbar.*

Mailen. A farm.
"To tak ane mailen that grit lawbour requyris." *Maitland.*

Maist. Most, almost,
"Maist dead's lang in filling the kirkyard." *Scots Prov.*

Maistly. Mostly, for the greater part.
"And some were maistly thrapplet." - *Cock.*

Mak'. To make; *makin'*, making.
"Gif e'er I heir ought o' your makin' mair." *Kennedy.*

Mally. Molly, Mary.
"Mally's meek, Mally's sweet, Mally's modest and discreet." *Scots Song.*

Mang. Among.
"Mang men, wae's heart, we aften find." *Fergusson.*

Manse. The house of the parish minister is called "the manse."

Manteele. A mantle.
"Mae than the diel wear a black manteele." *Scots Prov.*

Mark. Marks. This and several other nouns which, in English, require an *s* to form the plural, are in Scotch, like the words sheep, deer, the same in both numbers.

Mark, Merk. A Scottish coin, value thirteen shillings and fourpence.

Marled. Party colored.
"They delight to wear marled clothes." *Monypenny.*

Mar's year. The year 1715. Called Mar's year from the rebellion of Erskine, Earl of Mar.

Martial-chuck. The soldier's camp comrade, female companion.
"When up arose the martial-chuck." - *Burns.*

Mashlum. Mixed corn.

"Nae man shall presume to grind wheat, maisloch, or rye, with hand." - - - - *Statutes.*

Mask. To mash, as malt, &c. to infuse.
"They grind the malt over small in the miln that it will not run when it is masked."

Maskin-pat. Teapot.
"Then up they gat the maskin-pat." - *Burns.*

Maukin. A hare.
"There's mair maidens than maukins." *Scots Proverb.*

Maun, mauna. Must, must not.
"My mother says I mauna." - - *Scots Song.*

Maut. Malt.
"I hae brewed a forpet o' maut." - *Scots Song.*

Mavis. The thrush.
"The mavis frae the new-bloom'd thorn." *Fergusson.*

Maw. To mow.
"Without reskew down mawis with his brand." *G. Douglas.*

Mawin. Mowing; *maun*, mowed; *maw'd*, mowed.
"In simmer I maw'd my meadow." - *Scots Song.*

Mawn. A small basket, without a handle.
"We'll cover him wi' a mawn, o'." *Scots Song.*

Meere. A mare.
"The auld man's meere's dead." - *Old Song.*

Melancholious. Mournful.
"Come join the melancholious croon,
O Robin's reed." - - - *Burns.*

Melder. A load of corn, &c. sent to the mill to be ground.
"Our simmer melder niest was milled." *Morison.*

Mell. To be intimate, to meddle; also a mallet for pounding barley in a stone trough.
"But Diomede mells aye wi' thee." *Scots Poem.*

Melvie. To soil with meal.
"Nor melvie his braw claithing." - - *Burns.*

Men'. To mend.
"Ye may en' him, but ye'll never men' him." *Scots Proverb.*

Mense. Good manners, decorum.
"Thair manhead and thair mense." *Priests of Peblis.*

Menseless. Ill-bred, rude, impudent.
"As menseless as a tinkler's messan." *Scots Saying.*

Merle. The blackbird.
"Sic mirth the mavis and the merle couth mae." *Henryson*

Messin. A small dog.
"He is our mekill to be your messoun." *Dunbar*

Middin. A dunghill.
"Come lyk a sow out of a mydding." - *Dunbar.*

Middin-creels. Dung-baskets, panniers, in which horses carry manure.
"Her waly neeves like middin-creels." - *Burns.*

Middin-hole. A gutter at the bottom of a dunghill.
"Beyond was the dungstead, with a pond of putrid water, termed the midden-dub, into which the juices of the dung were collected." *Agric. Surrey.*

Milkin'-shiel. A place where cows or ewes are brought to be milked.
"Its a sma' sheal that gies nae shelter." *Scots Prov.*

Mim. Prim, affectedly meek.
"As ony lamb as modest and as mim." - *Ross.*

Mim-mou'd. Gentle-mouthed.
"A mim-mou'd cat is na gude mouser." *Scots Prov.*

Min'. To remember.
"O dinna ye min' Lord Gregorie." - *Old Ballad.*

Minawae. Minuet.
"She moves mim in a minawae." *Scots Rhyme.*

Mind't. Mind it, resolved, intending, remembered.

Minnie. Mother, dam.
"Sin' that I was born o' my minnie." *Evergreen.*

Mirk. Dark.
"And the myrk nycht suddanly." - *Wyntown.*

Misca'. To abuse, to call names; *misca'd*, abused.
"And Russel sair misca'd her." - - *Burns.*

Mischanter. Accident.
"Did sic a mishap and mischanter befa' me." *Ross.*

Misleard. Mischievous, unmannerly.
"Nor maun she be mislear'd." - - *Fergusson.*

Misteuk. Mistook.
"He misteuk
His niebours pouch for his ain plaid neck." *Scots Poem.*

Mither. Mother.
"Quo' Jock, an' laughing like to rive,
What think ye o' my mither." - *Ramsay.*

Mixtie-maxtie. Confusedly mixed, mish-mash.
"Yon mixtie-maxtie, queer hotch-potch." *Burns.*

Moistify, moistified. To moisten, to soak: moistened, soaked.
"Some are gay drouthy, but ye're aye moistified." *Scots Saying.*

Mons-meg. A large piece of ordnance, composed of iron bars welded together and then hooped.
"Oh willawins! Mons-meg for you." *Fergusson.*

Mools. Earth.
——"have seen the cauld-rife mools on thine." *Ramsay.*

Mony, or Monie. Many.
"Sure nature herried mony a tree." *Fergusson.*

Moop. To nibble as a sheep.
"The parings of their brede to moup up soon." *G. Doug.*

Moorlan. Of or belonging to moors.
"The wale o' our maidens is moorlan Meg." *S. Song.*

Morn. The next day, to-morrow.
"The fiest the fidler to morne." - *G. Douglas.*

Mou. The mouth.

"Wha thraw their mous and tak the dorts." *Fergusson.*

Moudiwort. A mole.
"Ane may like to be luved, but wha wad mool in wi' a moudiwort." - - *Scots Saying.*

Mousie. Diminutive of mouse.
"But mousie thou art no thy lane." - *Burns.*

Muckle, or *mickle.* Great, big, much.
"There's mickle gude love in bonds and bags." *Ramsay.*

Muses-stank. Muses-rill, a stank, slow flowing water.
"And fand ane stank that flowed from ane well." *G. Douglas.*

Musie. Diminutive of muse.
"My musie tired wi' mony a sonnet." *Burns.*

Muslin-kail. Broth, composed simply of water, shelled barley, and greens—thin poor broth.
"Penny-wheep's gude enough for muslin-kale." *Scots Proverb.*

Mutchkin. An English pint.
"The mutchkin-stoup it hauds but dribs,
Sae bring us in the tappit-hen." - *Ramsay.*

Mysel. Myself.
"I winna blaw about mysel." - - *Burns.*

N.

Na. No, not, nor.
"Na: all sic labor is for nocht, and tynt." *Douglas.*

Nae, or *na.* No, not any.
"That on na manner micht accord." - *Barbour.*

Naething, or *naithing.* Nothing.
"He had naething for to despend." - *Barbour.*

Naig. A horse, a nag.
"Gin a' the Nith there's nae sic smith
For shoeing outher naig or gelding." *Scots Rhyme.*

Nane. None.
"Thus I declare the nane uncertaine thing." *G. Doug.*

Nappy. Ale, to be tipsy.
"And when that the carles grew nappy." *Old Ballad.*

Negleckit. Neglected.
"But then to see how ye're negleckit." *Burns.*

Neebor. A neighbour.
"An' aye sinsyne the neebors roun',
They jeer me air and late." - *Scots Song.*

Neuk. Nook.
"The sun frae the east neuk o' Fife." - *Ramsay.*

Niest. Next.
"A meaner phantom niest wi' meikle dread." *Ramsay.*

Nieve, *nief.* The fist.
"Hard on the left nief was the scharp stele hede." *G. Douglas.*

Nieveſu'. Handful.

"A nievefu' o' meal or a gowpen o' groats." *Old Ballad.*

Niffer. An exchange, to exchange, to barter.
"He's fond o' barter that niffers wi' auld Nick." *Scots Say.*

Niger. A negro.
"That made Canaan a niger." - - *Burns.*

Nine-tailed-cat. A hangman's whip.
"But haud ye're nine-tailed cat a wee." *Burns.*

Nit. A nut.
"Ye're owre fair o' flesh to live upon deaf nits."
Scots Saying.

Norland. Of or belonging to the north.
"Was like the norlan' blast." *Scots Ballad.*

Notic't. Noticed.
"Them wha stand on a knowe 's sure to be notic't."
Scots Saying.

Nowte. Black cattle.
"Als bestiall as horse and nowte within." *Bl. Harry.*

O.

O'. Of.
"I'm Willie o' the Wastle." - *Scots Rhyme.*

O'ergang. Overbearingness, to treat with indignity, literally to tread.
"For fear that truth should clean o'ergang them."
Pennecuik.

O'erlay. An upper cravat.
"He faulds his owrelay down his breast wi' care."
Ramsay.

Ony, or *Onie.* Any.
"Gin there be ony that lykis." - - *Wyntown.*

Or. Is often used for ere, before.
"Wittail wore scant or August coud appear." *Bl. Harry.*

Orra-duddies. Superfluous rags, old clothes.
"To drink their orra-duddies." - - *Burns.*

O't. Of it.
"Jock will make a bridal o't." - *Scots Song.*

Ourie. Drooping, shivering.
"The ourie cattle hang their heads." - *Nicol.*

Oursel, oursels. Ourselves.
"There's nae sel sae dear as our ain sel." *Scots Prov.*

Outlers. Outlyers; cattle unhoused.
"The deil, or else an outlier quey,
Gat up an' gae a croon." - - *Burns.*

Ower, owre. Over.
"Owre the water to Charlie." - *Scots Song.*

Owre-hip. Striking with a fore-hammer by bringing it with a swing over the hip.
"Brings hard owre hip wi' sturdy wheel,
The strang forehammer." - - *Burns.*

Owsen. Oxen.
"I hae three gude owsen ganging in a pleuch."
Scots Song.

Oxtered. Carried or supported under the arm.
"The priest he was oxtered, the clerk he was carried."
Scots Song.

P.

Pack. Intimate, familiar; twelve stone of wool.
"An' pack an' thick as tods could be." - *Nicol.*

Paidle, paidlen. To walk with difficulty, as if in water.
"He's but a paidlen bodie O." *Old Song.*

Painch. Paunch.
"Pakand their painch like epicureans." *Scots Poem.*

Paitrick. A partridge.
"An' paitricks scraichan loud at een." - *Burns.*

Pang. To cram.
"As fou's the house could pang." - *Ramsay.*

Parle. Courtship.
"A tocher's nae word in a true lover's parle." *Burns.*

Parishen. Parish.
"Thair parishyns full lytil enfourming." *Hardynge.*

Parritch. Oatmeal pudding, a well-known Scotch dish.
"Frae the milk coggie or the parritch caup." *Fergusson.*

Pat. Did put, a pot.
"Fier pat my heart in sic a flocht." . *Burel.*

Pattle, or *pettle.* A small spade to clean the plough.
"I wad be laith to rin and chase thee,
Wi' murdering pettle." *Burns.*

Paughty. Proud, haughty.
"And pauchtie pride rycht sair I do detest." *Scots Poems.*

Pauky. Cunning, sly.
"A pauky auld carle cam o'er the lea." *K. James V.*

Pay't. Paid, beat.
"He's easily payt that's payt wi' paiks." *Scots Proverb.*

Peat-reek. The smoke of burning turf, a bitter exhalation, whisky.
"Wi' gude peat-reek my head was light." *Duff.*

Pech. To fetch the breath shortly, as in an asthma.
"Begood to pech and limp behind." - *Mayne.*

Pechan. The crop, the stomach.
"He puts in a bad purse that puts it in his pechan."
Scots Proverb.

Pechin. Respiring with difficulty.
"Hence homeward they post pechin wi' their spoil."
Davidson.

Pennie. Riches.
"The pennie siller sends mair souls to Satan than the sword." *Scott.*

Pet. A domesticated sheep, &c. a favorite.
"The Deil's pet lambs lo'e Claverses lads." *Scots Saying.*

Pettle. To cherish.
"An' pettle ye up a dainty lamb." - *Scots Song.*

Philabeg. The kilt.
"Wi' his philabeg and tartan plaid." - *Scots Song.*

Phraise. Fair speeches, flattery, to flatter.
"They need na mak sae great a phraise." *Skinner.*

Phraisin. Flattering.
"The favorites o' the nine
Are aye right gude o' phraisen." - *Picken.*

Pibroch. A martial air.
"Heardst but the pibroch answering brave
To many a target clanking round." - *Scott.*

Pickle. A small quantity, one grain of corn.
"O gin my love were a pickle o' wheat." *Scots Song.*

Pigmy-scraper. Little fiddler; a term of contempt for a bad player.
"A pigmy-scraper wi' his fiddle." - - *Burns.*

Pint-stoup. A two-quart measure.
"Some can stan the sword better than the pint-stoup." *Scots Proverb.*

Pine. Pain, uneasiness.
"In meikle dule and pine O." *Scots Song.*

Pingle. A small pan for warming children's sops.
"Ye want a pingle lassie weel and guid." *Scots Poem.*

Plack. An old Scotch coin, the third part of an English penny.
"He'll no mak his plack a bawbee." *Scots Proverb.*

Plackless. Pennyless, without money.
"The case is clear, my pouch is plackless." *Tarras.*

Plaidie. Diminutive of plaid.
"Come under my plaidie and sit down beside me." *Macneill.*

Platie. Diminutive of plate.
"Whyles owre the wee bit cup and platie." *Burns.*

Plew, or *pleugh.* A plough.
"At mornin when frae pleugh or fauld I come." *Fergusson.*

Pliskie. A trick.
"Their lugs in onie rackless pliskie." - *Nicol.*

Plumrose. Primrose.
"The plumrose and the snawdrap
Are the flowers that's dear to me." *Scots Song.*

Pock. A meal-bag.
"Then she took up the meal pocks,
And flang them owre the wa'." *King James V.*

Poind. To seize on cattle, or take the goods as the laws of Scotland allow, for rent, &c.
"To pryk and poynd bathe to and fra." *Wyntown.*

Poortith. Poverty.
"But poortith Peggy is the warst of a'." *Ramsay.*

Posie. A nosegay, a garland.

"I'll tie this posie round wi' the silken bands o' love." *Burns.*

Pou, poud. To pull, pulled.

"When Samson poud to ground the great pillare." *Bl. Harry.*

Pouk. To pluck.

"And aye as they at the auld carlin plaid pouk." *Scots Song.*

Poussie. A hare or cat.

"And morning poussie whidding seen." *Burns.*

Pouse. To pluck with the hand.

"Pride prinks her pow for the deil to pouss." *Scots Prov.*

Pout. A polt, a chick.

"O' woodcocks, teals, moor-powts, an' plivers." *Ramsay.*

Pou't. Did pull.

"Pride pou't at ae side an' vanity pout at the other." *Scots Saying.*

Poutherey. Fiery, active.

"Mounted on a poutherey pownie." *Scots Saying.*

Pouthery. Like powder.

"The snaw has gien the hills a pouthering." *Scots Poem.*

Pow. The head, the skull.

"Abiet my pow was bald and bare." - *Ramsay.*

Pownie. A little horse, a pony.

"He'll gang mad on a horse wha's proud on a pownie." *Scots Saying.*

Powther, or *pouther.* Gunpowder.

"And for the pouther I e'en changed it, as occasion served, for gin and brandy." - - *Scott.*

Preclair. Supereminent.

"More pleasand and preclair." - - *A. Scott.*

Preen. A pin.

"Thousands a year's no worth a preen." *Ramsay.*

Prent. Printing, print.

"That na prenter presume to prent anie books, balladis, sangs." - - - - - *Acts Marie.*

Prie. To taste; *prie'd*, tasted.

"That ye're awa', ae peaceful meal to prie." *Ferg.*

Prief. Proof.

"To preif thair horse with jauvelins in thair hands." *G. Doug.*

Prig. To cheapen, to dispute; *priggin*, cheapening.

"I thought by priggin that she might hae spun," &c. *Ferg.*

Primsie. Demure, precise.

"A primsie damsel makes a daidlen dame." *Scots Prov.*

Propone. To lay down, to propose.

"The poet first proponing his intent." *G. Douglas.*

Pund, pund o' tow. Pound, pound weight of the refuse of flax.

"But a' that she cou'd mak o' it
Was ae puir pund o' tow." - *Scots Song.*

Pyet. A magpie.

"Thair was pyats, and paitricks, and plivers anew." *Scots Poem.*

Pyle, a pyle o' caff. A single grain of chaff.
"The cleanest corn that e'er was dight
May hae some pyles o' chaff in." - *Burns.*

Pystle. Epistle.
"An' penn'd a pretty pystle." - *Scots Rhyme.*

Q.

Quat. Quit.
"Come quat the grup ye tinkler loon." *Scots Song.*

Quak. Quack, the cry of a duck.
"When wi' an eldritch stoor quak, quak." *Burns.*

Quech. A drinking cup made of wood with two handles.
"Never count the lawin wi' a toom quech." *Scots Prov.*

Quey. A cow from one to two years' old, a heifer.
"A cannie quey maks a sonsie cow." *Scots Prov.*

Quines. Queans.
"It will cost the quine a skirling." *Scots Saying.*

Quakin. Quaking.
"Gude L—d but he was quakin." - *Burns.*

R.

Ragweed. Herb ragwort.
"As rank a witch as e'er rade on a ragweed." *Scots Saying.*

Raible. To rattle, nonsense.
"There's plenty o' raible whan drink's on the table."
Scots Saying.

Rair. To roar.
"Under thy feet the erd did rair and trymbil." *G. Douglas.*

Raize. To madden, to inflame.
"And she ran aff as raised as ony deer." - *Ross.*

Ramfeezled. Fatigued, overpowered.
"The tapetless ramfeezled hizzie." - *Burns.*

Rampin'. Raging.
"The deil he heard the stour o' tongues,
And rampin' came amang us." - *Old Song.*

Ramstam. Thoughtless, forward.
"The least we'll get if we gang ramstam in upon them." *Scott.*

Randie. A scolding sturdy beggar, a shrew.
"Was Rab the beggar randie." - - *Old Song.*

Rantin'. Joyous.
"They ca' me the rantin' laddie." - *Old Song.*

Raploch. Properly a coarse cloth, but used for coarse.
"Thair clais quhilk wes of reploch grey." *Lyndsay.*

Rarely. Excellently, very well.
"The sun it raise and better raise,
And owre the hill lowed rarely." *Old Song.*

Rash. A rush; *rash-buss*, a bush of rushes.
"Becaus the rasche-buss keipis his kow." *Lyndsay.*

Ratton. A rat.
"Thocht rattones ouer them rin, thay tak na care." *Lyndsay.*

Raucle. Rash, stout, fearless, reckless.
"O rakel hond to do so foule a mis." - *Chaucer.*

Raught Reached.
"Swith swelleand that morsel raucht had sche." *G. Douglas.*

Raw. A row.
"He driuis forth the stampand hors on raw." *G. Douglas.*

Rax. To stretch.
"Begoud to rax and rift." - - *Ramsay.*

Ream. Cream, to cream.
"Without ream, sugar and bohea." - *Ramsay.*

Reamin'. Brimful, frothing.
"He merely ressauis the remand tais." *G. Douglas.*

Reave. Take by force.
"To rieffe that crown that is a great outrage." *Bl. Harry.*

Rebute. To repulse, rebuke.
"That I rebutet was and doung abak." *G. Douglas.*

Reck. To heed.
"There's little to reck, quo' the knave to his neck." *Scots Say.*

Rede. Counsel, to counsel, to discourse.
"And for I think off him to rede." - - *Barbour.*

Red-peats. Burning turfs.
"A toom tar-barrel and twa red-peats." *Burns.*

Red-wat-shod. Walking in blood over the shoe-tops
"In tyrants' blood walked red-wat-shod." *Scots Poem.*

Red-wud. Stark mad.
"Some are only daft, but yere red-wud raving." *Scots Say.*

Ree. Half drunk, fuddled; *a ree yaud*, a wild horse.
"Ye love a' ye see like Rob Roole when he's ree." *Scots Say.*

Reek. Smoke.
"And the reek rais richt wonder fast." *Barbour.*

Reekin'. Smoking.
"Nae reekin' ha in fifty miles,
But naked corses sad to see." - *Scots Song.*

Reekit. Smoked, smoky.
"A reekit wee devil looked over the wa'." *Scots Song.*

Reestit. Stood restive; stunted, withered.
"It was a bogilly bit: the horse saw something, and snorted and reestit." - - - *Scots Story.*

Remead. Remedy.
"All makes for the ruin of this isle, and I see yet no means to remead it." - - - *Baillie.*

Requite. Requited.
"A drap and a bite's a sma' requite." *Scots Saying.*

Restricked. Restricted.

Rew. To smile, look affectionately, tenderly.
"Rew on me true Thomas, she said." *Thomas the Rhymer.*

Rickles. Shocks of corn, stooks.
"A pickle's no mist in a rickle." *Scots Saying.*

Riddle. Instrument for purifying corn.
"The dumb riddle, the coarse riddle, and the fine riddle."
Farmer's Inventory.

Rief-randies. Men who take the property of others, accompanied by violence and rude words.
"Rief-randies I disown ye." - - *Burns.*

Rig. A ridge.
"Quhare thou thy riggis telis for to saw." *G. Douglas.*

Rin. To run, to melt: *rinnin'*, running.
"Whare will I get a bonnie boy
My errant for to rin." - - *Scots Ballad.*

Rink. The course of the stones, a term in curling on ice.
"Be this they wan near to the renkis end." *G. Douglas.*

Rip. A handful of unthreshed corn.
"Hae there's a rip to thy auld baggie." *Burns.*

Ripples. Pains in the back and loins, sounds which usher in death.
"I rede ye beware of the ripples, young man." *Old Song.*

Ripplin-kame. Instrument for dressing flax.
"Lassie, lend me your braw hemp heckle,
An' I'll lend you my ripplin-hame." *Scots Song.*

Riskit. A noise like the tearing of roots.
"While spretty knowes just raired an' riskit." *Burns.*

Rockin'. A denomination for a friendly visit. In former times young women met with their distaffs during the winter evenings, to sing, and spin, and be merry; these were called "rockings."

Roke. Distaff.
"The roke and the wee pickle tow." *Scots Song.*

Rood. Stands likewise for the plural, roods.

Roon A shred, the selvage of woollen cloth.
"The best o' webs is rough at the roons." *Scots Saying.*

Roose. To praise, to commend.
"Come view the men thou likes to roose." *Ramsay.*

Roun'. Round, in the circle of neighbourhood.
"The king lies doun, yet the warl rins roun." *Scots Say.*

Roupet. Hoarse, as with a cold.
"O may the roup ne'er roost thy weason." *Beattie.*

Row. To roll, to rap, to roll as water.
"Rowet at ains with stormes and windis thre." *G. Douglas.*

Row't. Rolled, wrapped.
"He has nae mair sense than a hen could haud in her rowed neeve." - - *Scots Saying.*

Rowte. To low, to bellow.
"Frae faulds na mair the owsen rowte." *Fergusson.*

Rowth. Plenty.
"I dinna want a rowth o' country fare." *Ramsay.*

Rowtin'. Lowing.
"Gies terrible routis and lowis mony fald." *G. Douglas.*

Rozet. Rosin.
"Full of roset doun bet is the fir tree." *G. Douglas.*

Rumble-gumption. Rough common sense.
"Ye suld hae stayed at hame, and wantit a wife till ye got mair rumble-gumption." - - - *Hogg.*

Run-deils. Downright devils.
"Jock's a mislear'd imp, but ye're a run-deil." *Scots Say*

Rung. A cudgel.
"Quhen rungys wes laid on riggis." - *K. James.*

Runt. The stem of colewort or cabbage.
"Bairns, when ye're weary digging, ye can pou kale runts." - - - *Scots Saying.*

Runkled. Wrinkled.
"A moupin runkled granny." - *Ramsay*

Ruth. A woman's name, the book so called, sorrow.
"I' the book o' truth there's love and ruthe. *Scots Say.*

Ryke. Reach.
"Let me ryke up to dight that tear." - *Burns.*

S.

Sae. So.
"Sae thrang this day." *Fergusson.*

Saft. Soft.
"Saft ease shall teach you to forget." - *Old Song.*

Sair. To serve, a sore ; *sairie*, sorrowful.
"He has a saw for a' sairs." - *Scots Proverb.*

Sairly. Sorely.
"Sairly boundin hard with bandes." - *G. Douglas.*

Sair't. Served.
"She sair't them up, she sair't them down." *Old Ballad.*

Sark. A shirt.
"Held on his sark, and tuk his suerd so gud." *Barbour.*

Sarkit. Provided in shirts.
"But here half mad, half fed, half sarkit." *Burns.*

Saugh. Willow.
"He rules easier wi' a saugh wand than a sharp brand." *Scots Saying.*

Saugh woodies. Withies, made of willows,. now supplanted by ropes and chains.
"The sonks o' his yaud war tyed wi' saugh widdies." *Scots Story.*

Saul. Soul.
"An lous the saul out of this mortall state." *G. Douglas.*

Saumont. Salmon.
"He kens nae a selgh frae a saumont." *Scots Proverb.*

Saunt, sauntet. Saint ; to vanish.
"Ilka name has a saunt, save that auldest ane sinner." *Scots Proverb.*

Saut. Salt.
"And get their tails weel sautit." - - *Fergusson.*

Saw. To sow.
"In fragil flesche your febill sede is saw." *Douglas.*

Sawin'. Sowing.
"Hope is sawin while death is mawin." *Scots Proverb.*

Sax. Six.
"Sax score o' lambs I sauld them ilka clute." *Ramsay.*

Scaud. To scald.
"Ye had better get a scaud than a scouther." *Scots Prov.*

Scauld. To scold.
"My Eppie's tongue I vow its sweet,
E'en though she flytes an' scaulds a wee." *Scots Song.*

Scaur. Apt to be scared: a precipitous bank of earth which the stream has washed red.
"That chafes against the scaur's red side." *Sir. W. Scott.*

Scawl. A scold.
"A' things hae a hal' save the tongue o' a scaul."
Scots Proverb.

Scone. A kind of bread.
"The floure skounys were set in by and by." *Douglas.*

Sconner. A loathing, to loath.
"We sconner at most parts o' meat." - *Cleland.*

Scraich and *Scriegh.* To scream, as a hen or partridge.
"It is time enough to screigh when ye're strucken."
Scots Proverb.

Screed. To tear, a rent, *screeding*, tearing.
"Screeding of kerches crying dool and dair." *Ross.*

Scrieve, Scrieven. To glide softly, gleesomely along.
"And owre the hill gade scrieven." - *Burns.*

Scrimp. To scant.
"There's Johnnie Trams has got a wife,
That scrimps him in his cogie." *Scots Song.*

Scrimpet. Scant, scanty.
"As scrimpt of manners as of sense and grace." *Ramsay.*

Scroggie. Covered with underwood, bushy.
"Amang the braes sae scroggie."

Sculdudrey. Fornication.
"Could sa'r sculdudrey out like John." - *Ramsay.*

Seizin'. Seizing.

Sel'. Self; *a body's sel'*, one's self alone.
"Sel'! Sel'! has peopled hell." *Scots Proverb.*

Sell't. Did sell.
"He sell't his saull for a cracket sixpence." *Scots Saying.*

Sen'. To send.
"An' then she'll sen' ye to the deil." *Scots Song.*

Servan'. Servant.
"Godliness is great gain, but sin keeps monie a servan'."
Scots Saying.

Settlin'. Settling; *to get a settlin'*, to be frighted into quietness.
"She gat a fearfu' settlin'." - - - *Burns.*

Sets, sets off. Goes away.

Shachlet-feet. Ill-shaped.
"Ye shape shoon by your ain shachlet feet." *Scots Proverb.*

Shair'd. A shred, a sherd.
"Ye're grown a skrinkie an' a shaird." *Scots Saying.*

Shangan. A stick cleft at one end for pulling the tail of a dog, &c. by way of mischief, or to frighten him away.
"Like collie wi' a shangan." - - *Davidson.*

Shank-it. Walk it; *shanks*, legs.
"Them that canna ride maun shank it." *Scots Saying.*

Shaul. Shallow.
"Shaul water's never smooth." - *Scots Proverb.*

Shaver. A humorous wag, a barber.
"He was an unco shaver
For mony a day." - - *Burns.*

Shavie. To do an ill turn.
"I played my filly sic a shavie." - *Burns.*

Shaw. To show; a small wood in a hollow place.
"Amang the shaws are nuts and haws." *Scots Rhyme.*

Sheep-shank. *To think one's self nae sheep-shank;* to be conceited.
"He has gowd in the bank, an' he's nae sheep shank." *Scots Rhyme.*

Sherra-muir. Sherriff-Muir, the famous battle of, 1715.
"Sherra-Muir was but a cock fight till't." *Scots Saying.*

Sheugh. A ditch, a trench, a sluice.
"The ciete circulet, and markit be ane seuch [Sheugh.]" *G. Douglas.*

Shiel-shealing. A shepherd's cottage.
"Ten miles frae ony town this shealing lies." *Ross.*

Shill. Shrill.
"A miller's daughter has a' a shill voice." *Scots Prov.*

Shog. A shock, a push off at one side.
"Gien earth a shog, and made thy will a law." *Ramsay.*

Shoo. Ill to please, ill to fit.
"Then daughter ye should na be sae ill to shoo." *Old Song.*

Sheol. A shovel.
"Let spades and shools do what they may,
Dryfe will hae Dryfesdale kirk away." *Old Rhyme.*

Shoon. Shoes.
"Where can I get a bonny boy
That will win hose and shoon." *Scots Ballad.*

Shore. To offer, to threaten.
"When she disna scaul she shores." *Scots Saying.*

Shor'd. Half offered and threatened.
"He shored the dog an' then he shot at it." *Scots Story.*

Shouther. Shoulder.
"Shouther to shouther stands steel an' pouther." *Scots Saying.*

Shot. One traverse of the shuttle from side to side of the web.
"He has nae put in a single shot i' the web this blessed day." - - - - *Scots Story.*

Sic. Such.
"Sic like a Robin Hood debates." - *Fergusson.*

Sicker. Sure, steady.
"Out thourch his ribs a sicker straik he drew." *Barbour.*
"I mak sicker." - *Motto of the Kirkpatrick Arms.*

Sidelins. Sideling slanting.
"For Nory's sake this sydeling hint he gae." *Ross.*

Silken-snood. A fillet of silk, a token of virginity.
"The lassie lost her silken snood,
Which cost her mony a blirt and bleary." *Scots Song.*

Siller. Silver, money, white.
"Her e'en were o' the siller sheen." *Fergusson.*

Simmer. Summer.
"O' simmer's showery blinks, and winter sour."
Fergusson.

Sin. A son.
"There's mirth 'mang the kin when the kimmer cries a sin." - - - - *Scots Proverb.*

Sinsyne. Since then.
"Its no that lang sinsyne." . - *Scots Poem.*

Skaith. To damage, to injure, injury.
"And kisses laying a' the wyte
On you if she kep ony skaith." - *Ramsay.*

Skeigh. Proud, nice, saucy, mettled.
"She's skeigh, but she winna skreigh." *Scots Saying.*

Skeigh. Shy, maiden coyness.
"She's no sae skeigh as she's skeigh-like." *Scots Prov.*

Skellum. A noisy, reckless fellow.
"She tauld thee weel thou wert a skellum." *Burns.*

Skelp. To strike, to slap; to walk with a smart tripping step, a smart stroke.
"And laid on skelp for skelp." - - *Lyndsay.*

Skelpi-limmer. A technical term in female scolding.
"Ye little skelpi-limmer's face." - - *Burns.*

Skelpin, Skelpit. Striking, walking rapidly, literally striking the ground.
"I cam to a place where there had been some clean skelping." - - - - - - *Scott.*
"A skelpit bottom breaks nae banes." *Scots Saying.*

Skinklin. Thin, gauzy, scaltery.
"Squire Pope but busks his skinklin-patches." *Burns.*

Skirling. Shrieking, crying.
"Sitting skirling on a cauld brae side." - *Scott.*

Skirl. To cry, to shriek shrilly.
"And skirl out bauld, in Norlan' speech." *Fergusson.*

Skirl't. Shrieked.
"I skirl't fu' loud, 'Oh! wae befa' thee.'" *Fergusson.*

Sklent. Slant, to run aslant, to deviate from truth.
"Of drawin' swords sklenting to and fra." *Douglas.*

Sklented. Ran, or hit, in an oblique direction.

"The draps sklented off like rain from a wild-duck's wing."
Scots Saying.

Skouth. Vent, free action.
"The rain comes skouth when the wins i' the south."
Scots Saying.

Skreigh. A scream, to scream, the first cry uttered by a child.
"For what wad gar her skirl and skreigh some day."
Ramsay.

Skyte. A worthless fellow, to slide rapidly off.
"He's a selfish skyte that cares but for his kyte."
Scots Saying.

Skyrin. Party-colored, the checks of the tartan.
"And a' the skyrin brins o' light." *Scots Poem.*

Slae. Sloe.
"Ane buss of bitter slaes." - - *Montgomery.*

Slade. Did slide.
"The wife slade cannie to her bed." - *Burns.*

Slap. A gate, a breach in a fence.
"He's a sharp tyke that can catch at every slap." *Scots Prov.*

Slaw. Slow.
"The feet are slaw when the head wears snaw." *Scots Say.*

Slee, sleest. Sly, slyest.
"Or Fergusson the bauld and slee." - *Burns.*

Sleekit. Sleek, sly.
"He's an auld farrant sleekit bodie." *Scots Story.*

Sliddery. Slippery.
"He slaid and stammerit on the sliddry ground." *G. Doug.*

Slip-shod. Smooth shod.
"Slip-shod's no for a frozen road." *Scots Saying.*

Sloken. Quench, slake.
"To keep the life, but not to sloken thirst." *Hudson.*

Slype. To fall over, as a wet furrow from the plough.
"Its owre slape an' slype for me to haud the gripe."
Yorkshire Saying.

Slypet-o'er. Fell over with a slow reluctant motion.
"Till spretty knowes just raired and risket,
And slypet owre." - *Burns.*

Sma' Small.
"Though my fortune be but sma'." - *Scots Song.*

Smeddum. Dust, powder, mettle, sense, sagacity.
"Has fowth o' sense an' smeddum in her." *Skinner.*

Smiddy. A smithy.
"Sae I joined the smiddy thrang." - *A. Scott.*

Smirking. Good-natured, winking.

Smoor, smoored. To smother, smothered.
"That his hie honor should not smure." *Lyndsay.*

Smoutie. Smutty, obscene; *smoutie phiz*, sooty aspect.
"The smoultrie smith, the swart Vulcanus." *Eng. Poem.*

Smytrie. A numerous collection of small individuals.
"A smytrie o' wee duddie weans." - *Burns.*

Snapper. Mistake.
"He's never out o' ae whipper snapper till he's into anither."
Snash. Abuse, Billingsgate, impertinence.
"The 'tither says I'll ha'et, an' that right snash." *Morison.*
Snaw. Snow, to snow.
"He's ane o' Snaw-ba's bairn-time." *Scots Saying.*
Snaw-broo. Melted snow.
"The river, swelled wi' snaw-broo, was raging frae bank to brae." - - - - *Scots Story.*
Snawie. Snowie.
"Her skin like snawy drift." - - *Fergusson.*
Sned. To lop, to cut off.
"It is good that God snedde the unfruitful and rotten branches." - - - - - - - *Boyd.*
Sned-besoms. To cut brooms.
"But I'll sned-besoms thraw saugh woodies
Before they want." *Burns.*
Sneeshin. Snuff.
"Or else they are not worth a sneeshin." *Meston.*
Sneeshin-mill. A snuff-box.
"And there his sneezing milne and box lyes."
Colvil's Mock Poem.
Snell and snelly. Bitter, biting; *snellest*, bitterest.
"Not Boreas that sae snelly blaws." *Fergusson.*
Snick-drawing. Trick-contriving.
"Then you, ye auld snic-drawing dog." - *Burns.*
Snick. The latchet of a door.
"Just lift the snick, and say peace be here." *Scots Advice.*
Snirt, snirtle. Concealed laughter, to breathe through the nostrils in a displeased manner.
"Now let her snirt and fyke her fill." - *Herd.*
Snool. One whose spirit is broken with oppressive slavery; to submit tamely, to sneak.
"Our dotard dads, snool'd wi' their wives." *Ramsay.*
Snoove. To go smoothly and constantly, to sneak.
"The naigs snooved awa', and the furrow fell owre like a ribbon." - - - - *Scots Story.*
Snowk, snowkit. To scent or snuff as a dog, scented, snuffed.
"The drink and eke the offerings great and small,
Snokis and likis." *Gaw. Douglas.*
Sodger. A soldier.
"On town guard sodger's faces." - *Fergusson.*
Sonsie. Having sweet engaging looks, lucky, jolly.
"Sonsie and cantie and gausie." - *Old Song.*
Soom. To swim.
"He'll soom wi' the stream, gae contrair wha will."
Souk. To suck, to drink long and enduringly.
"And aye she took the 'tither sook
To drouck the stowrie tow." - *Scots Song.*
Souple. Flexible, swift.

Soupled. Suppled.
"As he rins he grows warm, an' as he grows warm, he gets soupled, and then ye canna cast saut on his tail."
Scots Saying.
"The eel, fu' souple wags her tail." *Fergusson.*

Souther. To solder.
"Ye hae cowpit the southering pan, my lass." *Scots Song.*

Souter. A shoemaker.
"Up wi' the souters o' Selkirk." - *Scots Song.*

Sowens. The fine flour remaining among the seeds of oatmeal, made into an agreeable pudding.
"And sowens and farles and baps." *Scots Song.*

Sowp. A spoonful, a small quantity of anything liquid.
"A' ye wha live by sowps o' drink." *Burns.*

Sowth. To try over a tune with a low whistle.
"The soft sowth of the swyre and sound of the streams."
Dunbar.

Spae. To prophesy, to divine.
"For thoch sho spayit the soith." - *G. Douglas.*

Spails. Chips, splinters.
"Some stikkit thraw the coist with the spalis of tre." *Doug.*

Spaul. A limb.
"Auld Sathan claught him by the spaul." *Jac. Relics.*

Spairge. To clash, to soil, as with mire.
"Spairges about the brunstane cootie." - *Burns.*

Spate. Sudden floods.
"The burn on spate hurls down the bank." *G. Douglas.*

Spaviet. Having the spavins.
"Ye winna men' a spaviet horse wi' a braw bridle." *S. P.*

Speat. A sweeping torrent after rain or thaw.
"Unguarded was the hallan gate,
And Whigs poured in like Nith in spate." *Jac. Relics.*

Speel. To climb.
"I hope to speel a higher tree,
And herry a richer nest." - - *Scots Song.*

Spence. The parlor of a farm house or cottage.
"Intil a spence where victual was plentye." *Henrysone.*

Spier. To ask, to inquire; *spiert*, inquired.
"Whare do ye win, gin ane may spier." *Fergusson.*

Spinnin-graith. Wheel and roke and lint.
"Then Meg took up the spinning-graith." *Burns.*

Splatter. To splutter, a splutter.
"There's an unco' splatter, quo' the sow in the gutter."
Scots Saying.

Spleuchan. A tobacco pouch.
"Ilk chiel screwed up his dogskin spleuchan." *Davidson.*

Spore. A frolic, noise, riot.
"We have had some bits o' spores thegither." *Scott.*

Sprachled. Scrambled.
"Came spraughlin in a hurry out." *Mactaggart.*

Sprattle. To scramble.
"And making a sprattle for your life." - *Scott.*

Spreckled. Spotted, speckled.
"The spreckled mavis greets your ear." *Fergusson.*

Spring. A quick air in music, a Scottish reel.
"Playand on his harp of Trace sa pleasand springis." *Doug.*

Sprit, spret. A tough-rooted plant something like rushes, jointed-leaved rush.
"The ground is for the most part covered with sprit." *Highland Society.*

Sprittie. Full of sprits.
"He was lying in a little green spretty hollow." *S. Story.*

Spunk. Fire, mettle, wit, spark.
"Is nocht left in ane spunk." - *Godly Songs.*

Spunkie. Mettlesome, fiery; will o' the wisp, or ignis fatuus; the devil.
"He'll get a begunkie that lippens to spunkie." *Scots Say.*

Spurtle. A stick used in making oatmeal pudding or porridge, a notable Scottish dish.
"Ane spurtle braid, and ane elwand." *Bannatyne Poems.*

Squad. A crew or party, a squadron.
"The same day the council ordered out a squad of the guards." - - - - - - - *Wodrow.*

Squatter. To flutter in water, as a wild-duck, &c.
"Syne squaterit down into the sea." - *Lyndsay.*

Squattle. To sprawl in the act of hiding.
"Swith in some beggars haffit squattle." *Burns.*

Squeel. A scream, a screech, to scream.
"I trow he gaured the kimmers squeel." *Scots Song.*

Stacker. To stagger.
"Like a stirk stackarand in the rye." *Dunbar.*

Stack. A rick of corn, hay, peats.
"A peat stack at the door to keep a rantin fire." *Old Song.*

Staggie. A stag.
"An' could hae flown like onie staggie." *Burns.*

Staig. A two year old horse.
"Quhiles, thou stall staigs and stirks." *G. Douglas.*

Stalwart. Stately, strong.
"Now strong Gyane, now stalwart Cloantheus." *Douglas.*

Stang. Sting, stung.
"In herrying o' a bee-bike I hae got a stang." *Scots Song.*

Stan't. To stand: *stan't*, did stand.
"I canna stan't, I canna stan't; taking my siller is like taking my heart's blude." - *Scots Story.*

Stane. A stone.
"Sum stiack with stingis, sum gadderit stanes." *K. James.*

Stank. Did stink, a pool of standing water, slow moving water.
"And fand ane stank that flowit from ane well." *Doug.*

Stap. Stop, stave.
"I'll take a stap out o' your cog." - *Scots Saying.*

Stark. Stout, potent.

"Stark mighty wines and small wines." *Aberdeen Records.*

Startle. To run as cattle stung by the gadfly.
"That gars thee startle." - - - *Burns.*

Staukin. Stalking, walking disdainfully, walking without an aim.
"He gangs staup staukin, and yet he's wide waking."

Staumrel. A blockhead, half-witted.
"A full staumrel is half a gomeral." *Scots Saying.*

Staw. Did steal, to surfeit.
"We'll staw'd wi' them, he'll never spier." *Fergusson.*

Stech. To cram the belly.
"His father stecht his fortune in his wame." *Ramsay.*

Stechin. Cramming.
"There's meat and drink, and sae stech yoursels well." *A Scotch Exhortation.*

Steek. To shut, a stitch.
"Whan thrasher John, sair dung, his barn-door steeks." *Fergusson.*

Steer. To molest, to stir.
"Steer her up and haud her gaun." - *Scots Song.*

Steeve. Firm, compacted.
"As hot as ginger, and as steeve as steel." *Robertson.*

Stell. A still.
"Her nainsel does as gude as keep a sma' stell. *S. Story.*

Sten. To rear as a horse, to leap suddenly.
"My heart to my mou gied a sten." *Burns.*

Stravagin. Wandering without an aim.
"He has gi'en up a trade and ta'en to stravaugin." *S. Say.*

Stents. Tribute, dues of any kind.
"To tax and stent the hale inhabitants within the Parochin." - - - - *Acts James VI.*

Stey. Steep; *styest*, steepest.
"Set a stout heart to a stey brae." *Scots Proverb.*

Stibble. Stubble; *Stubble-rig*, the reaper in harvest who takes the lead.
"Shod i' the cradle, and barefoot i' the stibble." *S. Prov.*

Stick an'-stow. Totally, altogether.
"Which gin I gie you stick-an'-stow." - *Sheriffs.*

Stilt-stilts. A crutch; to limp, to halt; poles for crossing a river.
"The Dunscore salt lairds stilt the Nith." *Scots Song.*

Stimpart. The eighth part of a Winchester bushel.
"Them that canna get a peck maun pit up wi' a stimpart." - - - - *Scots Saying.*

Stirk. A cow or bullock a year old.
"Bryltynt our stirks and young beistis mony ane." *G. Doug.*

Stock. A plant of colewort, cabbages.
"A body's no broke while they hae a green kale stock." *Scots Proverb.*

Stockin'. Stocking; throwing the stocking, when the bride and bridegroom are put into bed the former throws a stocking at random among the company, and the person whom it falls on is the next that will be married.

Stook, stooked. A shock of corn, made into shocks.
"And when its a' cut I'll stook it wi' pleasure." *Galloway.*

Stot. A young bull or ox.
"Semin young stottis, that yoik bare neuir nane." *Doug.*

Stound. Sudden pang of the heart.
"So tyl hys heart stoundis the pryk of death." *G. Doug.*

Stoup, or *Stowp.* A kind of high narrow jug or dish with a handle, for holding liquids.
"Freyr Robert sayd, dame, fill ane stoup of ale. *Dunbar.*

Stowre. Dust: more particularly dust in motion; *stowrie*, dusty.
"The strang stowre raise like reek amang them fast."
Blind Harry.

Stownlins. By stealth.
"And stownlins when there was na thinking." *Nicol.*

Stown. Stolen.
"Aft tymis gear tynt or stown is getten agane be conjurers."
Hamilton.

Stoyte. The walking of a drunken man.
"He gies mony a stoyte, but never a tumble." *Scots Say.*

Straek. Did strike.
"He had the same sword in keeping that strak the field o' Flodden." - - - - - *Pitscottie.*

Strae. Straw; *to die a fair strae death*, to die in bed.
"And out he drew his gude brown sword
And straket it on the strae." - *Old Ballad.*

Straik. To stroke; *straiket*, stroked.
"That straykes thir wenches hedis them to please." *G. Doug.*

Strappen. Tall, handsome, vigorous.
"The English minister proposed to hire a band of strappen Elliots." - - - - - *Scott.*

Strath. Low alluvial land, a holm.
"A strath is a flat piece of arable land lying along side or sides of some capital river." *Burt.*

Straught. Straight.
"Hand of woman or of man either will never straught him." - - - - - - - - - *Scott.*

Streek. Stretched, to stretch.
"Nane o't she wyled but forward on did streek." *Ross.*

Striddle. To straddle.
"Lads like to striddle to the soun' o' the fiddle." *S. Rhyme.*

Stroan. To spout, to piss.
"An' stroaned on stanes and hillocks wi' him." *Burns.*

Stroup. The spout.
"O haste ye an' come to our gate en'
And sowther the stroup o' my lady's pan."

Studdie. The anvils.
"Item, three iron studdies and ane cruke studdie."
Inventory.

Stumpie. Diminutive of stump; a grub pen.
"And down gade stumpie in the ink." - *Burns.*

Strunt. Spirituous liquor of any kind; to walk sturdily, to be affronted.
"Gif ony wayward lassie tak the strunt." *Scots Poem.*

Stuff. Corn or pulse of any kind.
"And snodly cleaned the stuff. - *Tarras.*

Sturt. Trouble; to molest.
"To sturt them on the streme fra hand to hand." *Doug.*

Startin. Frighted.
"When death lifts the curtain it's time to be startin."
Scots Proverb.

Styme. A glimmer.
"Suppose thou sees her not a styme." *Montgomery.*

Sucker. Sugar.
"An' just a wee drap spiritual burnin'
And gusty sucker." - - - - *Burns.*

Sud. Should.
"That you sud musing gae." - - *Fergusson.*

Sugh. The continued rushing noise of wind or water.
"Cald blaws the nippin' north wi' angry sugh." *Ferg.*

Sumph. A pluckless fellow with little heart or soul.
"Surveys the self made sumph in proper light." *Ramsay.*

Suthron. Southern, an old name of the English.
"A southern there he slew at every stroke." *Bl. Harry.*

Swaird. Sword.
"Yere a fine swaird quo' the fule to the wheat-braird."
Scots Saying.

Swall'd. Swelled.
"Its a world's pity to see how these rings are pinching the poor creature's swall'd fingers." - *Scott.*

Swank. Stately, jolly.
"Mair hardy, souple, steeve and swank. *Fergusson.*

Swankie or *Swanker.* A tight strapping young fellow or girl.
"At een in the gloamin'
Nae swankies are roamin'." - *Scots Song.*

Swap. An exchange, to barter.
"I trou we swappit for the warse." . *Old Song.*

Swarfed. Swooned.
"The scene dumfoundered the wretch, and swarfed him sae that he could not utter a word." *Martaggart.*

Swat. Did sweat.
"They swat like ponies when they speel
Up braes or when they gallop." - *Ramsay.*

Swatch. A sample.
"A swatch—a pattern or piece for a sample." *Sinclair.*

Swats. Drink, good ale, new ale or wort.
"Nor kept dow'd tip within her waas
But reamin swats." - - *Ramsay.*

Sweer. Lazy, averse: *dead-sweer*, extremely averse.
"Deferred hopes needna make me dead-sweer." *Rutherford.*

Swoor. Swore, did swear.

Swinge. To beat, to whip.
"Swynget and faught full sturdeley." *Barbour.*

Swinke. To labour hard.
"To swinke and sweat withouten meat or wage." *Henrysone.*

Swirlie. Knaggy, full of knots.
"He taks a swirlie auld moss aik,
For some black gruesome carlin." *Burns.*

Swirl. A curve, an eddying blast or pool, a knot in wood.
"The swelland swirl uphesit us to heauen." *Douglas.*

Swith. Get away.
"Swith roast a hen an' fry some chickens." *Ramsay.*

Swither. To hesitate in choice, an irresolute wavering in choice.
"Sae there's nae time to swidder 'bout the thing." *Ross.*

Syebow. A thick necked onion.
"Wi' syebows, an' rifarts, an' carlins." *Scots Song.*

Syne. Since, ago, then.
"The meal was dear short syne.' - *Scots Song.*

T.

Tackets. Broad-headed nails for the heels of shoes.
"Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets." *Burns.*

Tae. A toe; *three-taed*, having three prongs.
"Owre mony masters, quo' the toad to the harrows when every tae gied him a tig." *Scott*

Tak. To take; *takin*, taking.
"They tak te horse then by te head." *Scots Song.*

Tangle. A sea-weed used as salad.
"Scraped haddocks, wilks, dulse, and tangle." *Scots Song.*

Tap. The top.
"I'll tak my tap in my lap and rin." - *Scott.*

Tapetless. Heedless, foolish.
"That she grew tapetless and swarft therewith." *Ross.*

Targe. *Targe them tightly*, cross question them severely.

Tarrow. To murmur at one's allowance.
"A tarrowing bairn was never fat." *Scots Proverb.*

Tarry-breeks. A sailor.
"Tarry-breeks are toom when tartan trews are fou." *S. Prov.*

Tassie A small measure for liquor.
"Here's my Jean's health in the siller lipt tassie." *Scots Song.*

Tauld, or *tald.* Told.
"I trow anither tale she tauld." - *Scots Song.*

Taupie. A foolish, thoughtless young person.
"Porridge," quoth Hab, "ye senseless taupie." *Ramsay.*

Tauted, or *Tautie.* Matted together (spoken of hair and wool.)
"He had ad ill faur't tautie face." - *Tannahill.*

Tawie. That allows itself peaceably to be handled (spoken of a cow, horse, &c.)
"He fund when a fiel' he was tawie an' tame." *Picken.*

Teat. A small quantity.
"And we'll get teats o' woo." - - *Scots Song.*

Teethless bawtie. Toothless cur.
"When our dog Bawtie barks, fast to the door I rin." *S. Song.*

Teethless gab. A mouth wanting the teeth, an expression of scorn.
"While ae gab's teething anither's growing teethless." *S. Prov.*

Ten-hours-bite. A slight feed to the horse while in the yoke in the forenoon.
"Or dealing through amang the naigs,
Their ten-hours'-bite." - - - *Burns.*

Tent. A field pulpit, heed, caution ; to take heed.
"Dawnus, son Turnus, in the nynte tak tent." *G. Douglas.*

Tentie. Heedful, cautious.
"Be wyse and tentie in thy governing." *Maitland Poems.*

Tentless. Heedless, careless.
"She that fa's owre a strae's a tentless taupie." *Scots Prov.*

Teugh. Tough.
"Wi' aureate leuis, and flexibil twistis teuch." *Douglas.*

Thack. Thatch ; *thack an' rape*, clothing and necessaries.
"Some grathis first the thak and rufe of tree." *Douglas.*

Thae. These.

Thairms. Small guts, fiddle strings.
"He that has a wide thairm has never a lang arm."
"For while I kittle hair on thairms." *Burns.*

Thankit. Thanked.
"He first said bethankit an' syne he drank it." *Scots Prov.*

Theekit. Thatch'd.
"With lede the south yle thekyd alsua." *Wyntown.*

Thegither. Together.
"Gin we be seen thegither in the mirk." *Ross.*

Themsel'. Themselves.
"Them that tent nae themsel' will tent nae body else."
Scots Proverb.

Thick. Intimate, familiar.
"Nae twa were ever seen mair thick." *Davidson.*

Thigger. Crowding, make a noise ; a seeker of alms.
"Thiggers are those who beg in a genteel way." *Mactaggart.*

Thir. These.
"To thir twa wardanys athis swar." - *Barbour.*

Thirl. To thrill.
"An elbuck dirle will lang play thirl." *Scots Proverb.*

Thirled. Thrilled, vibrated.
"Thro' ilka limb an' lisk the terror thirled." *Ross.*

Thole. To suffer, to endure.
"Quhat danger is he suld thole on land and sea. *Douglas.*

Thowe. A thaw, to thaw.
"Dighted his face, his handies thow'd." *G. Douglas.*

Thowless. Slack, lazy.
"He was thowless and had in wown." *Wyntown.*

Thrang. Throng, busy, a crowd.
"A' thoughtless bodies aye thrang." *Scots Proverb.*

Thrapple. Throat, windpipe.
"Till thropil and wesand gade in two." *Barbour.*

Thraw. To sprain, to twist, to contradict.
"Thraw the wand while it's green." *Scots Proverb.*

Thrawin'. Twisting, &c.
"Alecto hir thrawin visage did away." *G. Doug.*

Thrawn. Sprained, twisted, contradicted, contradiction.
"Thraw the widdie whan the wood's green." *Scots Prov.*

Threap. To maintain by dint of assertion.
"'Bout once threap when he and I fell out." *Ross.*

Threshin'. Thrashing; *threshin'-tree*, a flail.

Threteen. Thirteen.

Thristle. Thistle.
"Bot thrissil, nettil, brier, and thorne." *Lyndsay.*

Through. To go on with, to make out.
"Hey ca' through, ca' through." - *Scots Song.*

Throuther. Pell-mell, confusedly (through-ither).
"And see throwither warpled were that she." *Ross.*

Thrum. Sound of a spinning wheel in motion, the thread remaining at the end of a web.
"He's no a gude weaver that leaves lang thrums. *S. Prov.*

Thud. To make a loud intermittent noise.
"Throw cluds so, he thuds so." - *Montgomery.*

Thummart. Foumart, pole-cat.
"May the foumart lay his crawin." *Scots Song.*

Thumpit. Thumped.
"When pulpit thumpers did express." *Meston.*

Thysel'. Thyself.
"Mind thysel'—the warld will mind the lave." *Scots Prov.*

Till't. To it.
"Till't they gade ye see on a braw simmer morning." *Scott.*

Timmer. Timber.
"Timmeris for helmis war the tane." - *Barbour.*

Tine. To lose; *tint*, lost.
"Micht he do ocht but tyne him as it was." *Bl. Harry.*

Tinkler. A tinker.
"It canna be warse that's no worth a tinkler's curse." *S. Prov.*

Tip. A ram.
"Young Colin plodded wi' his stray tips." *Davidson.*

Tippence. Two-pence, money.
"Wae to him that lippens to others for tippence." *S. Prov.*

Tirl. To make a slight noise, to uncover.
"When the wind blaws loud and tirls our strae." *S. Song.*

Tirlin', tirlet. Uncovering.
"And aff his coat they tirlet by the croun." *S. Poem.*

Tither. The other.
"An' the tae fat boutcher fryed the tither." *Jac. Relics.*

Tittle. To whisper, to prate idly.
"My old and great acquaintances at the court of France tittled in the Queen's ear." - - *Melvil.*

Tittlin. Whispering.
"Here sits a raw o' tittlin jades." - *Burns.*

Tocher. Marriage portion; *tocher bands*, marriage bonds.
"She need na mind a clochar wha has a rich tocher." *S. Prov*

Tod. A fox. "*Tod i' the fauld*," fox in the fold.
"Birds hes their nests and tods hes thair den." *Lyndsay.*

Toddle. To totter, like the walk of a child; *todlen dow*, toddling dove.
"Toddling burns that smoothly play." *Fergusson.*

Too-fa'. "Too fa' o' the nicht," when twilight darkens into night; a building added, a lean-to.
"The to fallis twa war made but were." *Wyntown.*

Toom. Empty.
"Of toom dominion on the plenteous main." *Ramsay.*

Toomed. Emptied.
"And as they shot the saddles toomed, toomed." *S. Story.*

Toop. A ram.
"My poor toop lamb, my son an' heir." *Burns.*

Toss. A toast.
"An' a forbye my bonnie sel',
The toss o' Ecclefechan."

Tosie. Warm and ruddy with warmth, good-looking, intoxicating.
"And brought them wealth of meat and tosie drink." *Hamilton.*

Toun. A hamlet, a farm house.
"Will ye ca' in by our toun, as ye gae to the faul." *S. Song.*

Tout. The blast of a horn or trumpet, to blow a horn or trumpet.
"O lady I heard a wee horn tout." *Old Ballad.*

Touzles, touzling. Romping, ruffling the clothes.
"Whilk touzles a' their tap, and gars them shak wi' fear." *Ferg.*

Tow. A rope.
"His towes I find hae been sae fine." *Scots Poem.*

Towmond. A twelvemonth.
"To this towmond I'se indent." - - *Ramsay.*

Towzie. Rough, shaggy.
"He's an auld tawtie touzie beast." - *Scots Song.*

Toy. A very old fashion of female head-dress.
"My grannie's joy is her grannie's toy." *Scots Saying.*

Toyte. To totter like old age.
"He's auld and feckless, an' a' he dow do is to toyte about." *Scots Song.*

Trams. *Barrow trams*, the handles of a barrow.
We'll batter it wi' a barrow tram." - *Dunbar.*

Transmogrified. Transmigrated, metamorphosed.
"It has undergone a great transmogrification." *Galt.*

Trashtrie. Trash, rubbish.
"Wi' sauce, ragouts an' sic like trashtrie." *Burns.*

Trickie. Full of tricks.
"A trickie chap's easiest tricket." *Scots Saying.*

Trig. Spruce, neat.

"Full taicht and trig socht blet and to their dammes." *Doug.*

Trimly. Cleverly, excellently, in a seemly manner.
"An trimly other tryme conceits." - *Scots Poem.*

Trinle, trintle. The wheel of a barrow, to roll.
"An' my auld mither burnt the trinle." *Burns.*

Trinklin. Trickling.
"Lyke to the trinklin black stemes of pik." *G. Doug.*

Troggers, troggin'. Wandering merchants, goods to truck or dispose of.
"The second are those called troggers who carry on a species of traffic." - *Sinclair.*

Trow. To believe, to trust to.
"And gif that ye will trow to me." - *Barbour.*

Trowth. Truth, a petty oath.
"And trowth had in swylk fantasie." *Wyntown.*

Trysts. Appointments, love meetings, cattle shows.
"Was at that tryste that ilke day." - *Wyntown.*

Tumbler-wheels. The wheels of a kind of low cart.
"She can digest the wheels o' tumbler cars like Willie Stalker's mare." - *Scots Saying.*

Tug. Raw hide, of which in old time plough traces were frequently made.

Tug or *tow.* Either in leather or rope.
"As e'er in tug or trow was traced." - *Burns.*

Tulzie. A quarrel, to quarrel, to fight.
"Sevin' sum that the tulzie maid." - *K. James.*

Twa. Two; *twa-fald*, two-fold.
"They made a paction 'tween them twa." *K. James V.*

Twa-three. A few.
"In twa-three words I'll gie ye my opinion." *S. Poem.*

'Twad. It would.

Twal. Twelve; *twal pennie worth*, a small quantity, a penny-worth."—N. B. One penny English is 12d. Scotch.
"In twal year throw his douchty dede." *Barbour.*

Twa faul. Two-fold.
"He's laid him twa fauld owre his steed." *Scots Ballad.*

Twin. To part.
"He'll no twin wi' his gear." - - *Old Ballad.*

Twistle. Twisting, the art of making a rope.
"I'll twissle yere thrapple in a jiffy." *Scots Story.*

Tyke. A dog.
"Thocht he dow not to leid a tyk." - *Dunbar.*

Tysday. Tuesday.
"Saw ye aught o' the rinaway bride
Should been married on Tysday teen." *Scots Song.*

U.

Unback'd filly. A young mare hitherto unsaddled.
"But take it like the unbacked filly,
Proud o' her speed." - *Burns.*

Unco. Strange, uncouth, very, very great, prodigious.
"Ye've lain in an unco bed, and wi' an unco man." *Scots Song.*
Uncos. News.
"Sae tells the uncos that ye've heard or seen." *Morison.*
Unfauld. Unfold.
"The news grow cauld that slow tongues unfauld." *S. Prov.*
Unkenn'd. Unknown.
"An unkenn'd sea has aye an unkenn'd shore." *S. Prov.*
Unsicker. Uncertain, wavering, insecure.
"Unsicker unstable, quo' the wave to the cable." *S. Prov.*
Unskaithed. Undamaged, unhurt.
Upo'. Upon.

V.

Vap'rin. Vaporing.
"In wrath she was sae vap'rin." - *Burns.*
Vauntie. Joyous, delight which cannot contain itself.
"'Tis daffin to be vauntie." - - *Old Song.*
Vera. Very.
"Other fowk are well faured, but ye're no sae vera." *Scots Say.*
Virl. A ring round a column, &c.
"Of plumb-tree made, with ivory virles round." *Ramsay.*
Vogie. Vain.
"And vogie that I ca' my ain." - - *Ross.*

W.

Wa' Wall; *wa's*, walls.
"The lady looked over the castle wa',
Cried wha maks a' this din?" - *Scots Ballad.*
Wabster. A weaver.
"Find me ane wabster that is leill." - *Lyndsay.*
Wad. Would, to bet, a bet, a pledge.
Wadna. Would not.
"What writer wadna gang as far as
He could for bread." - *Fergusson.*
Wadset. Land on which money is lent, a mortgage.
"An' what's his lairdship, a mere wadset no worth redeeming."
Wae. Woe; *waefu'*, sorrowful; wailing.
"It was wae-days wi' Charlie." - *Scots Song.*
Waefu'-woodie. Hangman's rope.
"But wearly-fa' the waefu' woodie." - *Burns.*
Waesucks! *Wae's me!* Alas! O the pity!
"Some that hae least to dree are loudest wi' waes me!"
Scots Proverb.
Wa' flower. Wall-flower.
"Ye may fin the smell o' the wa' flower for three miles frae the abbey tap when the wins in the west."
Scots Story.

Waft. Woof; the cross thread that goes from the shuttle through the web.

"True love's the waft o' life, but it whiles comes through a sorrowfu' shuttle." - - - - *Scots Saying.*

Waifs an' crocks. Stray sheep and old ewes, past breeding.

"And sittin down like sarye crokkis." - *Dunbar.*

Wair. To lay out, to expend.

"Wi' ten pund Scots, on sarkin to ware." *Scots Song.*

Wale. Choice, to choose.

"The wale o' our lasses is moorland Meg." *Scots Song.*

Wal'd. Chose, chosen.

"She her man like a lammie led.
Hame wi' a weill waled wordie." - - *Ramsay.*

Walie. Ample, large, jolly, also an exclamation of distress.

"O waly, waly up the bank." - *Scots Song.*

Wame. The belly.

"A rotten sod across his wame." - *Hogg*

Wamefu' A belly-full.

"Let ne'er a wamefu' be a missing." - *A. Scott*

Wanchansie. Unlucky.

"Wi' creels wanchancie heap'd wi' bread." *Fergusson.*

Wanrest, Wanrestfu'. Restless, unrestfull.

"Quo' she, I wis I could your wanrest ken." *Ross*

Wark. Work.

"Rise early to their wark." - *Fergusson.*

Wark-lume. A tool to work with.

"An' cause she soon that wark-lume quit." *Scots Poem.*

Warld's worm. A miser.

"Some ca' him Haud-the-grip, and ithers the Warld's-worm." *Scots Story.*

Warle, or *Warld.* World.

"Its ill to quarrel wi' a misrid warl."

Warlock. A wizard; *Warlock-Knowe*, a knoll, where warlocks once held tryste.

"Ye'll neither die for ye're wit, not be drowned for a warlock." - - - - *Scots Proverb.*

Warly. Worldly, eager in amassing wealth.

"The warly race may riches chase." - *Burns.*

Warran'. A warrant, to warrant.

"Indeed, quo' she, I'se warran'." - *Scots Song.*

Warsle. Wrestle.

"Quha with this warld dois warsell and stryfe." *Dunbar.*

Warsl'd or *Warst'led.* Wrestled.

"Weve foughten teugh and warsled sair." *Scots Song.*

Wastrie. Prodigality.

"A house in a hastrie is downright wastrie." *S. Prov.*

Wat. Wet: *I wat—I wot*—I know.

"After their yokin—I wat weel." . *Fergusson.*

Wat. A man's upper dress; a sort of mantle.

"To make a wat to Jonnie of." - - *Burns.*

Water-brose. Brose made of meal and water simply, without the addition of milk, butter, &c.
"Them that likes na water brose will scunner at cauld steerie." - - - - - - - *Scots Proverb.*

Wattle. A twig—a wand.
"He cut a wand and gae her a wattlin." *Scots Story.*

Wauble. To swing—to reel.
"He's grown sae wauf he scarce can wauble."
Scots Saying.

Waukin. Waking—watching.
"Yet weel I like to meet her
At the wauking of the fauld." - - *Ramsay.*

Waukit. Thickened as fullers do cloth.
"Done, quo' Pate, and syne his eries,
Nailed the dysters wauket loof." - *A Wilson.*

Waukrife. Not apt to sleep.
"Thou art a gay and a kindlie quean,
But thou hast a waukrife minnie." - *Scots Song.*

Waur. Worse—to worst.
"And what the waur am I." - - *Old Song.*

Waur't. Worsted.
"Wad aiblins waur't thee at a brattle." - *Burns.*

Wean. A child.
"Ilka year a dainty wean." - - - *Macneill.*

Weary-widdle. Toilsome contest of life.
"This warl's a widdle, as weel as a riddle." *Scots Prov.*

Weason. Weasand—windpipe.
"Weet your weason, or else it will geeson." *Scots Say.*

Weaven' the stocking. To knit stockings.
"To ca' the crack an' weave our stockin." - *Burns.*

Weeder-clips. Instrument for removing weeds.
"I turned the weeder-clips aside." - - *Burns.*

Wee. Little; *wee things*—little ones; *wee bits*—a small matter.
"Oh! wee, wee man, but ye be strang." *Scots Ballad.*

Weel. Well; *weelfare*, welfare.
"They're weel guidet that God guides." *Scots Proverb.*

Weet. Rain—wetness; to wet.
"Logan waters wide and deep,
And I am laith to weet my feet." - *Scots Song.*

We'se. We shall.
"We'se a' be fu' when the corns i' the mow." *Scots Song.*

Wha. Who.
"Ye wha hae sung o' Hallow fair." - *Fergusson.*

Whaizle. To wheeze.
"Ye fuff and wheazle, like a hunted weasel." *Scots Prov.*

Whalpit. Whelped.

Whang. A leathern thong—a piece of cheese—bread, &c.
"Cut frae the new cheese a whang." - *James V.*

Whare. Where. *Where'er*—wherever.
"Whare will our gude-man lie?" - *Scots Song.*

Wheep. To fly nimbly—to jerk—*penny-wheep*—small beer.
"He hated penny-wheep and water." *Scots Rhyme.*
Whase, wha's. Whose—who is.
"Wha's killed forby me. - *Scots Exclamation.*
What reck. Nevertheless.
"And yet what reck he at Quebec." - *Burns.*
Whid. The motion of a hare running, but not frightened—a lie.
"He'll tell you a whid aboon what he's bid." *Scots Saying.*
Whidden. Running as a hare, or coney.
"The linnet's flitten frae cowe to cowe,
The hare is whidden from knowe to knowe." *Scots Song.*
Whigmeleeries. Whims—fancies—crotchets.
Whilk. Which.
"Than whilk I trow." - - - *Fergusson.*
Whingin'. Crying—complaining—fretting.
"Fears aye pingin and sorrows aye whingin'." *Scots Saying.*
Whirligigums. Useless ornaments—trifling appendages.
The capitals which surmount the columns on the new bridge of Ayr.
Whissle. A whistle—to whistle.
"The shrill sound of a thin sword blade in the act of striking."
Whisht. Silence; *to hold one's whisht*—to be silent.
"Whisht gude wife—is this a day to be singing your ranting fule sangs in." - - - - *Scott.*
Whisk; whisket. To sweep—to lash.
"He whisket it cross my lips I trow,
Which makes them baith sae mealy." *Scots Song.*
Whiskin' beard. A beard like the whiskers of a cat.
"A whiskin' beard about her mou." - *Burns.*
Whiskit. Lashed. The motion of a horse's tail removing flies.
Whitter. A hearty draught of liquor.
"He's na flitter while the cog yields a whitter." *Scots Say.*
Whittle. A knife.
"Pits ilk chiel's whittle i' the pye." *Fergusson.*
Whunstane. A winstone.
"Be to the poor like ony whunstane." - *Burns.*
Wi'. With.
"How's a' wi'e my sonsie dame." - *Scots Song.*
Wick. To strike a stone in an oblique direction—a term in curling.
"Guard this in wick, else its a' day with the dinner and drink." - - - *Directions in Curling.*
Widdifu'. Twisted like a withy—one who merits hanging.
"Vain widdifou out of thy wit gane wild." *Dunbar.*
Wiel. A small whirlpool.
"An' in the wiel she will drown me." *Old Ballad.*
Wifie-wifikie. A diminutive or endearing name for wife.
"There was a wee bit wifiekie and she gaed to the fair." *Geddes.*

Wight. Stout—enduring.
"A nobell knight,
Stout and manly, bauld and wycht." - *Wyntown.*

Willyart-glower. A bewildered, dismayed stare.
"Whiles wandering, whiles dandering,
Like royd and willyart rais." - - *Burel.*

Wimple-womplet. To meander—meandered—to enfold.
"Womplit and busket in ane bluidy bend." *G. Douglas.*

Wimplin'. Waving—meandering.
"Where wimplin' waters make their way." *Ramsay.*

Win'. To wind—to winnow.
"Weel win' corn, should be housed ere the morn." *Scots Prov.*

Winnin'-thread. Putting thread into hanks.
"Prudence should be winning when thrift is spinning."
Scots Saying.

Win't. Winded as a bottom of yarn.

Win'. Wind.
"O, is there water in your glove,
Or win' into your shoe." - - *Old Ballad.*

Win. Live.
"Where do ye win, gin ane may speer." *Fergusson.*

Winna. Will not.
"In troth I winna steer ye." - - *Scots Song.*

Winnock. A window.
"May gain a place in Fame's high winnock." *Tannahill.*

Winsome. Hearty—vaunted—gay.
"Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow." *Hamilton.*

Wintle. A staggering motion—to stagger—to reel.
"He'll wintle in a widdie as sure as I'm i' the body."
Scots Saying.

Wiss. To wish.
"There was nae need o' her to wis to pit me daft." *Galt.*

Withouten. Without.

Wizened. Hide-bound—dried—shrunk.
"He's wizened, but yere geisond." That is, he is dry, but you are dryer.

Winze. A curse, or imprecation.
"He loot a winze and drew a straik." - *Burns.*

Wonner. A wonder—a contemptuous appellation.
"Some are unlo'esome enough, but ye're a warls wonner."
Burns.

Woo'. Wool.
"Simmer it is coming in an we'll get teats o' woo'."
Scots Song.

Woo. To court—to make love to.
"Wooing at her, puin at her." - *Scots Song.*

Widdie. A rope—more properly one of withs or willows.
"He was missed by the water but caught by the widdie."
Scots Prov.

Woer-bobs The garter knitted below the knee with a couple of loops.

Wordy. Worthy.
"He's weel wordy o'er her, or the best o' a' her kin." *S. Song.*
Worset. Worsted.
"Her braw new worset apron." - - *Burns.*
Wrack. To teaze—to vex.
"I'll teaze him an' wrack him until I heart break him." *Burns.*
Wud. Wild—mad—*wud-mad*—distracted.
"Ance wud, and aye waur." - - *Scots Prov.*
Wumble. A wimble.
"To do sic a darke is like boring wi' a fipless wumble." *Scots Saying.*
Wraith. A spirit—a ghost—an apparition exactly like a living person, whose appearance is said to forebode the person's approaching death, also wrath.
"And in her sleep loud wraith in every place." *Douglas.*
Wrang. Wrong—to wrong.
"With rycht or wrang it hav wald thae." *Barbour.*
Wreeth. A drifted heap of snow.
"Anes she lay a week or langer,
Underneath a wreeth o' snaw." - *Skinner.*
Wyliecoat. A flannel vest.
"The bride in wyliecoat sae braw,
Sat on her nether en." - *Ramsay.*
Wyte. Blame—to blame.
"Had I the wyte she bade me." - *Scots Song.*

Y.

Ye. This pronoun is frequently used for thou.
Yearns. Longs much.
"He's aye in a yearn, yearn or a girn, girn." *Scots Say.*
Yealings. Born in the same year—coevals.
"Near eeldins wi' the sun your God." *Ramsay.*
Year. Is used both for singular and plural years.
Yell. Barren—that gives no milk.
"A yell sow was never gude to grices." *Scots Prov.*
Yerk. To lash—to jerk.
"If I canna sew, quoth Wat, I can yerk." *Scott.*
Yerket. Jerked—lashed.
"Their skins are gayley yerkit." - *Ramsay.*
Yestreen. Yesternight.
"Yestreen I saw the new moon
Wi' the auld moon in her arm." *Scots Ballad.*
Yett. A gate.
"Thai wist not weill at what yett he ingaid." *Bl. Harry.*
Yeuks. Itches.
"I'll gar ye scart where it disna yeuk." *Scots Say.*
Yill. Ale.
"Aye blithely, sir, an' drink his health too, when the yill's gude." *Scott.*

Yird, yirded. Earth—earthed—buried.
"Into great pitts eardet were." - - *Barbour.*

Yokin'. Yoking.
"Or haud the yokin' o' a plough." *Jac. Relics.*

Yont, ayont. Beyond.
"The auld wife ayont the fire." - - *Ross.*

Yirr. Lively.
"You yirr and yowl, you bark but dare na bite."
Scots Saying.

Yowe. An ewe.
"And ane black yowe to God of tempests fell." *Douglas.*

Yowie. Diminutive yowe.
"The ewie an' the crookit horn,
Sic a ewie ne'er was born." - - *Skinner.*

Yule. Christmas.
"And held his yhule in Aberdeen." - *Wyntown.*

APPENDIX.

[The following poems form part of a vast number of verses written at various periods and in various moods in memory of Burns: too few perhaps are selected; but to admit all would be to print a volume.]

ON THE DEATH OF BURNS.

BY

WILLIAM ROSCOE.

Rear high thy bleak majestic hills,
  Thy shelter'd valleys proudly spread,
And Scotia, pour thy thousand rills,
  And wave thy heaths with blossoms red;
But ah! what poet now shall tread
  Thy airy heights, thy woodland reign,
Since he, the sweetest bard is dead
  That ever breath'd the soothing strain?

As green thy towering pines may grow,
  As clear thy streams may speed along,
As bright thy summer suns may glow,
  As gaily charm thy feathery throng;
But now, unheeded is the song,
  And dull and lifeless all around,
For his wild harp lies all unstrung,
  And cold the hand that wak'd its sound.

What tho' thy vigorous offspring rise,
In arts, in arms, thy sons excel;
Tho' beauty in thy daughters' eyes,
And health in every feature dwell;
Yet who shall now their praises tell,
In strains impassion'd, fond, and free,
Since he no more the song shall swell
To love, and liberty, and thee?

With step-dame eye and frown severe
His hapless youth why didst thou view?
For all thy joys to him were dear,
And all his vows to thee were due:
Nor greater bliss his bosom knew,
In opening youth's delightful prime,
Than when thy favoring ear he drew
To listen to his chaunted rhyme.

Thy lonely wastes and frowning skies
To him were all with rapture fraught;
He heard with joy the tempest rise
That wak'd him to sublimer thought:
And oft thy winding dells he sought,
Where wild flowers pour'd their rathe perfume,
And with sincere devotion brought
To thee the summer's earliest bloom.

But ah! no fond paternal smile
His unprotected youth enjoy'd;
His limbs inur'd to early toil,
His days with early hardships tried:
And more to mark the gloomy void,
And bid him feel his misery,
Before his infant eyes would glide
Day-dreams of immortality.

Yet, not by cold neglect depress'd,
With sinewy arm he turn'd the soil,
Sunk with the evening sun to rest,
And met at morn his earliest smile.
Wak'd by his rustic pipe, meanwhile
The powers of fancy came along,
And sooth'd his lengthen'd hours of toil
With native wit and sprightly song.

—Ah! days of bliss, too swiftly fled,
When vigorous health from labor springs,
And bland contentment smooths the bed,
And sleep his ready opiate brings;
And hovering round on airy wings
Float the light forms of young desire,
That of unutterable things
The soft and shadowy hope inspire.

Now spells of mightier power prepare,
Bid brighter phantoms round him dance;
Let flattery spread her viewless snare,
And fame attract his vagrant glance:
Let sprightly pleasure too advance,
Unveil'd her eyes, unclasp'd her zone,
'Till lost in love's delirious trance
He scorn the joys his youth has known.

Let friendship pour her brightest blaze,
Expanding all the bloom of soul;
And mirth concenter all her rays,
And point them from the sparkling bowl;
And let the careless moments roll
In social pleasures unconfin'd,
And confidence that spurns control
Unlock the inmost springs of mind:

And lead his steps those bowers among,
Where elegance with splendor vies,
Or science bids her favor'd throng
To more refin'd sensations rise:
Beyond the peasant's humbler joys,
And freed from each laborious strife,
There let him learn the bliss to prize
That waits the sons of polish'd life.

Then whilst his throbbing veins beat high
With every impulse of delight,
Dash from his lips the cup of joy,
And shroud the scene in shades of night;
And let despair, with wizard light,
Disclose the yawning gulf below,
And pour incessant on his sight
Her specter'd ills and shapes of woe:

And show beneath a cheerless shed,
With sorrowing heart and streaming eyes,
In silent grief where droops her head,
The partner of his early joys;
And let his infant's tender cries
His fond parental succour claim,
And bid him hear in agonies
A husband's and a father's name.

'Tis done, the powerful charm succeeds;
His high reluctant spirit bends;
In bitterness of soul he bleeds,
Nor longer with his fate contends.
An idiot laugh the welkin rends
As genius thus degraded lies;
'Till pitying Heaven the veil extends
That shrouds the Poet's ardent eyes.

—Rear high thy bleak majestic hills,
Thy shelter'd valleys proudly spread,
And Scotia, pour thy thousand rills,
And wave thy heaths with blossoms red;
But never more shall poet tread
Thy airy heights, thy woodland reign,
Since he the sweetest bard is dead
That ever breath'd the soothing strain.

TO THE MEMORY OF ROBERT BURNS.

BY EDWARD RUSHTON.

Poor, wildly sweet uncultur'd flow'r,
Thou lowliest of the Muse's bow'r,
"Stern ruin's ploughshare, 'mang the stowre,
"Has crush'd thy stem,"
And sorrowing verse shall mark the hour,
"Thou bonnie gem."

'Neath the green turf, dear Nature's child,
Sublime, pathetic, artless, wild,
Of all thy quips and cranks despoil'd,
Cold dost thou lie!
And many a youth and maiden mild
Shall o'er thee sigh!

Those pow'rs that eagle-wing'd could soar,
That heart which ne'er was cold before,
That tongue which caus'd the table roar,
Are now laid low,
And Scotia's sons shall hear no more
Thy rapt'rous flow.

Warm'd with "a spark o' Nature's fire,"
From the rough plough thou did'st aspire
To make a sordid world admire;
And few like thee,
Oh! Burns, have swept the minstrel's lyre
With ecstacy.

Ere winter's icy vapors fail,
The violet in the uncultur'd dale,
So sweetly scents the passing gale,
That shepherd boys,
Led by the fragrance they inhale,
Soon find their prize.

So when to life's chill glens confin'd,
Thy rich, tho' rough untutor'd mind,
Pour'd on the sense of each rude hind
Such sonsie lays,
That to thy brow was soon assign'd
The wreath of praise.

Anon, with nobler daring blest,
The wild notes throbbing in thy breast,
Of friends, wealth, learning unpossess'd,
Thy fervid mind
Tow'rds fame's proud turrets boldly press'd,
And pleas'd mankind.

But what avail'd thy pow'rs to please,
When want approach'd and pale disease;
Could these thy infant brood appease
That wail'd for bread?
Or could they, for a moment, ease
Thy wo-worn head?

Applause, poor child of minstrelsy,
Was all the world e'er gave to thee;
Unmov'd, by pinching penury
They saw thee torn,
And now, kind souls! with sympathy,
Thy loss they mourn.

Oh! how I loathe the bloated train,
Who oft had heard thy dulcet strain;
Yet, when thy frame was rack'd with pain,
Could keep aloof,
And eye with opulent disdain
Thy lowly roof.

Yes, proud Dumfries, oh! would to Heaven
Thou had'st from that cold spot been driven,
Thou might'st have found some shelt'ring haven
On this side Tweed:—
Yet, ah! e'en here, poor bards have striven,
And died in need.

True genius scorns to flatter knaves,
Or crouch amidst a race of slaves;
His soul, while fierce the tempest raves,
No tremor knows,
And with unshaken nerve he braves
Life's pelting woes.

No wonder, then, that thou shouldst find
Th' averted glance of half mankind;
Should'st see the sly, slow, supple mind
To wealth aspire,
While scorn, neglect, and want combin'd
To quench thy fire.

While wintry winds pipe loud and strong,
The high-perch'd storm-cock pours his song;
So thy Æolian lyre was strung
'Midst chilling times;
Yet clearly didst thou roll along
Thy "routh of rhymes."

And oh! that "routh of rhymes" shall raise
For thee a lasting pile of praise.
Haply some wing, in these our days,
Has loftier soar'd;
But from the heart more melting lays
Were never pour'd.

Where Ganges rolls his yellow tide,
Where blest Columbus' waters glide!
Old Scotia's sons, spread far and wide,
Shall oft rehearse,
With sorrow some, but all with pride,
Thy 'witching verse.

In early spring, thy earthly bed
Shall be with many a wild flow'r spread;
The violet there her sweets shall shed,
In humble guise,
And there the mountain-daisy's head
Shall duly rise.

While darkness reigns, should bigotry
With boiling blood, and bended knee,
Scatter the weeds of infamy
O'er thy cold clay,
Those weeds, at light's first blush, shall be
Soon swept away.

And when thy scorners are no more,
The lonely glens, and sea-beat shore,
Where thou hast croon'd thy fancies o'er
With soul elate,
Oft shall the bard at eve explore,
And mourn thy fate.

ON VISITING THE GRAVE OF BURNS.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Mid crowded obelisks and urns
I sought the untimely grave of Burns;
Sons of the bard, my heart still mourns
With sorrow true;
And more would grieve, but that it turns
Trembling to you!

Through twilight shades of good and ill
Ye now are panting up life's hill,
And more than common strength and skill
Must ye display,
If ye would give the better will
Its lawful sway.

Hath nature strung your nerves to bear
Intemperance with less harm, beware!
But if the poet's wit ye share,
Like him can speed
The social hour—for tenfold care
There will be need.

Even honest men delight will take
To spare your failings for his sake,
Will flatter you,—and fool and rake
Your steps pursue;
And of your father's name will make
A snare for you.

Far from their noisy haunts retire,
And add your voices to the quire,
That sanctify the cottage fire
With service meet;
There seek the genius of your sire,
Hic spirit greet.

Or where mid "lonely heights and howes"
He paid to nature tuneful vows;
Or wiped his honorable brows,
Bedewed with toil,
While reapers strove, or busy ploughs
Upturn'd the soil.

His judgment with benignant ray
Shall guide, his fancy cheer, your way;
But ne'er to a seductive lay
Let faith be given;
Nor deem that "light which leads astray
Is light from heaven."

Let no mean hope your souls enslave;
Be independent, generous, brave;
Your father such example gave,
And such revere;
But be admonished by his grave,
And think and fear!

1803.

ODE TO THE MEMORY OF BURNS.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Soul of the Poet! wheresoe'er,
Reclaimed from earth, thy genius plume
Her wings of immortality,
Suspend thy harp in happier sphere,
And with thine influence illume
The gladness of our jubilee.

And fly like fiends from secret spell,
Discord and strife at Burns's name,
Exorcised by his memory;
For he was chief of bards that swell
The heart with songs of social flame
And high delicious revelry.

And love's own strain to him was given
To warble all its ecstasies
With Pythian words, unsought, unwilled:
Love, the surviving gift of Heaven,
The choicest sweet of paradise
In life's else bitter cup distilled.

Who that has melted o'er his lay
To Mary's soul in heaven above,
But pictured sees, in fancy strong,
The landscape and the livelong day
That smiled upon their mutual love,—
Who that has felt forgets the song?

Nor skilled one flame above to fan
His country's high-souled peasantry;
What patriot pride he taught;—how much
To weigh the inborn worth of man!
And rustic life and poverty
Grow beautiful beneath his touch.

Him in his clay-built cot the muse
Entranced, and showed him all the forms
Of fairy-light and wizard gloom,
(That only gifted poet views)
The genii of the floods and storms,
And martial shades from glory's tomb.

On Bannock-field what thoughts arouse
The swain whom Burns's song inspires?
Beat not his Caledonian veins
As o'er the heroic turf he ploughs,
With all the spirit of his sires,
And all their scorn of death and chains?

And see the Scottish exile, tanned
By many a far and foreign clime,
Bend o'er his home-born verse and weep,
In memory of his native land,
With love that scorns the lapse of time,
And ties that stretch beyond the deep.

Encamped by Indian rivers wild,
The soldier resting on his arms,
In Burns's carol sweet recalls
The scenes that blest him when a child,
And glows and gladdens at the charms
Of Scotia's woods and waterfalls.

O deem not, midst this worldly strife,
An idle art the poet brings;
Let high philosophy control,
And sages calm the stream of life;
'Tis he refines its fountain springs,
The nobler passions of the soul.

It is the muse that consecrates
The native banner of the brave,
Unfurling at the trumpet's breath
Rose, thistle, harp—'tis she elates
To sweep the field or ride the wave,
A sunburst in the storm of death.

And thou, young hero, when thy pall
Is crossed with mournful sword and plume,
When public grief begins to fade,
And only tears of kindred fall,
Who but the bard shall dress thy tomb,
And greet with fame thy gallant shade?

Such was the soldier;—Burns, forgive
That sorrows of mine own intrude
In strains to thy great memory due:
In verse like thine, oh! could he live
The friend I mourned, the brave, the good,
Edward* that died at Waterloo!

Farewell, high chief of Scottish song,
That couldst alternately impart
Wisdom and rapture in thy page,
And brand each vice with satire strong,
Whose lines are mottoes of the heart,
Whose truths electrify the sage.

Farewell! and ne'er may envy dare
To wing one baleful poison drop
From the crushed laurels of thy bust;
But while the lark sings sweet in air,
Still may the grateful pilgrim stop
To bless the spot that holds thy dust.

---

* Major Edward Hodge, of the 7th Hussars, who fell at the head of his squadron in the attack on the Polish lancers.

TO A FRIEND

Who had declared his intention of writing no more Poetry.

BY SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Dear Charles, whilst yet thou wert a babe, I ween
That genius plunged thee in that wizard fount
Hight Castalie: and (sureties of thy faith)
That Pity and Simplicity stood by,
And promised for thee, that thou shouldst renounce
The world's low cares, and lying vanities,
Steadfast and rooted in the heavenly muse,
And washed and sanctified to poesy.
Yes—thou wert plunged, but with forgetful hand
Held, as by Thetis erst her warrior son;
And with those recreant unbaptized heels
Thou'rt flying from thy bounden ministries—
So sore it seems and burthensome a task
To weave unwithering flowers. Is thy Burns dead?
Thy Burns, and nature's own beloved bard,
Who to the "Illustrious* of his native land
So properly did look for patronage."
Ghost of Mecænas! hide thy blushing face!
They snatched him from the sickle and the plough
To gauge ale firkins.
Oh! for shame return!
On a bleak rock mid-way the Aonian mount,
There stands a lone and melancholy tree,
Whose aged branches to the midnight blast
Make solemn music: pluck its darkest bough
Ere yet the unwholesome night-dew be inhaled,
And weeping wreath it round thy poet's tomb.
Then in the outskirts, where pollutions grow,
Pick the rank henbane, and the dusky flowers
Of night-shade, or its red and tempting fruit;
These, with stopped nostril and glove-guarded hand,
Knit in nice intertexture, so to twine
The illustrious brow of Scotch nobility. 1796.

* Verbatim from Burns' dedication of his poems to the nobility and gentry of the Caledonian Hunt.

BURNS.

BY F. G. HALLECK.

The memory of Burns—a name
That calls, when brimmed her festal cup,
A nation's glory and her shame,
In silent sadness up.

A nation's glory—be the rest
Forgot—she's canonized his mind;
And it is joy to speak the best
We may of human kind.

I've stood beside the cottage-bed
Where the bard-peasant first drew breath,
A straw-thatched roof above his head,
A straw-wrought couch beneath.

And I have stood beside the pile,
His monument—that tells to heaven
The homage of earth's proudest isle
To that bard-peasant given.

There have been loftier themes than his,
And longer scrolls, and louder lyres,
And lays lit up with poesy's
Purer and holier fires.

Yet read the names that know not death—
Few nobler ones than Burns are there,
And few have won a greener wreath
Than that which binds his hair.

His is that language of the heart
In which the answering heart would speak,
Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,
Or the smile light the cheek.

And his, that music to whose tone
The common pulse of man keeps time,
In cot or castle's mirth or moan,
In cold or sunny clime.

What sweet tears dim the eyes unshed,
What wild vows falter on the tongue,
When "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,"
Or "Auld Lang Syne," is sung!

Pure hopes that lift the soul above,
Come with the cotter's hymn of praise,
And dreams of youth, and truth, and love,
With "Logan's" banks and braes.

And when he breathes his master-lay
Of Alloway's witch-haunted wall,
All passions in our frames of clay
Come thronging at his call.

Imagination's world of air,
And our own world, its gloom and glee,
Wit, pathos, poetry are there,
And death's sublimity.

Praise to the bard! his words are driven,
Like flower-seeds by the far winds sown,
Where'er beneath the sky of heaven
The birds of fame have flown.

Praise to the man! a nation stood
Beside his coffin with wet eyes,
Her brave, her beautiful, her good,
As when a loved one dies.

And still, as on his funeral day,
Men stand his cold-earth couch around,
With the mute homage that we pay
To consecrated ground.

And consecrated ground it is,
The last, the hallowed home of one
Who lives upon all memories,
Though with the buried gone.

Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines,
Shrines to no code or creed confined—
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind.

Sages with wisdom's garland wreathed,
Crowned kings and mitred priests of power,
And warriors with their bright swords sheathed,
The mightiest of the hour;

And lowlier names, whose humble home
Is lit by fortune's dimmer star,
Are there—o'er wave and mountain come,
From countries near and far;

Pilgrims whose wandering feet have pressed
The Switzer's snow, the Arab's sand,
Or trod the pil'd leaves of the West,
My own green forest land.

All ask the cottage of his birth,
Gaze on the scenes he loved and sung,
And gather feelings not of earth,
His fields and streams among.

They linger by the Doon's low trees,
And pastoral Nith, and wooded Ayr,
And round thy sepulchres, Dumfries,
The poet's tomb is there.

But what to them the sculptor's art,
His funeral columns, wreaths, and urns,
Were there not graven on the heart,
The name of Robert Burns?

ON BURNS.

BY ANDREW MERCER.

The lark that builds the lowest nest
Soars on the highest wing;
She mounts aloft with dewy breast,
And hails the opening spring.

In ambient heaven her course is bright,
Wild carolling on high;
Remote, beyond the reach of sight;
Her voice is melody.

Burns! like the lark, thy home was low,
Like her thy song was sweet;
The daisy on the mountain's brow
Was not more "neighbour meet."

In rustic numbers warbling wild,
Thine were the sweetest strains
That ever in the lowly field
Delighted Scottish swains.

They will delight from age to age,
And wide thy glory spread;
As the wise sayings of the sage
Seem wiser when he's dead.

Tho' here thy course was but a span,
And early sunk in gloom,
Thine immortality began,
And dated from the tomb.

Like as the bird that fable sings
From ashes grows anew,
And soars on still more vigorous wings,
And far more glorious hue:

So, Burns, until the end of time,
Thy fame shall still abound!
In voice unborn, in untrjed clime,
Thy song shall yet resound.

SONNET TO THE SHADE OF BURNS.

BY CHARLOTTE SMITH.

Mute is thy wild harp now, O bard sublime!
Who, amid Scotia's mountain solitude,
Great nature taught to build the lofty rhyme,
And even beneath the daily pressure rude,
Of laboring poverty, thy generous blood
Fired with the love of freedom. Not subdued
Wert thou by thy low fortune; but a time,
Like this we live in, when the abject clime
Of echoing parasite is best approved,
Was not for thee. Indignantly is fled
Thy noble spirit; and, no longer mov'd
By all the ills o'er which thine heart has bled,
Associate worthy of the illustrious dead,
Enjoys with them the liberty it loved.

ON BURNS'S ANNIVERSARY.

BY HUGH AINSLIE.

We meet not here to honor one
To gear or grandeur born,
Nor one whose bloodiness of soul
Hath crowns and kingdoms torn.

No, tho' he'd honors higher far
Than lordly things have known,
His titles spring not from a prince,
His honor from a throne.

Nor needs the bard of Coila, arts
His honor to prolong,
No flattery to gild his fame;
No record but his song.

O! while old Scotia hath sons
Can feel his social mirth,
So long shall worth and honesty
Have brothers upon earth.

So long as lovers, with his song,
Can spurn at shining dust,
So long hath faithful woman's breast
A bosom she may trust.

And while his independent strain
Can make one spirit glow,
So long shall freedom have a friend,
And tyranny a foe!

Here's to the social, honest man,
Auld Scotland's boast and pride!
And here's to Freedom's worshippers
Of every tongue and tribe.

And here's to them, this night, that meet
Out o'er the social bowl,
To raise to Coila's darling son
A monument of soul.

What heart hath ever matched his flame?
What spirit matched his fire?
Peace to the Prince of Scottish song,
Lord of the bosom's lyre!

LINES

For the Dumfries Anniversary, Commemorative of

ROBERT BURNS.

By Mrs. G. G. Richardson.

Where Scotia's minstrel pour'd along
His noontide waves of gushing song,
Vigorous and free, as fringed sweep
Of ocean billows o'er the deep;—
Where flowed his last, his requiem strain
And where his honored dust remains.
Pilgrims from many lands have come
To view and moralize—his tomb;
They gaze on that pale marble show
Of ardent life with awe and woe,—
That seems to stand in mockery there,
A sentinel o'er a plundered shrine!
A dial severed from the sun!
Till the soul's deeper homage done,
Breaks forth the tributary line.
As echo answers to the air,
Cold, cold and rocky though she be;
His chiselled rest hath often rung
With notes by deepest feelings strung!
And not the less the spell prevailed,
That sculpture's triumph here hath failed.
As well a marble sun might warm,
As mortal art portray the fire,
The glow, the intellectual charm,
That halo'd round that *living lyre.*
The soulless form, the frigid stone,
Say eloquently—he is gone!—
But blame not sculpture's bounded power,
That reaches but life's scentless flower!
And oh! for memories need we turn
To the cold artificial urn;

While yet remain the sun, the sky,
The stream that waked his minstrelsy?
The daisy, or the harebell blue,
Each simplest flower that sips the dew;
Beneath his touch a wreath would bow,
Worthy to bind Apollo's brow.
He struck a war-note—Valor heard,
And made his song her gath'ring word!
And Love, the tyrant of his own,
In other's breasts a purer tone,
A holier, tenderer breath respires,
For listening to his Doric wires.
Go to his "Cotter's Hearth," and read
The beauty of his nation's creed!
See Piety, in simplest vest
(To eye, and ear, and soul addrest,)
Plead for the inspir'd artist who
Her reverend form so chastely drew;
No altar-piece in bigot lands,
A deeper, holier thrill commands!
Oh! give his errors to the dust,
And be to perilous genius just.
That "ark which bravely through the waves,
Of deluge-time earth's spices saves!"
Into what distant lands have gone
The hearts his song e'er breathed upon,
Nor carried with them warmer love
Of kindred, country, and of home?
By Mississippi's, Ganges' stream,
In fancy Scotia's sons will roam
Nith's, Devon's banks, nor idly dream!
The moon that lights on foreign plain
Her exil'd soldier, on the main
Her wand'ring sailor hears his lays,
That bring sweet thoughts of early days;
(As dews to drooping leaves arrive
Their fading freshness to revive;)
Oft caroll'd in that social hour,
And patriot passion owns their power.
For gifted was our master-hand
To tune the hearts of every land;

His voice could sweeter utterance give
To nature's universal tone;
To latest time his name shall live,
For nature's harp was all his own.
Flow verse for ever o'er his tomb!
No other song with his may vie;
But he who mark'd the daisy's bloom,
Though plum'd to range the empyrean high,
And lov'd the linnet's lowly lay,—
Ne'er scorn'd the faintliest—shed perfume
That nature's worshippers would pay,
If but the incense flow'd sincere,
And oh, such worshippers are here.

[From a second series of poems—a beautiful volume —just published by Mrs. Richardson, of Langholme.

VERSES

Written on a blank leaf of Currie's Life of Burns.

By T. H.—Dunfermline.

I came, the minstrel on the hills was singing,
The happiest swain in mountain Caledon;
For in him was a joy—fount ever springing
Which none could poison save himself; and none
Could quench save death! As yet without alloy
It welled in rapture in the Minstrel Boy.

I came again—Ah! he was quickly changing!
No more would he upon the manna live
Of his own heaven—but through the desert ranging
For raptures which his soul alone could give,
He lost the jewel of eternal joy:—
He was no more the happy Minstrel Boy.

I came again—His heart so free, so warm,
Was breaking in the thrall of woe intense;
And his Æolian soul, which once could charm
The tempest that swept o'er it into strains
Of wildest joy was now itself unstrung,
And to the blast its chords in madness flung.

I came again—The morning beams were sleeping
Upon a grave—The gifted and the young
Lay there—the scented mountain flowers were weeping
Their tears of dew upon its sward, and sung
The lark a requiem o'er the silent bed,
Of him—the free—the mighty soul'd—the dead!

Oh! had the tithe of monumental offering,
Which wealth and rank have on his memory rolled,
Been poured upon the living, and the suffering,
E'er yet the twelfth hour of his fate had tolled,
How changed had been his tale, so bright, so brief!
He had not filled his grave—Nor I this leaf.

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF BURNS.

By David Vedder.

When Januar winds were ravin' wil',
O'er a' the districts o' our isle;
There was a callant born in Kyle,
An' he was christened Robin.
Oh Robin was a dainty lad,
Rantin' Robin, rhymin' Robin;
It made the gossips unco glad,
To hear the cheep o' Robin.

That ne'er-to-be-forgotten morn,
When Coila's darling son was born;
Auld Scotland on her stock an' horn,
Play'd "welcome hame" to Robin.
And Robin was the blythest loon,
Rantin' Robin, rhymin' Robin,
That ever sang beneath the moon,
We'll a' be proud o' Robin.

The Muses round his cradle hung,
The Graces wat his infant tongue,
And independence wi' a rung,
Cried, "Red the gate for Robin."
For Robin's soul-arousing tones,
Rantin' Robin, rhymin' Robin,
Gart tyrants tremble on their thrones;
We'll a' be proud o' Robin.

Then let's devote this night to mirth,
And celebrate our poet's birth,
While Freedom preaches in the earth,
She'll tak her text frae Robin.
Oh Robin's magic notes shall ring,
Rantin' Robin, rhymin' Robin;
While rivers, run, and flow'rets spring,
Huzza! huzza! for Robin.

Dundee.

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